Susannah Barrett
her Book Witheath
gate
given her on Saturd
13 of august one
1881 By a friend
Samuel Shilito
for my name
Sake Susannah
Woollcroft

SCA
1045

THE

WESLEYAN METHODIST HYMN BOOK:

COMPRISING

THE COLLECTION

BY

THE REV. JOHN WESLEY, A.M.,

WITH

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS

SUITABLE FOR

Occasional Services.

LONDON:
WESLEYAN REFORM BOOK ROOM,
AND METHODIST FREE CHURCH DEPÔT.
8, EXETER HALL, STRAND.
1869.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

LONDON: PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS,
STAMFORD STREET.

ADVERTISEMENT.

This edition of the Wesleyan Methodist Hymn Book has been prepared by the Rev. James Everett, in accordance with a resolution passed at a meeting of Wesleyan Delegates held in Sheffield, August, 1852. It is designed to meet the necessities of a very large number of Methodists, who, by the extraordinary proceedings of the Wesleyan Conference, have been driven into a state of temporary separation from that body.

This book will be found to possess advantages which render it superior to all similar Collections hitherto published for the use of the people called Methodists.

The only variation between this edition and that in general use, will be found in what has hitherto been termed the "Supplement." The general title, "Miscellaneous Hymns," has been adopted; and a few omissions have been deemed desirable,—special care having been taken, however, to substitute hymns of equal, if not superior worth. Some additions have also been made; amongst which are several hymns by

Charles Wesley, never before published, and a number of hymns for the use of Sunday Schools.

A few verbal alterations, and various improvements in the general arrangement, will also be noticed. The name of the author, when known, has been prefixed to each hymn; and by consulting the valuable Index of Reference at the end of the book, the source from which every hymn has been derived will be readily ascertained.

No pains have been spared to render this book complete, and in every respect acceptable to those for whose use it is intended.

The portrait of John Wesley is engraved from a miniature by Miss M. Jones, after a painting by Romney. The Rev. Henry Moore, and the Rev. Joseph Sutcliffe, M. A., who were personally acquainted with Mr. Wesley have pronounced this the best likeness extant.

General W. R. Committee-Room,
No. 11, Exeter-Hall,
London, July 1, 1858.

PREFACE.

1. For many years I have been importuned to publish such a Hymn-Book as might be generally used in all our congregations throughout Great Britain and Ireland. I have hitherto withstood the importunity, as I believed such a publication was needless, considering the various hymn-books which my brother and I have published within these last forty years past; so that it may be doubted whether any religious community in the world has a greater variety of them.

2. But it has been answered, "Such a publication is highly needful on this very account; for the greater part of the people, being poor, are not able to purchase so many books: and those that have purchased them are, as it were, bewildered in the immense variety. A proper collection of hymns for general use, carefully made out of all these books, is therefore still wanting; and one comprised in so moderate a compass, as to be neither cumbersome nor expensive."

3. It has been replied, "You have such a Collection already, (entitled 'Hymns and Spiritual Songs,) which I extracted several years ago from a variety of hymn-books." But it is objected, "This is in the other extreme; it is far too small. It does not, it cannot, in so narrow a compass, contain variety enough: not so much as we want, among whom *singing* makes so considerable a part of the public service. What we want is, a Collection not too large, that it may be cheap and portable; nor too small, that it may contain a sufficient variety for all ordinary occasions."

4. Such a hymn-book you have now before you. It is not so large as to be either cumbersome or expensive; and it is large enough to contain such a variety of hymns as will not soon be worn threadbare. It is large enough to contain all the important truths of our holy religion, whether speculative

or practical; yea, to illustrate them all, and to prove them both by Scripture and reason: and this is done in a regular order. The hymns are not carelessly jumbled together, but carefully ranged under proper heads, according to the experience of real Christians. So that this book is, in effect, a little body of experimental and practical divinity.

5. As but a small part of these hymns is of my own composing, I do not think it inconsistent with modesty to declare, that I am persuaded no such hymn-book as this has yet been published in the English language. In what other publication of the kind have you so distinct and full an account of scriptural Christianity? such a declaration of the heights and depths of religion, speculative and practical? so strong cautions against the most plausible errors; particularly those that are now most prevalent? and so clear directions for making your calling and election sure; for perfecting holiness in the fear of God?

6. May I be permitted to add a few words with regard to the *poetry?* Then I will speak to those who are judges thereof, with all freedom and unreserve. To these I may say, without offence, 1. In these hymns there is no doggerel; no botches; nothing put in to patch up the rhyme; no feeble expletives. 2. Here is nothing turgid or bombastic, on the one hand, or low and creeping, on the other. 3. Here are no *cant* expressions; no words without meaning. Those who impute this to us know not what they say. We talk common sense, both in prose and verse, and use no word but in a fixed and determinate sense. Here are, allow me to say, both the purity, the strength, and the elegance of the English language; and, at the same time, the utmost simplicity and plainness, suited to every capacity. Lastly, I desire men of taste to judge, (these are the only competent judges,) whether there be not in some of the following hymns the true spirit of poetry, such as cannot be acquired by art and labour, but must be the gift of nature. By labour a man may become a tolerable imitator

of Spencer, Shakespeare, or Milton; and may heap together pretty compound epithets, as *pale-eyed*, *meek-eyed*, and the like; but unless he be *born* a poet, he will never attain the genuine spirit of poetry.

7. And here I beg leave to mention a thought which has been long upon my mind, and which I should long ago have inserted in the public papers, had I not been unwilling to stir up a nest of hornets. Many gentlemen have done my brother and me (though without naming us) the honour to reprint many of our hymns. Now they are perfectly welcome so to do, provided they print them just as they are. But I desire they would not attempt to mend them: for they really are not able. None of them is able to mend either the sense or the verse. Therefore, I must beg of them one of these two favours: either to let them stand just as they are, to take them for better for worse; or to add the true reading in the margin, or at the bottom of the page; that we may no longer be accountable either for the nonsense or for the doggerel of other men.

8. But to return. That which is of infinitely more moment than the spirit of poetry, is the spirit of piety. And I trust, all persons of real judgment will find *this* breathing through the whole Collection. It is in this view chiefly, that I would recommend it to every truly pious reader, as a means of raising or quickening the spirit of devotion; of confirming his faith; of enlivening his hope and of kindling and increasing his love to God and man. When Poetry thus keeps its place, as the handmaid of Piety, it shall attain, not a poor perishable wreath, but a crown that fadeth not away.

London, Oct. 20, 1779. JOHN WESLEY.

N. B. The Miscellaneous Hymns at the end of this book, and a few others distinguished by the prefix of an asterisk, which are inserted in this edition, were not in the editions published during the life of Mr Wesley.

CONTENTS.

PART FIRST. Page

SECTION I. Exhorting Sinners to return to God 7
II. Describing, 1. The Pleasantness of Religion; 2. The Goodness of God; 3. Death; 4. Judgment; 5. Heaven; 6. Hell .... 17—81
III. Praying for a Blessing 82

PART SECOND.

SECTION I. Describing Formal Religion 90
II. ——— Inward Religion 95

PART THIRD.

SECTION I. Praying for Repentance..... 98
II. For Mourners convinced of Sin 106
III. For Persons convinced of Backsliding .. 165
IV. For Backsliders recovered..... 177

PART FOURTH.

SECTION I. For Believers Rejoicing..... 185
II. ——— Fighting 253
III. ——— Praying 283
IV. ——— Watching..... 294
V. ——— Working 307
VI. ——— Suffering 313
VII. ——— Seeking for full Redemption 322
VIII. ——— Saved 396
IX. ——— Interceding for the World 414

PART FIFTH.

SECTION I. For the Society Meeting..... 447
II. ——— Giving Thanks..... 455
III. ——— Praying..... 463
IV. ——— Parting 496

Miscellaneous Hymns 505
Hymns for Sunday Schools 761

A COLLECTION OF HYMNS

PART I.

CONTAINING INTRODUCTORY HYMNS.

SECTION I.

EXHORTING SINNERS TO RETURN TO GOD.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 1. C. M. (9)*

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy Name.

3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for me.

5 He speaks,—and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

* See TABLE, for Works of Reference, shewing from whence the Hymn has been taken.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

7 Look unto him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alon
Be justified by grace.

8 See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain;
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

9 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light;
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Æthiop white.

10 With me, your chief, ye then shall know,
Shall feel your sins forgiven;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 2. L. M. (15)

Luke xiv. 16—24.

1 COME, sinners, to the gospel feast
Let every soul be Jesu's guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to ALL:
Come, all the world; come, sinner, thou,
All things in Christ are ready now

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppress,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 Come, and partake the gospel feast;
Be saved from sin; in Jesus rest:
O taste the goodness of your God,
And eat his flesh, and drink his blood!

5 Ye vagrant souls, on you I call;
(O that my voice could reach you all!)
Ye all may now be justified;
Ye all may live, for Christ hath died.

6 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ, and live;
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain!

7 His love is mighty to compel;
His conquering love consent to feel;
Yield to his love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more.

8 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding Sacrifice!
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

9 This is the time; no more delay;
This is the acceptable day;
Come in, this moment, at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 3. 10's & 11's. (26)

1 O ALL that pass by, To Jesus draw near;
He utters a cry, Ye sinners, give ear!
From hell to retrieve you, He spreads out his hands;
Now, now to receive you, He graciously stands.

2 If any man thirst, And happy would be,
The vilest and worst May come unto me;
May drink of my Spirit, Excepted is none.
Lay claim to my merit, And take for his own.

3 Whoever receives The life-giving word,
In Jesus believes, His God and his Lord;
In him a pure river Of life shall arise;
Shall, in the believer, Spring up to the skies.

4 My God and my Lord! Thy call I obey;
My soul on thy word Of promise I stay:
Thy kind invitation I gladly embrace,
Athirst for salvation, Salvation by grace.

5 O hasten the hour, Send down from above
The Spirit of power, Of health, and of love:
Of filial fear, Of knowledge and grace;
Of wisdom and prayer, Of joy and of praise:

6 The Spirit of faith, Of faith in thy blood; [God;
Which saves us from wrath, And brings us to
Removes the huge mountain Of indwelling sin,
And opens a fountain That washes us clean.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 4. L. M. (9)

Isa. lv.

1 HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh;
('Tis God invites the fallen race;)
Mercy and free salvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home;
And find my grace is free for ALL.

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise!
For you, in healing streams, it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye labouring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;
Leave all you have and are behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

5 Why seek ye that which is not bread,
Nor can your hungry souls sustain?
On ashes, husks, and air ye feed;
Ye spend your little all in vain.

6 In search of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife:
Whither, ah! whither would ye go?
I have the words of endless life.

7 Hearken to me with earnest care.
And freely eat substantial food;
The sweetness of my mercy share,
And taste that I alone am good.

8 I bid you all my goodness prove:
My promises for all are free:
Come, taste the manna of my love,
And let your souls delight in ME.

9 Your willing ear and heart incline,
My words believingly receive;
Quicken'd, your souls, by faith divine,
An everlasting life shall live.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 5. 10's & 11's. (26)

1 THY faithfulness, Lord, Each moment we find,
So true to thy word, So loving and kind;
Thy mercy so tender To all the lost race,
The vilest offender May turn and find grace.

2 The mercy I feel, To others I show,
I set to my seal That Jesus is true:
Ye all may find favour, Who come at his call;
O come to my Saviour, His grace is for ALL!

3 To save what was lost, From heaven he came;
Come, sinners, and trust In Jesus's name!
He offers you pardon; He bids you be free:
"If sin be your burden, O come unto me!"

4 O let me commend My Saviour to you,
The Publican's Friend, And Advocate too:
For *you* he is pleading His merits and death;
With God interceding For sinners beneath.

5 Then let us submit His grace to receive;
Fall down at his feet, And gladly believe:
We all are forgiven For Jesus's sake:
Our title to heaven His merits we take.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 6. 7's. (26,

Ezek. xviii. 1.

1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why:
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.
Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will you slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why:
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love:
Will you not his grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will you grieve your God and die?

4 Dead already, dead within,
Spiritually dead in sin:
Dead to God, while here you breathe,
Pant ye after second death?
Will ye still in sin remain,
Greedy of eternal pain?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will you for ever die?

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 7. 7's. (26)

1 LET the beasts their breath resign,
Strangers to the life divine;
Who their God can never know,
Let their spirit downward go.
You for higher ends were born;
You may all to God return;
Dwell with him above the sky:
Why will you for ever die?

2 You, on whom he favours showers;
You, possest of nobler powers;
You, of Reason's powers possest;
You, with Will and Memory blest;
You, with finer sense endued,
Creatures capable of God:
Noblest of his creatures, why,
Why will you for ever die?

3 You, whom he ordained to be
Transcripts of the Deity;
You, whom he in life doth hold;
You, for whom himself was sold;
You, on whom he still doth wait,
Whom he would again create:
Made by him, and purchased, why,
Why will you for ever die?

4 You, who own his record true;
You, his chosen people, you;

You, who call the Saviour, Lord;
You, who read his written word;
You, who see the gospel light;
Claim a crown in Jesu's right:
Why will you, ye Christians, why
Will the house of Israel die?

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 8. 7's.

1 WHAT could your Redeemer do,
More than he hath done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?
After all his waste of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will you your Lord deny?
Why will you resolve to die?

2 Turn, he cries, ye sinners, turn;
By his life your God hath sworn,
He would have you turn and live,
He would all the world receive.
If your death were his delight,
Would he you to life invite?
Would he ask, obtest, and cry,
Why will you resolve to die?

3 Sinners, turn, while God is near:
Dare not think him insincere:
Now, even now, your Saviour stands
All day long he spreads his hands;
Cries, "Ye will not happy be!
No, ye will not come to me!
Me, who life to none deny:
Why will you resolve to die?"

4 Can you doubt if God is love?
If to all his bowels move?

Will you not his *Word* receive?
Will you not his OATH believe?
See! the suffering God appears!
Jesus weeps; believe his tears!
Mingled with his blood they cry,
"Why will you resolve to die?"

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 9. L. M. (11,37,58,59

1 SINNERS, obey the gospel word;
Haste to the supper of my Lord;
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready, come away!

2 Ready the Father is to own
And kiss his late-returning son:
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of his Love,
Just now the stony to remove;
To apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate:
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are ready, with their shining host:
All heaven is ready to resound,
"The dead's alive! the lost is found!"

6 Come, then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
In Christ to paradise restored;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace:

7 A pardon written with his blood,
The favour and the peace of God;

The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence:

8 The godly grief, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart;
The tears that tell your sins forgiven,
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven

9 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress;
The unutterable tenderness;
The genuine, meek humility;
The wonder, "Why such love to me!"

10 The o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 10. 10's & 11's. (18)

John vii. 37.

1 YE thirsty for God, To Jesus give ear,
And take, through his blood, A power to draw near;
His kind invitation, Ye sinners, embrace,
Accepting salvation, Salvation by grace.

2 Sent down from above, Who governs the skies,
In vehement love To sinners he cries,
"Drink into my Spirit, Who happy would be,
And all things inherit, By coming to me."

3 O Saviour of all, Thy word we believe,
And come at thy call, Thy grace to receive:
The blessing is given Wherever thou art,
The earnest of heaven Is love in the heart.

4 To us, at thy feet, The Comforter give,
Who gasp to admit Thy Spirit, and live;
The weakest believers Acknowledge for thine,
And fill us with rivers Of water divine!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 11. L. M. (20,21)

2 Cor. v. 20.

1 GOD, the offended God Most High,
Ambassadors to rebels sends;
His messengers his place supply,
And Jesus begs us to be friends.

2 Us, in the stead of Christ, they pray,
Us, in the stead of God, entreat,
To cast our arms, our sins away,
And find forgiveness at his feet.

3 Our God in Christ! thine embassy,
And proffer'd mercy, we embrace;
And gladly reconciled to thee,
Thy condescending mercy praise.

4 Poor debtors, by our Lord's request,
A full acquittance we receive!
And criminals, with pardon blest,
We, at our Judge's instance, live!

SECTION II

DESCRIBING THE PLEASANTNESS OF RELIGION.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 12. S. M. (29)

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne:
Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the Heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in:
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 13. 7's. (11)

1 HAPPY soul, that, free from harms,
Rests within his Shepherd's arms!
Who his quiet shall molest?
Who shall violate his rest?
Jesus doth his spirit bear:
Jesus takes his every care:
He who found the wandering sheep,
Jesus, still delights to keep.

2 O that I might so believe,
Steadfastly to Jesus cleave;
On his only love rely,
Smile at the destroyer nigh:
Free from sin and servile fear,
Have my Jesus ever near;
All his care rejoice to prove;
All his paradise of love!

3 Jesus seek thy wandering sheep,
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
Take on thee my every care;
Bear me, on thy bosom bear:
Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More and more in thee rejoice;
More and more of thee receive;
Ever in thy Spirit live:

4 Live, till all thy life I know,
Perfect, through my Lord, below:
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gather'd to the fold above:
O that I at last may stand
With the sheep at thy right hand;
Take the crown so freely given,
Enter in by thee to heaven!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 14. L. M. (15,37)

Prov. iii. 13.

1 HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows "the Saviour died for me!"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains

3 Wisdom divine! Who tells the price
Of Wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise;
Riches of Christ, on all bestow'd,
And honour that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who Wisdom gains;
Thrice happy, who his guest retains!
He owns, and shall for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and Heaven are one.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 15. C. M. (25)

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And saved by grace alone:
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And *we* in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace;
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise:
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

WESLEY.] HYMN 16. L. M. (11,32)

Primitive Christianity.

PART I.

1 HAPPY the souls that first believed,
To Jesus and each other cleaved;
Join'd by the unction from above,
In mystic fellowship of love.

2 Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,
They lived, and spake, and thought the same;
They joyfully conspired to raise
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.

3 With grace abundantly endued,
A pure, believing multitude,
They all were of one heart and soul,
And only love inspired the whole.

4 O what an age of golden days!
O what a choice, peculiar race!
Wash'd in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood
Anointed Kings and Priests to God!

5 Where shall I wander now to find
The successors they left behind?
The faithful, whom I seek in vain,
Are 'minish'd from the sons of men.

6 Ye different sects, who all declare,
"Lo, here is Christ," or, "Christ is there!"
Your stronger proofs divinely give,
And show me where the Christians live.

7 Your claim, alas! ye cannot prove;
Ye want the genuine mark of love:
Thou only, Lord, thine own canst show;
For sure thou hast a church below.

8 The gates of hell cannot prevail;
The church on earth can never fail:

Ah! join me to thy secret ones!
Ah! gather all thy living stones!

9 Scatter'd o'er all the earth they lie,
Till thou collect them with thine eye-
Draw by the music of thy Name,
And charm into a beauteous frame.

10 For this the pleading Spirit groans,
And cries in all thy banish'd ones;
Greatest of gifts, thy love impart,
And make us of one mind and heart.

11 Join every soul that looks to thee,
In bonds of perfect charity;
Now, Lord, the glorious fulness give,
And *all in all* for ever live!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 17. L. M. (11)

PART II.

JESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
Great Builder of thy church below;
If now thy Spirit moves my breast,
Hear, and fulfil thine own request!

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
And thee their utmost Saviour own;
Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses:
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below.

4 In them let all mankind behold,
How Christians lived in days of old;
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach—and love.

5 Call them into thy wondrous light,
Worthy to walk with thee in white!
Make up thy jewels, Lord, and show
The glorious, spotless church below!

6 From every sinful wrinkle free,
Redeem'd from all iniquity,
The fellowship of saints make known;
And, O my God, might I be one!

7 O might my lot be cast with these;
The least of Jesu's witnesses:
O that my Lord would count me meet
To wash his dear disciples' feet!

8 This only thing do I require:
Thou know'st 'tis all my heart's desire,
Freely what I receive to give,
The servant of thy church to live:

9 After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon thy saints below;
Enjoy the grace to angels given,
And serve the royal heirs of heaven.

10 Lord, if I now thy drawings feel,
And ask according to thy will,
Confirm the prayer, the seal impart,
And speak the answer to my heart.

11 Tell me, or thou shalt never go,
"Thy prayer is heard; it shall be so!"
The word hath pass'd thy lips, and I
Shall with thy people live and die.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 18. 7's & 6's. (22)

1 MAKER, Saviour of mankind,
Who hast on me bestow'd
An immortal soul, design'd
To be the house of God:

Come, and now reside in me,
Never, never to remove;
Make me just, and good, like thee,
And full of power and love.

2 Bid me in thine image rise,
A saint, a creature new;
True, and merciful, and wise,
And pure, and happy too:
This thy primitive design,
That I should in thee be blest;
Should, within the arms divine,
For ever, ever rest.

3 Let thy will on me be done;
Fulfil my heart's desire,
Thee to know and love alone,
And rise in raptures higher:
Thee, descending on a cloud,
When with ravish'd eyes I see,
Then shall I be fill'd with God
To all eternity!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 19. 10's & 11's. (15,58)

1 REJOICE evermore With angels above,
In Jesus's power, In Jesus's love:
With glad exultation Your triumph proclaim,
Ascribing salvation To God and the Lamb.

2 Thou, Lord, our relief In trouble hast been;
Hast saved us from grief, Hast saved us from sin;
The power of thy Spirit Hath set our hearts free,
And now we inherit All fulness in thee:

3 All fulness of peace, All fulness of joy,
And spiritual bliss That never shall cloy;
To us it is given In Jesus to know
A kingdom of heaven, A heaven below.

4 No longer we join, While sinners invite;
Nor envy the swine Their brutish delight;

Their joy is all sadness, Their mirth is all vain,
Their laughter is madness, Their pleasure is pain.

5 O might they at last, With sorrow return,
The pleasures to taste, For which they were born;
Our Jesus receiving, Our happiness prove,
The joy of believing, The heaven of love!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 20. 6-7's. (15)

1 WEARY souls, that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of his; [God.
Sink into the purple flood: Rise into the life of

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown;
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan: [in all.
Rise, exalted by his fall: Find in Christ your all

3 O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given;
Ye may now be happy too;
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above, All the life of glorious love.

4 This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul design'd;
God's original promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind; [eternity!
Blest in Christ this moment be! Blest to all

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 21. S. M. (15,27,37)

1 YE simple souls that stray
Far from the path of peace,
(That lonely, unfrequented way
To life and happiness,)

Why will ye folly love,
And throng the downward road,
And hate the wisdom from above,
And mock the sons of God?

2 Madness and misery
Ye count our life beneath;
And nothing great or good can see,
Or glorious in our death:
As only born to grieve,
Beneath your feet we lie;
And utterly contemn'd we live
And unlamented die.

3 So wretched and obscure,
The men whom ye despise,
So foolish, impotent, and poor,—
Above your scorn we rise:
We, through the Holy Ghost,
Can witness better things;
For He, whose blood is all our boast,
Hath made us Priests and Kings.

4 Riches unsearchable
In Jesu's love we know;
And pleasures springing from the well
Of life, our souls o'erflow;
The Spirit we receive
Of wisdom, grace, and power;
And always sorrowful we live,
Rejoicing evermore.

5 Angels our servants are,
And keep in all our ways;
And in their watchful hands they bear
The sacred sons of grace:
Unto that heavenly bliss
They all our steps attend;
And God himself our Father is,
And Jesus is our Friend.

6 With him we walk in white;
We in his image shine;
Our robes are robes of glorious light,
Our righteousness divine:
On all the kings of earth
With pity we look down;
And claim, in virtue of our birth,
A never-fading crown.

---

2. DESCRIBING THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

S. WESLEY, SEN.] HYMN 22. C. M. (1)

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!
2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks;
The solid marbles rend.
3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid;
"Receive my soul," he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head and dies!
4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine?

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 23. L. M. (9)

1 EXTENDED on a cursed tree,
Besmear'd with dust, and sweat, and blood,
See there, the King of Glory see!
Sinks and expires the Son of God!
2 Who, who, my Saviour, this hath done?
Who could thy sacred body wound?
No guilt thy spotless heart hath known,
No guile hath in thy lips been found.

3 I, I alone, have done the deed!
'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn;
My sins have caused thee, Lord, to bleed,
Pointed the nail, and fix'd the thorn.
4 The burden, for me to sustain
Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid;
To heal me, thou hast borne my pain;
To bless me, thou a curse wast made.
5 In the devouring lion's teeth,
Torn, and forsook of all, I lay;
Thou sprang'st into the jaws of death,
From death to save the helpless prey.
6 My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
How pay, the mighty debt I owe?
Let all I have, and all I am,
Ceaseless to all thy glory show.
7 Too much to thee I cannot give;
Too much I cannot do for thee;
Let all thy love, and all thy grief,
Graven on my heart for ever be!
8 The meek, the still, the lowly mind,
O may I learn from thee, my God;
And love, with softest pity join'd,
For those that trample on thy blood!
9 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs,
O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast;
Till loose from flesh and earth I rise,
And ever in thy bosom rest.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 24. L. M. (55,59)

PART I.

1 YE that pass by, behold the Man,
The Man of Griefs, condemn'd for you!
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue.
2 See! how his back the scourges tear,
While to the bloody pillar bound!

The ploughers make long furrows there,
Till all his body is one wound.
3 Nor can he thus their hate assuage;
His innocence, to death pursued,
Must fully glut their utmost rage:
Hark! how they clamour for his blood!
4 "To us our own Barabbas give!
Away with him," (they loudly cry,)
"Away with him, not fit to live,
The vile seducer crucify!"
5 His sacred limbs, they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood;
His sacred limbs,—exposed and bare,
Or only cover'd with his blood.
6 See there his temples crown'd with thorn,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfix'd and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side!
7 Where is the King of Glory now!
The everlasting Son of God!
The' Immortal hangs his languid brow;
The Almighty faints beneath his load!
8 Beneath *my* load he faints and dies:
I fill'd his soul with pangs unknown:
I caused those mortal groans and cries,
I kill'd the Father's only Son!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 25. L. M. (55)

PART II.

1 O THOU dear suffering Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move!
Help me to catch thy precious blood;
Help me to taste thy dying love.
2 Give me to feel thy agonies;
One drop of thy sad cup afford:
I fain with thee would sympathize,
And share the sufferings of my Lord.

3 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convulsed, while her Creator died:
O let mine inmost nature shake,
And die with Jesus crucified!

4 At thy last gasp the graves display'd
Their horrors to the upper skies:
O that my soul might burst the shade,
And, quicken'd by thy death, arise!

5 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and asunder part:
O rend, with thine expiring breath,
The harder marble of my heart!

6 My stony heart thy voice shall rent,
Thou wilt, I trust, the veil remove:
My inmost bowels shall resent
The yearnings of thy dying love.

J. WESLEY.] HYMN 26. L. M. (9,37)

FROM THE GERMAN OF W. C. DESSLER.

1 I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds: then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but thee!
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there!

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side;
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move:
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5 How can it be thou heavenly King,
That thou should'st us to glory bring?

Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?

5 Hence our hearts melt; our eyes o'erflow;
Our words are lost; nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

7 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

8 First-born of many brethren Thou!
To thee, lo! all our souls we bow:
To thee our hearts and hands we give:
Thine may we die; thine may we live!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 27. 2-6's & 4-7's. (1)

1 SAVIOUR, the world's and mine,
Was ever grief like thine?
Thou my pain, my curse hast took,
All my sins were laid on thee:
Help me, Lord; to thee I look;
Draw me, Saviour, after thee.

2 'Tis done! my God hath died;
My Love is crucified!
Break, this stony heart of mine;
Pour, mine eyes, a ceaseless flood;
Feel, my soul, the pangs divine;
Catch, my heart, the issuing blood!

3 When, O my God, shall I
For thee submit to die?
How the mighty debt repay?
Rival of thy passion prove?
Lead me in thyself, the way;
Melt my hardness into love.

4 To love is all my wish;
I only live for this:

Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,
There, by faith, for ever dwell:
This I always will require,
Thee, and only thee, to feel.
5 Thy power I pant to prove,
Rooted and fix'd in love;
Strengthen'd by thy Spirit's might,
Wise to fathom things divine,
What the length, and breadth, and height,
What the depth of love like thine.
6 Ah! give me this to know,
With all thy saints below:
Swells my soul to compass thee;
Gasps in thee to live and move;
Fill'd with all the Deity,
All immersed and lost in love!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 28. 6-8's. (27,37)

1 O LOVE Divine! what hast thou done!
The' immortal God hath died for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree:
The' immortal God for me hath died!
My Lord, my Love is crucified.
2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace!
Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die,
And say, was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood applied:
My Lord, my Love is crucified.
3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God:
Believe, believe the record true.
Ye all are bought with Jesu's blood;
Pardon for all flows from his side;
My Lord, my Love is crucified.
4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream:

All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him:
Of nothing think or speak beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 29. 7's. (15)

1 COME, ye weary sinners, come,
All who groan beneath your load;
Jesus calls his wanderers home:
Hasten to your pardoning God.
Come, ye guilty spirits oppress'd,
Answer to the Saviour's call:
"Come, and I will give you rest:
Come, and I will save you all."

2 Jesus, full of truth and love,
We thy kindest word obey:
Faithful let thy mercies prove;
Take our load of guilt away:
Fain we would on thee rely,
Cast on thee our every care;
To thine arms of mercy fly,
Find our lasting quiet there.

3 Burden'd with a world of grief,
Burden'd with our sinful load,
Burden'd with this unbelief,
Burden'd with the wrath of God;
Lo! we come to thee for ease,
True and gracious as thou art;
Now our groaning souls release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 30. 6 8's. (1)

1 WHERE shall my wondering soul begin?
How shall I all to heaven aspire?
A slave redeem'd from death and sin,
A brand pluck'd from eternal fire;
How shall I equal triumphs raise,
Or sing my great Deliverer's praise?

2 O how shall I the goodness tell,
Father, which thou to me hast show'd?
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I should be call'd a child of God;
Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,
Blest with this antepast of heaven!

3 And shall I slight my Father's love?
Or basely fear his gifts to own?
Unmindful of his favours prove?
Shall I, the hallow'd cross to shun,
Refuse his righteousness to impart,
By hiding it within my heart?

4 No: though the ancient Dragon rage,
And call forth all his host to war;
Though earth's self-righteous sons engage:
Them, and their god, alike I dare;
Jesus, the sinner's Friend proclaim;
Jesus, to sinners still the same.

5 Outcasts of men, to you I call,
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves!
He spreads his arms to embrace you all
Sinners alone his grace receives:
No need of him the righteous have;
He came the lost to seek and save.

6 Come, O my guilty brethren, come,
Groaning beneath your load of sin;
His bleeding heart shall make you room;
His open side shall take you in:
He calls you now, invites you home;
Come, O my guilty brethren, come!

7 For you the purple current flow'd
In pardons from his wounded side;
Languish'd for you the eternal God;
For you the Prince of glory died:
Believe, and all your sin's forgiven;
Only believe, and yours is heaven!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 31. 6-8's. (26,33)

1 SEE, sinners, in the gospel glass,
The Friend and Saviour of mankind!
Not one of all the apostate race
But may in him salvation find!
His thoughts, and words, and actions prove,—
His life and death,—that God is love!

2 Behold the Lamb of God, who bears
The sins of all the world away!
A servant's form he meekly wears,
He sojourns in a house of clay!
His glory is no longer seen,
But God with God is man with men.

3 See where the God incarnate stands,
And calls his wandering creatures home:
He all day long spreads out his hands;
"Come, weary souls, to Jesus come!
Ye all may hide you in my breast;
Believe, and I will give you rest.

4 "Ah! do not of my goodness doubt;
My saving grace for all is free;
I will in nowise cast him out
That comes a sinner unto me;
I can to none myself deny;
Why, sinners, will ye perish, why?"

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 32. 6-8's. (26,33)

1 SINNERS, believe the gospel word;
Jesus is come your souls to save!
Jesus is come, your common Lord;
Pardon ye all through him may have;
May now be saved, whoever will:
This man receiveth sinners still.

2 See where the lame, the halt, the blind,
The deaf, the dumb, the sick, the poor,
Flock to the Friend of human kind,
And freely all accept their cure:

To whom did he his help deny?
Whom, in his days of flesh pass by?

3 Did not his word the fiends expel,
The lepers cleanse, and raise the dead?
Did he not all their sickness heal,
And satisfy their every need?
Did he reject his helpless clay,
Or send them sorrowful away?

4 Nay, but his bowels yearn'd to see
The people hungry, scatter'd, faint;
Nay, but he utter'd over thee,
Jerusalem, a true complaint;
Jerusalem, who shedd'st his blood,
That, with his tears, for thee hath flow'd.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 33. 6-8's. (26,33)

1 WOULD Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs he then on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?
(Sinners, he prays for you and me:)
"Forgive them, Father, O forgive:
They know not that by me they live!"

2 Adam descended from above,
Our loss of Eden to retrieve,
Great God of universal love,
If all the world through thee may live,
In us a quick'ning Spirit be,
And witness thou hast died for me!

3 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee—by thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
Thy cross, and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away!

4 O let me kiss thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears;

The story of thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears;
That all may hear the quick'ning sound,
Since I, even I, have mercy found.

5 O let thy love my heart constrain,
Thy love for every sinner free;
That every fallen soul of man
May taste the grace that found out me;
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 34. 4-6's. & 2-8's. (26,27.33)

1 LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind;
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesu's Name.

2 Jesus, transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus, harmonious Name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim
And wonder at his love;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze:
'Tis heaven to see our Jesu's face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory:
New songs do now his lips employ
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 Stung by the scorpion sin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole:
See there my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel, he died for me.

6 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known
What thou for all mankind hast done?

7 O for a trumpet-voice
On all the world to call!
To bid their heart rejoice
In him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified:
For all, for all my Saviour died!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 35. C. M. (1

1 JESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore;
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power;
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of souls! thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear:
Come, then, and in thy people's eyes
With all thy wounds appear.

4 Appear, as when of old confest
The suffering Son of God;
And let them see thee in thy vest
But newly dipt in blood.

5 The hardness from their hearts remove,
Thou who for all hast died;
Show them the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

6 Thy feet were nail'd to yonder tree,
To trample down their sin:
Thy hands stretch'd out they all may see,
To take thy murderers in.

7 Thy side an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living streams of bliss,
And wash them white as snow.

8 Ready thou art the blood to' apply,
And prove the record true;
And all thy wounds to sinners cry,
"I suffer'd this for you!"

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 36. C. M. {11}

1 LOVERS of pleasure more than God,
For you he suffer'd pain;
Swearers, for you he spilt his blood:
And shall he bleed in vain?

2 Misers, for you his life was paid;
Your basest crime he bore:
Drunkards, your sins on him were laid,
That you might sin no more.

3 The God of love, to earth he came,
That you might come to heaven;
Believe, believe in Jesu's Name,
And all your sin 's forgiven.

4 Believe in him that died for thee,
And sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 37. C. M. (11)

1 JESUS, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky,
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,
The Name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim;
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

J. WESLEY.] *HYMN 38. 6-8's. (1,27)

FROM THE GERMAN.

1 O GOD, of good the unfathom'd Sea!
Who would not give his heart to thee?
Who would not love thee with his might,
O Jesu, Lover of mankind?
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With his whole strength, to thee unite?

2 Thou shin'st with everlasting rays:
Before the' insufferable blaze
Angels with both wings veil their eyes;
Yet, free as air thy bounty streams
On all thy works; thy mercy's beams
Diffusive, as thy sun's, arise.

3 Astonish'd at thy frowning brow,
Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pillars bow
Terrible majesty is thine!
Who then can that vast love express,
Which bows thee down to me, who less
Than nothing am, till thou art mine!

4 High throned on heaven's eternal hill,
In number, weight, and measure still
Thou sweetly orderest all that is:
And yet thou deign'st to come to me,
And guide my steps, that I, with thee
Enthroned, may reign in endless bliss.

5 Fountain of good, all blessing flows
From thee; no want thy fulness knows:
What but thyself canst thou desire?
Yet, self-sufficient as thou art,
Thou dost desire my worthless heart:
This, only this, dost thou require.

6 Primeval Beauty! in thy sight,
The first-born fairest sons of light
See all their brightest glories fade:
What then to me thine eyes could turn?
In sin conceived, of woman born,
A worm, a leaf, a blast, a shade!

7 Hell's armies tremble at thy nod,
And, trembling, own the' Almighty God,
Sovereign of earth, hell, air, and sky:
But who is this that comes from far,
Whose garments roll'd in blood appear?
'Tis God made man, for man to die.

8 O God, of good the unfathom'd Sea!
Who would not give his heart to thee?
Who would not love thee with his might,
O Jesu, Lover of mankind?
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With his whole strength, to thee unite?

C. WESLEY.] *HYMN 39. L. M. (26,33)

1 FATHER, whose everlasting Love
Thy only Son for sinners gave;
Whose grace to all did freely move,
And sent him down the world to save:

2 Help us thy mercy to extol,
Immense, unfathom'd, unconfined;
To praise the Lamb who died for all,
The general Saviour of mankind.

3 Thy undistinguishing regard
Was cast on Adam's helpless race:
For all thou hast in Christ prepared
Sufficient, sovereign, saving grace.

4 The world he suffer'd to redeem:
For all he hath the' atonement made:
For those that will not come to him,
The ransom of his life was paid.

5 Why then, thou universal Love,
Should any of thy grace despair?
To all, to all, thy bowels move,
But straiten'd in our own we are.

6 Arise, O God, maintain thy cause!
The fulness of the Gentiles call:
Lift up the standard of thy cross,
And all shall own thou diedst for all

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 40. 10's & 11's. (11)

1 YE neighbours and friends, To Jesus draw near;
His love condescends, By titles so dear,
To call and invite you His triumph to prove,
And freely delight you In Jesus's love.

2 The Shepherd who died His sheep to redeem,
On every side Are gather'd to him
The weary and burden'd, The reprobate race;
And wait to be pardon'd Through Jesus's grace.

3 The blind are restored Through Jesus's Name;
They see their dear Lord, And follow the Lamb;
The halt they are walking, And running their race;
The dumb they are talking Of Jesus's grace.

4 The deaf hear his voice, And comforting word;
It bids them rejoice In Jesus their Lord:
"Thy sins are forgiven, Accepted thou art;"
They listen, and heaven Springs up in their heart.

5 The lepers from all Their spots are made clean;
The dead by his call Are raised from their sin;
In Jesu's compassion The sick find a cure;
And gospel salvation Is preach'd to the poor.

6 To us and to them Is publish'd the word:
Then let us proclaim Our life-giving Lord,
Who now is reviving His work in our days,
And mightily striving To save us by grace.

7 O Jesus, ride on, Till all are subdued;
Thy mercy make known, And sprinkle thy blood;
Display thy salvation, And teach the new song
To every nation, And people, and tongue.

3. DESCRIBING DEATH.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 41. C. M. (29)

Ps. xc.

1 O GOD! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

7 O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our perpetual home.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 42. C. M. (23)

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee,

How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The' eternal states of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings!

6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet, how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road!
And if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 43. S. M. (22)

1 AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?
—A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought,
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot.

2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be:
Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge with glory crown'd,
And see the flaming skies.

3 How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?
Will angel-bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away,
To meet its sentence there?

4 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
Or number'd with the blest?
I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else—depart to hell.

5 O thou that would'st not have
One wretched sinner die;
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery!
Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That when thou comest on thy throne;
I may with joy appear!

6 Thou art thyself the Way;
Thyself in me reveal:
So shall I spend my life's short day
Obedient to thy will;

So shall I love my God,
  Because he first loved me,
And praise thee in thy bright abode,
  To all eternity.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 44. 8's & 6's. (22)

1 AND am I only born to die?
  And must I suddenly comply
  With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celestial joy, or hellish pains,
  To all eternity!

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
  And props the house of clay!
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare,
  Against the fatal day!

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
  If life so soon is gone:
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
  The' inexorable throne!

4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery, or joy;
  But O! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destin'd place?
Shall I my everlasting days
  With fiends or angels spend?

5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
  That never. never dies!

How make mine own election sure,
And, when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies!
6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray:
Be thou my Guide, be thou my Way
To glorious happiness!
Ah, write the pardon on my heart,
And whensoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 45. L. M. (18)

Gen. xlix. 33.

1 SHRINKING from the cold hand of death,
I too shall gather up my feet;
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die, my father's God to meet.
2 Number'd among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to see:
Because thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death, remember me!
3 O that without a lingering groan
I may the welcome word receive;
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live!

S. WESLEY, JUN.] HYMN 46. L. M. (2)

1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.
2 Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.
3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows:
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains:
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 46. P. M. (16,27)

1 COME, let us anew Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.

2 His adorable will Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

3 Our life is a dream; Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4 The arrow is flown; The moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity 's here.

5 O that each in the day Of his coming may say
"I have fought my way through;
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do."

6 O that each from his Lord May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done;
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 47. L. M. (18)

Josh. xxiii. 14.

1 PASS a few swiftly-fleeting years,
And all that now in bodies live
Shall quit, like me, the vale of tears,
Their righteous sentence to receive.

2 But all, before they hence remove,
May mansions for themselves prepare
In that eternal house above;
And, O my God, shall I be there?

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 48. 8's. (13,27

1 AH, lovely appearance of death!
What sight upon earth is so fair?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe
Can with a dead body compare:
With solemn delight I survey
The corpse, when the spirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.

2 How blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind!
How easy the soul that has left
This wearisome body behind!
Of evil incapable, thou,
Whose relics with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

3 This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain:
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again:
No anger henceforward, or shame,
Shall redden this innocent clay:
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.

4 This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet immovable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more:
This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.

5 The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in their mortal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep:
The fountains can yield no supplies,
These hollows from water are free;
The tears are all wiped from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a prison I breathe,
And still for deliverance pine,
And press to the issues of death;
What now with my tears I bedew,
O might I this moment become!
My spirit created anew,
My flesh be consign'd to the tomb!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 49. 8's. (13)

1 REJOICE for a brother deceased,
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison released,
And free from its bodily chain;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
Out-flying the tempest and wind:
His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
And left his companions behind,
Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death:
The voyage of life 's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past;
The age that in heaven they spend,
For ever and ever shall last.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 50. 7's. (55)

1 BLESSING, honour, thanks, and praise,
Pay we, gracious God, to thee:
Thou, in thine abundant grace,
Givest us the victory;
True and faithful to thy word,
Thou hast glorified thy Son
Jesus Christ, our dying Lord,
He for us the fight hath won.

2 Lo! the prisoner is released,
Lighten'd of his fleshly load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gather'd in to God!
Lo! the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er;
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more

3 Yes, the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
Death is swallow'd up of life!
Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth the spirit flies,
Finds his God, and sits, and sings,
Triumphing in Paradise.

4 Join we, then, with one accord,
In the new, the joyful song:
Absent from our loving Lord
We shall not continue long:
We shall quit the house of clay,
We a better lot shall share;
We shall see the realms of day,
Meet our happy brother there.

5 Let the world bewail their dead,
Fondly of their loss complain;
Brother, friend, by Jesus freed,
Death to thee, to us, is gain:
Thou art enter'd into joy:
Let the unbelievers mourn;
We in songs our lives employ,
Till we all to God return.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 51. 7's. (55)

1 HARK! a voice divides the sky,
Happy are the faithful dead!
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed.
Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest:
Jesus is their great Reward,
Jesus is their endless Rest.

2 Follow'd by their works, they go
  Where their Head hath gone before
Reconciled by grace below,
  Grace had open'd Mercy's door;
Justified through faith alone,
  Here they knew their sins forgiven;
Here they laid their burden down,
  Hallow'd, and made meet for heaven

3 Who can now lament the lot
  Of a saint in Christ deceased?
Let the world, who know us not,
  Call us hopeless and unbless'd:
When from flesh the spirit freed,
  Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"
  Angels sing, "A child is born!"

4 Born into the world above,
  They our happy brother greet;
Bear him to the throne of Love,
  Place him at the Saviour's feet:
Jesus smiles, and says, "Well done,
  Good and faithful servant thou;
Enter, and receive thy crown,
  Reign with me triumphant now."

5 Angels catch the approving sound,
  Bow, and bless the just award;
Hail the heir with glory crown'd,
  Now rejoicing with his Lord:
Fuller joys ordain'd to know,
  Waiting for the general doom,
When the Archangel's trump shall blow,
  "Rise, ye dead, to judgment come!"

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 52. 2-6's & 4-7's. (11)

1 AGAIN we lift our voice,
And shout our solemn joys;
Cause of highest raptures this,
Raptures that shall never fail;
See a soul escaped to bliss,
Keep the Christian Festival.

2 Our friend is gone before
To that celestial shore;
He hath left his mates behind,
He hath all the storms outrode!
Found the rest we toil to find,
Landed in the arms of God.

3 And shall we mourn to see
Our fellow-prisoner free?—
Free from doubts, and griefs, and fears,
In the haven of the skies?
Can we weep to see the tears
Wiped for ever from his eyes?

4 No, dear companion, no;
We gladly let thee go,
From a suffering church beneath,
To a reigning church above;
Thou hast more than conquer'd death;
Thou art crown'd with life and love.

5 Thou, in thy youthful prime,
Hast leap'd the bounds of time:
Suddenly from earth released,
Lo! we now rejoice for thee;
Taken to an early rest,
Caught into eternity.

6 Thither may we repair,
That glorious bliss to share;
We shall see the welcome day,
We shall to the summons bow:
Come, Redeemer, come away:
Now prepare, and take us now!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 53. 8's (11)

On the Death of a Widow.

1 GIVE glory to Jesus our Head,
With all that encompass his throne;
A widow, a widow indeed,
A mother in Israel is gone!
The winter of trouble is past;
The storms of affliction are o'er;
Her struggle is ended at last,
And sorrow and death are no more.

2 The soul hath o'ertaken her mate,
And caught him again in the sky:
Advanced to her happy estate,
And pleasure that never shall die:
Where glorified spirits by sight,
Converse in their holy abode,
As stars in the firmament bright,
And pure as the angels of God.

3 O Heaven! what a triumph is there!
Where all in his praises agree;
His beautiful character bear,
And shine with the glory they see
The glory of God and the Lamb
(While all in the ecstasy join)
Darts into their spiritual frame,
And gives the enjoyment divine.

4 In loud hallelujahs they sing,
And harmony echoes his praise

When, lo! the celestial King
Pours out the full light of his face:
The joy neither angel nor saint
Can bear, so ineffably great;
But, lo! the whole company faint,
And heaven is found—at his feet.

---

4. DESCRIBING JUDGMENT.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 54. 7's & 6's. (32)

1 HEARKEN to the solemn voice,
The awful midnight cry!
Waiting souls, rejoice, rejoice,
And see the Bridegroom nigh:
Lo! he comes to keep his word,
Light and joy his looks impart:
Go ye forth to meet your Lord,
And meet him in your heart.

2 Ye who faint beneath the load
Of sin, your heads lift up;
See your great redeeming God;
He comes, and bids you hope:
In the midnight of your grief,
Jesus doth his mourners cheer;
Lo! he brings you sure relief;
Believe, and feel him here.

3 Ye whose loins are girt, stand forth,
Whose lamps are burning bright;
Worthy in your Saviour's worth,
To walk with him in white:
Jesus bids your hearts be clean;
Bids you all his promise prove;
Jesus comes to cast out sin,
And perfect you in love.

4 Wait we all in patient hope,
Till Christ, the Judge, shall come;
We shall soon be all caught up
To meet the general doom:
In an hour to us unknown,
As a thief in deepest night,
Christ shall suddenly come down,
With all his saints in light.

5 Happy he whom Christ shall find
Watching to see him come;
Him the Judge of all mankind
Shall bear triumphant home:
Who can answer to his word?
Which of you dares meet his day?
"Rise, and come to judgment!"—Lord.
We rise, and come away.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 55. D. S. M. (11)

1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;
Our caution'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day;
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray:

2 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown;
When robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
The immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
To' increase our gracious fears,
For ever let the Archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears;
The solemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead, the Judge is come;
Arise, and meet him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!"

4 O may we thus be found
Obedient to his word;
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!
O may we thus ensure
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 56. 8's. (17,27)

1 HE comes! he comes! the Judge severe!
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His lightnings flash; his thunders roll:
How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heaven angelic voices sound;
See the Almighty Jesus crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace;
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.

4 Shout, all the people of the sky!
And all the saints of the Most High;
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 57. L. M. (11)

1 THE great Archangel's trump shall sound,
(While twice ten thousand thunders roar,)
Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,
And make the greedy sea restore.

2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead,
The earth no more her slain conceal;
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
And shrink to see a yawning hell.

3 But we, who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesu's righteousness,
Stand, as the Rock of Ages, sure.

4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurl'd,
Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world.

5 The earth, and all the works therein,
Dissolve, by raging flames destroy'd;
While we survey the awful scene,
And mount above the fiery void.

6 By faith we now transcend the skies,
And on that ruin'd world look down:
By love above all height we rise,
And share the everlasting throne.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 58, 7's & 6's. (55)

1 Thess. iv. 15, 17.

1 JESUS, faithful to his word,
Shall with a shout descend;
All heaven's host their glorious Lord
Shall pompously attend;
Christ shall come with dreadful noise,
Lightnings swift, and thunders loud;
With the great Archangel's voice,
And with the trump of God.

2 First the dead in Christ shall rise,
  Then we that yet remain
Shall be caught up to the skies,
  And see our Lord again:
We shall meet him in the air,
  All rapt up to heaven shall be;
Find, and love, and praise him there,
  To all eternity.

3 Who can tell the happiness
  This glorious hope affords?
Joy unutter'd we possess
  In these reviving words:
Happy while on earth we breathe;
  Mightier bliss ordain'd to know;
Trampling down sin, hell, and death,
  To the third heaven we go.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 59. 8's & 6's. (11,37,58)

1 THOU God of glorious majesty,
  To thee, against myself, to thee,
  A worm of earth, I cry;
A half-awaken'd child of man;
An heir of endless bliss or pain;
  A sinner born to die!

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
  Secure, insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
  Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmost soul convert!
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
  Eternal things impress:

Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

4 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss to' ensure:
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then, my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 60. 8's & 7's. (31)

1 RIGHTEOUS God! whose vengeful phials
All our fears and thoughts exceed,
Big with woes and fiery trials,
Hanging, bursting o'er our head;
While thou visitest the nations,
Thy selected people spare;
Arm our caution'd souls with patience,
Fill our humbled hearts with prayer.

2 If thy dreadful controversy
With all flesh is now begun,
In thy wrath remember mercy;
Mercy first and last be shown:

Plead thy cause with sword and fire,
Shake us till the curse remove,
Till thou com'st, the world's desire,
Conquering all with sovereign love.

3 Every fresh alarming token
More confirms the faithful word;
Nature (for its Lord hath spoken)
Must be suddenly restored:
From this national confusion,
From this ruin'd earth and skies,
See the times of restitution,
See the new creation rise!

4 Vanish, then, this world of shadows·
Pass the former things away:
Lord, appear! appear to glad us
With the dawn of endless day!
O conclude this mortal story,
Throw this universe aside!
Come, eternal King of Glory,
Now descend, and take thy bride!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 61. 7's & 6's. (35)

1 STAND the' omnipotent decree:
Jehovah's will be done!
Nature's end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan:
Let this earth dissolve, and blend
In death the wicked and the just;
Let those ponderous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust.

2 Rests secure the righteous man!
At his Redeemer's beck,
Sure to' emerge, and rise again,
And mount above the wreck;

Lo! the heavenly spirit towers,
Like flame, o'er nature's funeral pyre.
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire!

3 Nothing hath the just to lose,
By worlds on worlds destroy'd;
Far beneath his feet he views,
With smiles, the flaming void:
Sees the universe renew'd,
The grand millennial reign begun;
Shouts, with all the sons of God,
Around the eternal throne!

4 Resting in this glorious hope
To be at last restored,
Yield we now our bodies up
To earthquake, plague, or sword:
Listening for the call divine,
The latest trumpet of the seven,
Soon our soul and dust shall join,
And both fly up to heaven.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 62. 8's & 6's. (34)

1 HOW happy are the little flock,
Who, safe beneath their guardian-rock,
In all commotions rest!
When war's and tumult's waves run high,
Unmoved above the storm they lie,
They lodge in Jesu's breast.

2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,
By mercy gather'd into thee,
Before the floods descend:
And while the bursting cloud comes down,
We mark the vengeful day begun,
And calmly wait the end.

3 The plague, and dearth, and din of war,
Our Saviour's swift approach declare,
And bid our hearts arise:
Earth's basis shook confirms our hope;
Its cities' fall but lifts us up,
To meet thee in the skies.

4 Thy tokens we with joy confess:
The war proclaims the Prince of Peace;
The earthquake speaks thy power;
The famine all thy fulness brings;
The plague bespeaks thy healing wings,
And Nature's final hour.

5 Whatever ills the world befall,
A pledge of endless good we call;
A sign of Jesus near:
His chariot will not long delay;
We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,
Triumphant Lord, appear!

6 Appear with clouds on Sion's hill,
The word and mystery to fulfil,
Thy confessors to' approve,
Thy members on thy throne to place,
And stamp thy name on every face,
In glorious heavenly love!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 63. C. M. (55)

PART I.

1 WOE to the men on earth who dwell,
Nor dread the' Almighty's frown;
When God doth all his wrath reveal,
And shower his judgments down!

2 Sinners, expect those heaviest showers:
To meet your God prepare!
For, lo! the seventh angel pours
His phial in the air.

3 Lo! from their seats the mountains leap;
The mountains are not found;

Transported far into the deep,
And in the ocean drown'd.
4 Who then shall live, and face the throne,
And face the Judge severe?
When heaven and earth are fled and gone,
O where shall I appear?
5 Now, only now, against that hour,
We may a place provide;
Beyond the grave, beyond the power
Of hell, our spirits hide:
6 Firm in the all-destroying shock;
May view the final scene;
For, lo! the everlasting Rock
Is cleft to take us in.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 64. C. M. (55)

PART II.

1 BY faith we find the place above,
The rock that rent in twain;
Beneath the shade of dying love,
And in the clefts remain.

2 Jesus, to thy dear wounds we flee,
We sink into thy side;
Assured that all who trust in thee
Shall evermore abide.

3 Then let the thund'ring trumpet sound
The latest lightning glare;
The mountains melt; the solid ground
Dissolve as liquid air:

4 The huge celestial bodies roll,
Amidst that general fire.
And shrivel as a parchment scroll,
And all in smoke expire!

5 Yet still the Lord, the Saviour reigns
When nature is destroy'd,
And no created thing remains
Throughout the flaming void.

6 Sublime upon his azure throne,
He speaks the' Almighty word:
His *fiat* is obey'd! 'tis done;
And Paradise restored.

7 So be it! let this system end,
This ruinous earth and skies;
The New Jerusalem descend,
The New Creation rise.

8 Thy power omnipotent assume;
Thy brightest majesty!
And when thou dost in glory come,
My Lord, remember me!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 65. 4-6's & 2-8's. (11)

1 YE virgin souls, arise,
With all the dead awake!
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
"Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh!"

2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And raise to glory all
Who fit for glory are:
Made ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting friend:
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face!

4 Ye that have here received
The unction from above,
And in his Spirit live,
Obedient to his love,

Jesus shall claim you for his bride:
Rejoice with all the sanctified!

5 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above yon angel powers,
In glorious joy to live;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

6 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound;
To see our Lord appear,
Watching let us be found;
When Jesus doth the heavens bow,
Be found—as Lord, thou find'st us now!

T. OLIVERS. HYMN 66. P. M. (17,36,53,58)

1 LO! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain;
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah! God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing, shall the true Messiah see.

3 The dear tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransom'd worshippers:
With what rapture gaze we on those glorious scars!

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thy eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for thine own!
Jah! Jehovah! everlasting God! come down

5. DESCRIBING HEAVEN.

WESLEY.] HYMN 67. 2-6's & 4-7's. (55)

1 HOW weak the thoughts, and vain,
Of self-deluding men;
Men, who, fix'd to earth alone,
Think their houses shall endure,
Fondly call their lands their own,
To their distant heirs secure.

2 How happy then are we,
Who build, O Lord, on thee!
What can our foundation shock!
Though the shatter'd earth remove,
Stands our city on a rock,
On the rock of heavenly Love.

3 A house we call our own,
Which cannot be o'erthrown:
In the general ruin sure,
Storms and earthquakes it defies;
Built immovably secure;
Built eternal in the skies.

4 High on Immanuel's land
We see the fabric stand;
From a tottering world remove
To our steadfast mansion there:
Our inheritance above
Cannot pass from heir to heir.

5 Those amaranthine bowers
(Unalienably ours)
Bloom, our infinite reward,
Rise, our permanent abode,
From the founded world prepared;
Purchased by the blood of God.

6 O might we quickly find
The place for us design'd;
See the long-expected day
Of our full redemption here:
Let the shadows flee away,
Let the new-made world appear.

7 High on thy great white throne,
O King of saints, come down;
In the New Jerusalem
Now triumphantly descend;
Let the final trump proclaim
Joys begun which ne'er shall end.

J. WESLEY.] HYMN 68. 4-8's & 2-6's. (15)

1 HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot!
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature-love;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue;
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

4 I have no babes to hold me here;
But children more securely dear
For mine I humbly claim,
Better than daughters or than sons,
Temples divine of living stones,
Inscrib'd with Jesu's name.

5 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness;
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below;
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

6 Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.

7 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

8 I come,—thy servant, Lord, replies;—
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Now let the Pilgrim's journey end:
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 69. 6-8's. (18)

Rev. ii. 11—17.

1 THOU, Lord, on whom I still depend,
Shalt keep me faithful to the end:
I trust thy truth, and love, and power,
Shall save me to the latest hour;
And, when I lay this body down,
Reward with an immortal crown.

2 Jesus, in thy great Name I go
To conquer death, my final foe!
And when I quit this cumbrous clay
And soar on angels' wings away,
My soul the second death defies,
And reigns eternal in the skies

3 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
What Christ hath for his saints prepared,
Who conquer through their Saviour's might,
Who sink into perfection's height,
And trample death beneath their feet,
And gladly die their Lord to meet.

4 Dost thou desire to know and see
What thy mysterious name shall be!
Contending for thy heavenly home,
Thy latest foe in death o'ercome;
Till then thou searchest out in vain,
What only conquest can explain.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 70. 8's. (18)

Isa. xxxiii. 17—24.

1 I LONG to behold him array'd
With glory and light from above,
The King in his beauty display'd,
His beauty of holiest love:
I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fix'd his abode:
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God!

2 With him I on Sion shall stand,
(For Jesus hath spoken the word,)
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord;
But when, on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,
My fulness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens, in thee.

3 How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove.
Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give;
And then from the body set free,
And then to the city receive!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 71. 6-8's. (15)

1 LEADER of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, even us abide,
Who would on thee alone rely;
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place;
But hasten through the vale of woe,
And, restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

3 We have no 'biding city here,
But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light,

Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

4 Patient the' appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind;
From strength to strength we travel on,
The New Jerusalem to find:
Our labour this, our only aim,
To find the New Jerusalem.

5 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Sion we return,
Contending for our native heaven;
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.

6 Raised by the breath of Love Divine,
We urge our way with strength renew'd;
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 72. 6-8's. (18)

Rev. iii. 12.

1 SAVIOUR, on me the grace bestow,
To trample on my mortal foe;
Conqueror of death with thee to rise,
And claim my station in the skies,
Fix'd as the throne which ne'er can move,
A pillar in thy church above.

2 As beautiful as useful there,
May I that weight of glory bear,
With all who finally o'ercome,
Supporters of the heavenly dome;
Of perfect holiness possess'd,
For ever in thy presence bless'd.

3 Write upon me the Name divine,
And let thy Father's nature shine,
His image visibly exprest,
His glory pouring from my breast,
O'er all my bright humanity,
Transform'd into the God I see!

4 Inscribing with the city's name,
The heavenly New Jerusalem,
To me the victor's title give,
Among thy glorious saints to live,
And all their happiness to know,
A citizen of heaven below.

5 When thou hadst all thy foes o'ercome,
Returning to thy glorious home,
Thou didst receive the full reward,
That I might share it with my Lord:
And thus thy own new name obtain,
And one with thee for ever reign.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 73. 8's. (13,27)

1 AWAY with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home,
The city of saints shall appear;
The day of eternity come:
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode;
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When, raised by the life-giving word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorn'd as a bride for her Lord:
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breath in the air;
No gloom of affliction or sin,
No shadow of evil is there!

3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear:
Immoveably founded in grace,
She stands, as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

4 No need of the sun in that day,
Which never is follow'd by night,
Where Jesus's beauties display
A pure and a permanent light:
The Lamb is their Light and their Sun.
And, lo! by reflection they shine,
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine!

5 The saints in his presence receive
Their great and eternal reward;
In Jesus, in heaven they live;
They reign in the smile of their Lord
The flame of angelical love
Is kindled at Jesus's face;
And all the enjoyment above
Consists in the rapturous gaze.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 74. S. M. (13)

2 Cor. v. 1—8.

1 WE know, by faith we know,
If this vile house of clay,
This tabernacle, sink below,
In ruinous decay,
We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands;
And firm as our Redeemer's love,
That heavenly fabric stands.

2 It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure;
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure:
O were we enter'd there,
To perfect heaven restored!
O were we all caught up to share
The triumph of our Lord!

3 For this in faith we call,
For this we weep and pray:
O might the tabernacle fall;
O might we 'scape away!
Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife,
And hasten to be swallow'd up
Of everlasting life.

4 Absent, alas! from God,
We in the body mourn,
And pine to quit this mean abode,
And languish to return.
Jesus, regard our vows,
And change our faith to sight;
And clothe us with our nobler house
Of empyrean light!

5 O let us put on thee
In perfect holiness,
And rise prepared thy face to see,
Thy bright, unclouded face!
Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given;
And now triumphantly come down,
And take our souls to heaven!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 75. 7's. (25)

1 LIFT your eyes of faith, and see
Saints and angels join'd in one:
What a countless company
Stand before yon dazzling throne!
Each before his Saviour stands;
All in milk-white robes array'd,
Palms they carry in their hands,
Crowns of glory on their head.

2 Saints begin the endless song,
Cry aloud in heavenly lays,
Glory doth to God belong;
God, the glorious Saviour, praise:
All salvation from him came;
Him who reigns enthroned on high;
Glory to the bleeding Lamb,
Let the morning stars reply.

3 Angel-powers the throne surround,
Next the saints in glory they;
Lull'd with the transporting sound,
They their silent homage pay;
Prostrate on their face before
God and his Messiah fall;
Then in hymns of praise adore,
Shout the Lamb that died for all!

4 Be it so, they all reply,
Him let all our orders praise;
Him that did for sinners die,
Saviour of the favour'd race!
Render we our God his right,
Glory, wisdom, thanks, and power,
Honour, majesty, and might,
Praise him, praise him evermore!

C WESLEY.] HYMN 76. 7's. (2

1 WHAT are these array'd in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?

Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Sufferers in his righteous cause,
Followers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came,
Wash'd their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow:
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night:
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their sufferings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more:
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray;
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

4 He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead:
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 77. 8's. (18)

Rev. xxii. 17.

1 THE Church in her militant state
Is weary, and cannot forbear;
The saints in an agony wait
To see him again in the air.

The Spirit invites, in the bride,
Her heavenly Lord to descend,
And place her, enthroned at his side,
In glory that never shall end.

2 The news of his coming I hear,
And join in the catholic cry:
O Jesus, in triumph appear;
Appear in the clouds of the sky!
Whom only I languish to love,
In fulness of majesty come,
And give me a mansion above,
And take to my heavenly home.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 78. 8's. (18)

Rev. xxii. 17.

1 THE thirsty are call'd to their Lord,
His glorious appearing to see;
And, drawn by the power of his word,
The promise, I know, is for me:
I thirst for the streams of thy grace,
I gasp for the Spirit of Love;
I long for a glimpse of thy face,
And then to behold it above.

2 Thy call I exult to obey,
And come, in the spirit of prayer,
Thy joy in that happiest day,
Thy kingdom of glory, to share;
To drink the pure river of bliss,
With life everlasting o'erflow'd;
Implunged in the crystal abyss,
And lost in the ocean of God.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 79. 8's. (18)

1 A FOUNTAIN of Life and of Grace
In Christ, our Redeemer, we see:
For us, who his offers embrace,
For all, it is open and free:

Jehovah himself doth invite
To drink of his pleasures unknown;
The streams of immortal delight,
That flow from his heavenly throne.

2 As soon as in him we believe,
By faith of his Spirit we take;
And, freely forgiven, receive
The mercy for Jesus's sake:
We gain a pure drop of his love;
The life of eternity know;
Angelical happiness prove;
And witness a heaven below.

---

6. DESCRIBING HELL.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 80. C. M. (22)

1 TERRIBLE thought! shall I alone,
Who may be saved—shall I—
Of all, alas! whom I have known,
Through sin for ever die?

2 While all my old companions dear,
With whom I once did live,
Joyful at God's right hand appear,
A blessing to receive:

3 Shall I,—amidst a ghastly band,—
Dragg'd to the judgment seat,
Far on the left with horror stand,
My fearful doom to meet?

4 Ah, no:—I still may turn and live,
For still his wrath delays;
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me his grace.

5 I will accept his offers now,
From every sin depart,

Perform my oft-repeated vow,
And render him my heart.

6 I will improve what I receive,
The grace through Jesus given;
Sure, if with God on earth I live,
To live with him in heaven.

SECTION III.

PRAYING FOR A BLESSING.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 81. 6-8's. (19)

1 FATHER of omnipresent grace!
We seem agreed to seek thy face;
But every soul assembled here
Doth naked in thy sight appear:
Thou know'st who only bows the knee;
And who in heart approaches thee.

2 Thy Spirit hath the difference made
Betwixt the living and the dead;
Thou now dost into some inspire
The pure, benevolent desire:
O that even now thy powerful call
May quicken and convert us all!

3 The sinners suddenly convince,
O'erwhelm'd beneath their load of sins:
To-day, while it is call'd to-day,
Awake, and stir them up to pray,
Their dire captivity to own,
And from the iron furnace groan.

4 Then, then acknowledge, and set free
The people bought, O Lord, by thee,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd bled,
For whom we in thy Spirit plead:
Let all in thee redemption find,
And not a soul be left behind.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 82. L. M. (15)

For the outcasts of Israel.

1 SHEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye,
The thousands of our Israel see:
To thee in their behalf we cry,
Ourselves but newly found in thee.

2 See where o'er desert wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have,
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near;
For no man cares their souls to save.

3 Wild as the untaught Indian's brood,
The Christian savages remain;
Strangers, yea, enemies to God,
They make thee spill thy blood in vain.

4 Thy people, Lord, are sold for nought;
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh;
They perish, whom thyself hast bought;
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.

5 The pit its mouth hath open'd wide,
To swallow up its careless prey:
Why should *they* die, when *thou* hast died:
Hast died to bear their sins away?

6 Why should the foe thy purchase seize?
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans:
The meed of all thy sufferings these;
O claim them for thy ransom'd ones!

7 Extend to these thy pardoning grace:
To these be thy salvation show'd:
O add them to thy chosen race!
O sprinkle all their hearts with blood!

8 Still let the publicans draw near:
Open the door of faith and heaven;
And grant their hearts thy word to hear,
And witness all their sins forgiven.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 83. C. M. (11,19

1 THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the evening sacrifice,
Which now to thee we give.

2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere;
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshipper?

3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his want of thee?
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?

4 Convince him now of unbelief;
His desperate state explain;
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.

5 Speak with that voice which wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise?
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

6 Extort the cry, "What must be done
To save a wretch like me?
How shall a trembling sinner shun
That endless misery?

7 "I must this instant now begin
Out of my sleep to' awake;
And turn to God, and every sin
Continually forsake:

8 "I must for faith incessant cry,
And wrestle, Lord, with thee:
I must be born again, or die
To all eternity."

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 84. C. M. (11)

1 COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone!

2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn;
And turn at once from every sin,
And to our Saviour turn!

3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

4 Conclude us first in unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

5 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor;
The knowledge of our sickness give,
The knowledge of our cure.

6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load;
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.

7 Our desperate state through sin declare,
And speak our sins forgiven;
By perfect holiness prepare,
And take us up to heaven.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 85. S. M. (12)

1 SPIRIT of Faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood:
'Tis thine the blood to' apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die,
Hath surely died for me.

2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word:
Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in his blood,
And cry with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God!"

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of Faith! descend, and show
The virtue of his name:
The grace which all may find,
The saving power impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

4 Inspire the living faith,
Which whosoe'er receives,
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes;
The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move,
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 86. 2-6's & 4-7's. (12)

1 SINNERS, your hearts lift up,
Partakers of your hope!
This, the day of Pentecost;
Ask, and ye shall all receive;
Surely now the Holy Ghost
God to all that ask shall give.

2 Ye all may freely take
The grace for Jesu's sake:
He for every man hath died
He for all hath risen again:
Jesus now is glorified:
Gifts he hath received for men.

3 He sends them from the skies
On all his enemies:
By his cross he now hath led
Captive our captivity:
We shall all be free indeed,
Christ, the Son, shall make us free

4 Blessings on all he pours,
In never-ceasing showers;
All he waters from above;
Offers all his joy and peace,
Settled comfort, perfect love,
Everlasting righteousness.

5 All may from him receive
A power to turn and live;
Grace for every soul is free;
All may hear the' effectual call;
All the Light and Life may see;
All may feel he died for all.

6 Drop down in showers of love,
Ye heavens, from above!
Righteousness, ye skies, pour down!
Open, earth, and take it in!
Claim the Spirit for your own,
Sinners, and be saved from sin!

7 Father, behold, we claim
The gift in Jesu's Name!
Him, the promised Comforter,
Into all our spirits pour;
Let him fix his mansion here,
Come, and never leave us more!

Before Reading the Scriptures.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 87. C.M. (9.59)

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of Light and Love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, (for moved by thee
The Prophets wrote and spoke,)
Unlock the Truth, thyself the Key,
Unseal the sacred Book.

3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night:
On our disorder'd spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below
The depths of love divine.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 88. C. M. (9)

1 FATHER of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe,
One bright, celestial ray dart down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.

2 While in thy word we search for thee,
(We search with trembling awe!)
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know;
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 89. 6-8's. (18)

2 Tim. iii. 16, 17.

1 INSPIRER of the ancient Seers,
Who wrote from thee the sacred page,
The same through all succeeding years,
To us, in our degenerate age,
The Spirit of thy word impart,
And breathe the Life into our heart.

2 While now thine oracles we read,
With earnest prayer and strong desire,
O let thy Spirit from thee proceed,
Our souls to' awaken and inspire;
Our weakness help, our darkness chase,
And guide us by the Light of Grace!

3 Whene'er in error's paths we rove,
The living God through sin forsake
Our conscience by thy Word reprove.
Convince and bring the wanderers back,
Deep wounded by thy Spirit's sword,
And then by Gilead's balm restored.

4 The sacred lessons of thy grace,
Transmitted through thy Word, repeat;
And train us up in all thy ways,
To make us in thy will complete;
Fulfil thy love's redeeming plan,
And bring us to a perfect man.

5 Furnish'd out of thy treasury,
O may we always ready stand
To help the souls redeem'd by thee,
In what their various states demand;
To teach, convince, correct, reprove,
And build them up in holiest love!

C. WESLEY.] * HYMN 90. L. M. (11)

Isa. xliv.

1 THUS saith the Lord of earth and heaven,
The King of Israel and his God,
Who hath for ALL a ransom given,
And bought a guilty world with blood:
"I am *from* all eternity;
To all eternity I am:
There is none other God but Me;
JEHOVAH is my glorious Name.

2 "The Rise and End, the First and Last,
The Alpha and Omega I;
Who could, like me, ordain the past,
Or who the things to come descry?
Foolish is all their strife, and vain,
To' invade the property divine;
'Tis mine the work undone to' explain,
To call the future now is mine.

3 "Fear not, my own peculiar race;
I have to thee my counsel show'd,
The word of sure prophetic grace,
And told thee all the mind of God.
Ye are my witnesses, to you
My name and nature are made known;
Ye only can your seal set to,
That I am GOD, and GOD alone."

PART II. CONVINCING

SECTION I.

DESCRIBING FORMAL RELIGION.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 91. C. M. (9)

1 LONG have I seem'd to serve thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain:
Fasted, and pray'd, and read thy Word,
And heard it preach'd in vain.

2 Oft did I with the' assembly join,
And near thine altar drew;
A form of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew.

3 I rested in the outward law;
Nor knew its deep design:
The length and breadth I never saw,
And height of love divine.

4 To please thee thus, at length I see,
Vainly I hoped and strove:
For what are outward things to thee,
Unless they spring from love?

5 I see the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts;
Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.

6 But I of means have made my boast,
Of means an idol made;
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance in the shade.

7 Where am I now, or what my hope?
What can my weakness do?
Jesus, to thee my soul looks up:
'Tis thou must make it new.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 92. C. M. (9)

1 STILL for thy lovingkindness, Lord.
I in thy temple wait;
I look to find thee in thy word,
Or at thy table meet.

2 Here, in thine own appointed ways,
I wait to learn thy will:
Silent I stand before thy face,
And hear thee say, "Be still!"

3 "Be still! and know that I am God!"—
'Tis all I live to know;
To feel the virtue of thy blood,
And spread its praise below!

4 I wait my vigour to renew,
Thine image to retrieve,
The veil of outward things pass through,
And gasp in thee to live.

5 I work, and own the labour vain,
And thus from works I cease:
I strive, and see my fruitless pain,
Till God create my peace.

6 Fruitless, till thou thyself impart,
Must all my efforts prove;
They cannot change a sinful heart;
They cannot purchase love.

7 I do the things thy laws enjoin,
And then the strife give o'er;
To thee I then the whole resign;
I trust in means no more.

8 I trust in him who stands between
The Father's wrath and me:
Jesu, thou great eternal Mean,
I look for all from thee!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 93. 8. M. (55)

1 MY gracious, loving Lord,
To thee what shall I say?
Well may I tremble at thy word,
And scarce presume to pray.
Ten thousand wants have I;
Alas! I all things want;
But thou hast bid me always cry,
And never, never faint.

2 Yet, Lord, well might I fear,
Fear even to ask thy grace;
So oft have I, alas! drawn near,
And mock'd thee to thy face:
With all pollutions stain'd,
Thy hallow'd courts I trod:
Thy name and temple I profaned,
And dared to call thee God!

3 Nigh with my lips I drew;
My lips were all unclean:
Thee with my heart I never knew;
My heart was full of sin:
Far from the living Lord,
As far as hell from heaven,
Thy purity I still abhorr'd,
Nor look'd to be forgiven.

4 My nature I obey'd;
My own desires pursued;
And still a den of thieves I made
The hallow'd house of God.
The worship he approves
To him I would not pay:
My selfish ends, and creature-loves,
Had stole my heart away.

5 My sin and nakedness
I studied to disguise,
Spoke to my soul a flattering peace,
And put out my own eyes:
In fig-leaves I appear'd,
Nor with my form would part;
But still retain'd a conscience sear'd
A hard, deceitful heart.

6 A goodly, formal saint
I long appear'd in sight:
By self and Satan taught to paint
My tomb, my nature, white.

The Pharisee within
Still undisturb'd remain'd;
The strong man, arm'd with guilt of sin,
Safe in his palace reign'd.

7 But O! the jealous God
In my behalf came down;
Jesus himself the stronger show'd,
And claim'd me for his own.
My spirit he alarm'd,
And brought into distress;
He shook and bound the strong man arm'd
In his self-righteousness.

8 Faded my virtuous show,
My form without the power;
The sin-convincing Spirit blew,
And blasted every flower:
My mouth was stopp'd, and shame
Cover'd my guilty face:
I fell on the atoning Lamb,
And I was saved by grace.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 94. C. M. (18)

1 THE men who slight thy faithful word,
In their own lies confide,
These are the temple of the Lord,
And Heathens all beside!

2 The temple of the Lord are these,
The only church and true,
Who live in pomp, and wealth, and ease,
And Jesus never knew.

3 O would'st thou, Lord, reveal their sins,
And turn their joy to grief;
The world, the Christian world, convince
Of damning unbelief!

4 The formalists confound, convert,
And to thy people join;
And break, and fill the broken heart
With confidence divine!

SECTION II.

DESCRIBING INWARD RELIGION.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 95. L. M. (9)

1 AUTHOR of faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame;
Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,
To-day, as yesterday the same:
2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable:
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfil.
3 By faith we know thee strong to save:
(Save us, a present Saviour thou!)
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have,
Future and past subsisting now.
4 To him that in thy name believes,
Eternal life with thee is given;
Into himself he all receives,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
With strong, commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.
6 Faith lends its realizing light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
The' Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 96. S. M. (11)

1 HOW can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Saviour show
My name inscribed in heaven?
What we have felt and seen,
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.

2 We who in Christ believe
  That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
  And feel his blood applied;
Exults our rising soul,
  Disburden'd of her load,
And swells unutterably full
  Of glory and of God.

3 His love, surpassing far
  The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
  The pointless darts of death.
Stronger than death and hell,
  The mystic power we prove;
And, conquerors of the world, we dwell,
  In heaven, who dwell in Love.

4 We by his Spirit prove
  And know the things of God,
The things which freely of his love
  He hath on us bestow'd:
His Spirit to us he gave,
  And dwells in us, we know:
The witness in ourselves we have,
  And all its fruits we show.

5 The meek and lowly heart
  That in our Saviour was,
To us his Spirit doth impart,
  And signs us with his cross:
Our nature's turn'd, our mind
  Transform'd in all its powers;
And both the witnesses are join'd,
  The Spirit of God with ours.

6 Whate'er our pardoning Lord
  Commands, we gladly do:
And, guided by his sacred Word,
  We all his steps pursue.

His glory our design,
We live our God to please;
And rise, with filial fear divine,
To perfect holiness.

C. WESLEY.] * HYMN 97. 8's & 6's. (15

1 THOU great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on,
Even from mine infant days;
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me, if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.

2 If I have only known thy fear,
And follow'd, with a heart sincere,
Thy drawings from above;
Now, now the further grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.

3 Short of thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiven;
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without the inward witness live,
That antepast of heaven.

4 If now the witness were in me,
Would he not testify of thee
In Jesus reconciled?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,
And know myself thy child?

5 Whate'er obstructs thy pardoning love,
Or sin, or righteousness,—remove,
Thy glory to display;
Mine heart of unbelief convince,
And now absolve me from my sins,
And take them all away.

6 Father, in me reveal thy Son,
And to mine inmost soul make known
How merciful thou art:
The secret of thy love reveal,
And by thine hallowing Spirit dwell
For ever in my heart!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 98. 7's & 6's. (18)

Eccles. vii. 29.

1 UPRIGHT, both in heart and will,
We by our God were made;
But we turn'd from good to ill,
And o'er the creature stray'd;
Multiplied our wandering thought,
Which first was fix'd on God alone;
In ten thousand objects sought
The bliss we lost in one.

2 From our own inventions vain
Of fancied happiness,
Draw us to thyself again,
And bid our wanderings cease;
Jesus, speak our souls restored,
By Love's divine simplicity
Reunited to our Lord,
And wholly lost in thee!

PART III.

SECTION I.

PRAYING FOR REPENTANCE.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 99. 6-8's. (1,11)

1 FATHER of lights, from whom proceeds
Whate'er thy every creature needs,
Whose goodness, providently nigh,
Feeds the young ravens when they cry;
To thee I look: my heart prepare;
Suggest, and hearken to my prayer.

2 Since by thy light myself I see
Naked, and poor, and void of thee,
Thy eyes must all my thoughts survey,
Preventing what my lips would say;
Thou seest my wants, for help they call,
And, ere I speak, thou know'st them all.

3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind;
Thou know'st how unsubdued my will,
Averse from good, and prone to ill;
Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,
Nor check'd by fear, nor charm'd by love.

4 Fain would I know, as known by thee,
And feel the indigence I see;
Fain would I all my vileness own,
And deep beneath the burden groan;
Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Detest and loathe myself and sin.

5 Ah! give me, Lord, myself to feel;
My total misery reveal:
Ah! give me, Lord, (I still would say,)
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray:
My business this, my only care,
My life, my every breath, be prayer!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 100. D. L. M. (1,11)

1 JESUS, my Advocate above,
My Friend before the Throne of Love;
If now for me prevails thy prayer,
If now I find thee pleading there;
If thou the secret wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray;
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to thine!

2 Fain would I know my utmost ill,
And groan my nature's weight to feel:

To feel the clouds that round me roll,
The night that hangs upon my soul,
The darkness of my carnal mind,
My will perverse, my passions blind,
Scatter'd o'er all the earth abroad,
Immeasurably far from God!

3 Jesu, my heart's desire obtain;
My earnest suit present, and gain;
My fulness of corruption show,
The knowledge of myself bestow;
A deeper displacence at sin,
A sharper sense of hell within,
A stronger struggling to get free,
A keener appetite for thee!

4 O sovereign Love, to thee I cry;
Give me thyself, or else I die;
Save me from death; from hell set free!
Death, hell, are but the want of thee.
Quicken'd by thy imparted flame,
Saved, when possess'd of thee, I am;
My life, my only heaven thou art;
O might I feel thee in my heart!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 101. 6-7s. (11)

1 SAVIOUR, Prince of Israel's race,
See me from thy lofty throne;
Give the sweet relenting grace,
Soften this obdurate stone!
Stone to flesh, O God, convert;
Cast a look, and break my heart!

2 By thy Spirit, Lord, reprove,
All my inmost sins reveal;
Sins against thy light and love
Let me see, and let me feel;
Sins that crucified my God,
Spilt again thy precious blood.

3 Jesu, seek thy wandering sheep,
Make me restless to return;
Bid me look on thee and weep,
Bitterly as Peter mourn,
Till I say, by grace restored,
"Now, thou know'st I love thee, Lord!"

4 Might I in thy sight appear.
As the Publican distrest;
Stand, not daring to draw near;
Smite on my unworthy breast·
Groan the sinner's only plea,
"God be merciful to me."

5 O remember me for good,
Passing through the mortal vale;
Show me the atoning blood,
When my strength and spirit fail;
Give my gasping soul to see
Jesus crucified for me!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 102. S. M. (11)

1 O THAT I could repent,
With all my idols part,
And to thy gracious eyes present
A humble, contrite heart:
A heart with grief opprest,
For having grieved my God,
A troubled heart, that cannot rest,
Till sprinkled with thy blood.

2 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire:
With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down;
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone!

C. WESLEY. HYMN 103. 8. M. (11)

1 O THAT I could revere
My much-offended God!
O that I could but stand in fear
Of thy afflicting rod!
If mercy cannot draw,
Thou by thy threatenings move;
And keep an abject soul in awe,
That will not yield to love.

2 Show me the naked sword,
Impending o'er my head:
O let me tremble at thy word,
And to my ways take heed;
With sacred horror fly
From every sinful snare;
Nor ever, in my Judge's eye,
My Judge's anger dare.

3 Thou great tremendous God,
The conscious awe impart;
The grace be now on me bestow'd,
The tender fleshly heart:
For Jesu's sake alone,
The stony heart remove;
And melt, at last, O melt me down,
Into the mould of Love!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 104. C. M. (18)

2 Kings xxii. 19, 20.

1 O FOR that tenderness of heart,
Which bows before the Lord,
Acknowledging how just thou art,
And trembles at thy word!
O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That consciousness of guilt, which fears
The long-suspended blow!

2 Saviour, to me in pity give
The sensible distress;

The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive,
And bid me die in peace:
Wilt from the dreadful day remove
Before the evil come;
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb.

WESLEY.] HYMN 105. S. M. (11)

1 O THAT I could repent;
O that I could believe.
Thou by thy voice the marble rent,
The rock in sunder cleave!
Thou, by thy two-edged sword,
My soul and spirit part;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart!

2 Saviour, and Prince of Peace,
The double grace bestow:
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go:
Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove;
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pardoning love.

3 For thy own mercy's sake,
The cursed thing remove;
And into thy protection take
The prisoner of thy love:
In every trying hour,
Stand by my feeble soul;
And screen me from my nature's power,
Till thou hast made me whole.

4 This is thy will, I know,
That I should holy be,
Should let my sin this moment go,
This moment turn to thee:

O might I now embrace
Thy all-sufficient power;
And never more to sin give place,
And never grieve thee more.

J. WESLEY.] HYMN 106. 7's & 6's. (11)

1 JESU, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep!
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain, like Peter, weep:
Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all long-suffering shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give, what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown; Turn, &c.

3 For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow:
If thy bowels now are stirr'd,
If now I would myself bemoan, Turn, &c.

4 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die:
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down; Turn, &c

5 Look, as when thine eye pursued
The first apostate man,
Saw him weltering in his blood,
And bade him rise again:

Speak my paradise restored,
Redeem me by thy grace alone; Turn, &c.

6 Look, as when thy pity saw
Thine own, in a strange land,
Forced to' obey the tyrant's law,
And feel his heavy hand:
Speak the soul-redeeming word,
And out of Egypt call thy son; Turn, &c.

7 Look, as when thy grace beheld
The harlot in distress,
Dried her tears, her pardon seal'd,
And bade her go in peace;
Vile, like her, and self-abhorr'd,
I at thy feet for mercy groan: Turn, &c.

8 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was closed, that we might live!
"Father," (at the point to die,
My Saviour gasp'd,) "forgive!"
Surely, with that dying word,
He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done!"
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone!

C. WESLEY.] * HYMN 107. L. M. (11)

Isa. lxi. 1, &c.

1 THE Spirit of the Lord our God,
(Spirit of Power, and Health, and Love,)
The Father hath on Christ bestow'd,
And sent him from his throne above:

2 Prophet, and Priest, and King of Peace,
Anointed to declare his will,
To minister his pardoning grace,
And every sin-sick soul to heal.

3 Sinners, obey the heavenly call;
Your prison-doors stand open wide;
Go forth, for he hath ransom'd all.
For every soul of man hath died.

4 'Tis his the drooping soul to raise,
To rescue all by sin opprest,
To clothe them with the robes of praise,
And give their weary spirits rest:

5 To help their grovelling unbelief,
Beauty for ashes to confer,
The oil of joy for abject grief,
Triumphant joy for sad despair.

6 To make them trees of righteousness,
The planting of the Lord below,
To spread the honour of his grace,
And on to full perfection grow.

SECTION II.

FOR MOURNERS CONVINCED OF SIN.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 108. C. M. (1,37)

1 ENSLAVED to sense, to pleasure prone,
Fond of created good;
Father, our helplessness we own,
And trembling taste our food.

2 Trembling, we taste; for, ah! no more
To thee the creatures lead:
Changed, they exert a baneful power,
And poison while they feed.

3 Cursed for the sake of wretched man,
They now engross him whole;
With pleasing force on earth detain,
And sensualize his soul.

4 Grov'lling on earth we still must lie,
Till Christ the curse repeal;
Till Christ, descending from on high,
Infected nature heal.

5 Come, then, our heavenly Adam, come
Thy healing influence give:
Hallow our food, reverse our doom,
And bid us eat, and live!

6 The bondage of corruption break;
For this our spirits groan;
Thy only will we fain would seek,
O save us from our own!

7 Turn the full stream of nature's tide;
Let all our actions tend
To thee their Source; thy love the guide,
Thy glory be the end.

8 Earth then a scale to heaven shall be;
Sense shall point out the road;
The creatures all shall lead to thee,
And all we taste be God.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 109. 7's & 6's. (27,37)

Rom. iii. 17.

1 WRETCHED, helpless, and distrest,
Ah! whither shall I fly?
Ever gasping after rest,
I cannot find it nigh:
Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,
Fast bound in sin and misery,
Friend of sinners, let me find
My help, my all, in thee!

2 I am all unclean, unclean,
Thy purity I want;
My whole heart is sick of sin,
And my whole head is faint:

Full of putrefying sores,
Of bruises, and of wounds, my soul!
Looks to Jesus, help implores,
And gasps to be made whole.

3 In the wilderness I stray,
My foolish heart is blind,
Nothing do I know; the way
Of peace I cannot find:
Jesu, Lord, restore my sight,
And take, O take the veil away;
Turn my darkness into light,
My midnight into day.

4 Naked of thine image, Lord,
Forsaken, and alone,
Unrenew'd, and unrestored,
I have not thee put on:
Over me thy mantle spread,
Send down thy likeness from above;
Let thy goodness be display'd,
And wrap me in thy love.

5 Poor, alas! thou know'st I am,
And would be poorer still;
See my nakedness and shame,
And all my vileness feel:
No good thing in me resides,
My soul is all an aching void,
Till thy Spirit here abides,
And I am fill'd with God.

6 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
In thee is all I want;
Be the wanderer's resting-place,
A cordial to the faint:
Make me rich, for I am poor;
In thee may I my Eden find;
To the dying health restore,
And eye-sight to the blind!

7 Clothe me with thy holiness,
Thy meek humility;
Put on me thy glorious dress,
Endue my soul with thee;
Let thine image be restored,
Thy name and nature let me prove;
With thy fulness fill me, Lord,
And perfect me in love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 110. 7's & 6's. (27,58)

1 JESUS, Friend of sinners, hear,
Yet once again I pray:
From my debt of sin set clear,
For I have nought to pay:
Speak, O speak, the kind release,
A poor backsliding soul restore;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

2 For my selfishness and pride,
Thou hast withdrawn thy grace;
Left me long to wander wide,
An outcast from thy face;
But I now my sins confess,
And mercy, mercy, I implore: Love, &c.

3 Though my sins as mountains rise,
And swell and reach to heaven,
Mercy is above the skies,
I may be still forgiven:
Infinite my sins' increase,
But greater is thy mercy's store: Love, &c

4 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
A hardness o'er my heart;
But if thou thy Spirit shed,
The stony shall depart:

Shed thy love, thy tenderness, [&c.
And let me feel thy softening power; Love,

5 From the' oppressive power of sin
My struggling spirit free;
Perfect righteousness bring in,
Unspotted purity:
Speak, and all this war shall cease,
And sin shall give its raging o'er; Love, &c.

6 For this only thing I pray,
And this will I require,
Take the power of sin away,
Fill me with chaste desire;
Perfect me in holiness;
Thine image to my soul restore;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

C. WESLEY.] * HYMN 111. L. M. (11)

Isa. li. 1—4.

1 THUS saith the Lord! Who seek the Lamb,
Who follow after righteousnesss;
Look to the Rock from whence ye came,
The Father of the faithful race.

2 Children of faithful *Abraham*, these,
Who dare expect salvation here:
The Lord shall give them gospel peace,
And all his hopeless mourners cheer:

3 Shall soon his fallen *Sion* raise,
Her waste and desolate places build;
Pour out the Spirit of his grace,
And make her wilds a fruitful field.

4 The barren souls shall be restored;
The desert all renew'd shall rise;
Bloom as the garden of the Lord,
A fair terrestrial paradise.

5 Gladness and joy shall there be found,
Thanksgiving, and the voice of praise;
The voice of melody shall sound,
And every heart be fill'd with grace.

6 A law shall soon from him proceed,
A living, life-infusing Word;
The Truth that makes you free indeed,
The' eternal Spirit of your Lord.

7 His mercy he will cause to rest,
Where all may see their sins forgiven;
May rise, no more by guilt opprest,
And bless the light that leads to heaven.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 112. 7's & 6's. (55)

The Good Samaritan.

Luke x. 30.

1 WOE is me! what tongue can tell
My sad afflicted state!
Who my anguish can reveal,
Or all my woes relate!
Fallen among thieves I am,
And they have robb'd me of my God·
Turn'd my glory into shame,
And left me in my blood.

2 O thou good Samaritan!
In thee is all my hope;
Only thou canst succour man,
And raise the fallen up:
Hearken to my dying cry;
My wounds compassionately see;
Me, a sinner, pass not by,
Who gasp for help to thee.

3 Still thou journey'st where I am,
And still thy bowels move:

Pity is with thee the same,
And all thy heart is love;
Stoop to a poor sinner, stoop,
And let thy healing grace abound;
Heal my bruises, and bind up
My spirit's every wound.

4 Saviour of my soul, draw nigh,
In mercy haste to me;
At the point of death I lie,
And cannot come to thee;
Now thy kind relief afford,
The wine and oil of grace pour in;
Good Physician! speak the word,
And heal my soul of sin.

5 Pity to my dying cries
Hath drawn thee from above;
Hovering over me, with eyes
Of tenderness and love,
Now, ev'n now, I see thy face;
The balm of Gilead I receive:
Thou hast saved me by thy grace,
And bade the sinner live.

6 Surely now the bitterness
Of second death is past;
O my Life, my Righteousness!
On thee my soul is cast;
Thou hast brought me to thine inn,
And I am of thy promise sure;
Thou shalt cleanse me from all sin,
And all my sickness cure.

7 Perfect, then, the work begun,
And make the sinner whole:
All thy will on me be done,
My body, spirit, soul:

Still preserve me safe from harms,
And kindly for thy patient care;
Take me, Jesus, to thine arms,
And keep me ever there.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 113. 6-8's. (55)

Gen. xxxii. 24—32.

1 O THOU, whom fain my soul would love,
Whom I would gladly die to know;
This veil of unbelief remove,
And show me all thy goodness, show:
Jesus, thyself in me reveal,
Tell me thy name, thy nature tell.

2 Hast thou been with me, Lord, so long,
Yet thee, my Lord, have I not known?
I claim thee with a faltering tongue;
I pray thee in a feeble groan,
Tell me, O tell me, who thou art,
And speak thy name into my heart!

3 If now thou talkest by the way
With such an abject worm as me,
Thy mystery of grace display;
Open mine eyes that I may see;
That I may understand thy word,
And now cry out,—"It is the Lord!"

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 114. 6-8's. (9)

Gen. viii. 9.

1 JESUS, in whom the weary find
Their late, but permanent repose,
Physician of the sin-sick mind,
Relieve my wants, assuage my woes;
And let my soul on thee be cast,
Till life's fierce tyranny be past.

2 Loosed from my God, and far removed,
Long have I wander'd to and fro;
O'er earth in endless circles roved,
Nor found whereon to rest below:
Back to my God at last I fly,
For O, the waters still are high!

3 Selfish pursuits, and nature's maze,
The things of earth for thee I leave;
Put forth thy hand, thy hand of grace;
Into the ark of love receive!
Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
And lodge it, Saviour, in thy breast!

4 Fill with inviolable peace,
'Stablish and keep my settled heart;
In thee may all my wanderings cease,
From thee no more may I depart;
Thy utmost goodness call'd to prove,
Loved with an everlasting love!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 115. 7's & 6's. (55)

1 LET the world their virtue boast,
Their works of righteousness;
I, a wretch, undone and lost,
Am freely saved by grace:
Other title I disclaim;
This, only this, is all my plea:
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

2 Happy they whose joys abound,
Like *Jordan's* swelling stream,
Who their heaven in Christ have found,
And give the praise to him:
Meanest follower of the Lamb,
His steps I at a distance see;
I the chief sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

3 I, like *Gideon's* fleece, am found
Unwater'd still, and dry,
While the dew on all around
Falls plenteous from the sky:
Yet my Lord I cannot blame,
The Saviour's grace for all is free;
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

4 Surely he will lift me up,
For I of him have need
I cannot give up my hope,
Though I am cold and dead:
To bring fire on earth he came;
O that it now might kindled be!
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

5 Jesus, thou for me hast died,
And thou in me wilt live;
I shall feel thy death applied,
I shall thy life receive:
Yet, when melted in the flame
Of love, this shall be all my plea:
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 116. 6-7's. (11)

1 SAVIOUR, cast a pitying eye,
Bid my sins and sorrows end:
Whither should a sinner fly?
Art not thou the sinner's Friend?
Rest in thee I gasp to find,
Wretched I, and poor, and blind.

2 Didst thou ever see a soul
More in need of help than mine?
Then refuse to make me whole;
Then withhold the balm divine:
But if I do want thee most,
Come, and seek, and save the lost.

3 Haste, O haste, to my relief;
From the iron furnace take;
Rid me of my sin and grief,
For thy love and mercy's sake;
Set my heart at liberty,
Show forth all thy power in me.

4 Me, the vilest of the race,
Most unholy, most unclean;
Me,—the farthest from thy face,
Full of misery and sin;
Me with arms of love receive,
Me, of sinners chief, forgive.

5 Jesus, on thine only name
For salvation I depend!
In thy gracious hands I am,
Save me, save me to the end;
Let the utmost grace be given,
Save me quite from hell to heaven.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 117. C. M. (11)*

1 GOD is in this and every place;
But, O, how dark and void
To me!—'Tis one great wilderness,
This earth without my God.

2 Empty of Him who all things fills,
Till he his light impart,
Till he his glorious self reveals,
The veil is on my heart.

3 O thou, who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And take away the stone.

4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-sought blessing give;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face and live.

5 Now, Jesus, now, the Father's love
Shed in my heart abroad;
The middle wall of sin remove,
And let me into God.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 118. 8's & 6's. (11)

1 AUTHOR of faith, to thee I cry,
To thee, who would'st not have me die,
But know the truth and live:
Open mine eyes to see thy face,
Work in my heart the saving grace,
The life eternal give.

2 Shut up in unbelief I groan,
And blindly serve a God unknown,
Till thou the veil remove:
The gift unspeakable impart,
And write thy name upon my heart,
And manifest thy love.

3 I know the work is only thine,
The gift of faith is all divine;
But, if on thee we call,
Thou wilt the benefit bestow,
And give us hearts to feel and know
That thou hast died for all.

4 Thou bidd'st us knock and enter in,
Come unto thee, and rest from sin,
The blessing seek and find:
Thou bidd'st us ask thy grace and have:
Thou canst, thou would'st, this moment save
Both me and all mankind.

5 Be it according to thy word!
Now let me find my pardoning Lord;
Let what I ask be given;
The bar of unbelief remove,
Open the door of faith and love,
And take me into heaven!

C. WESLEY.] * HYMN 119. C.M. (15)

Before Private Prayer.

1 FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
I humbly seek thy face;
Encouraged by the Saviour's word
To ask thy pardoning grace.

2 Entering into my closet, I
The busy world exclude;
In secret prayer for mercy cry,
And groan to be renew'd.

3 Far from the paths of men, to thee
I solemnly retire;
See, thou who dost in secret see,
And grant my heart's desire.

4 Thy grace I languish to receive,
The Spirit of love and power;
Blameless before thy face to live,
To live and sin no more.

5 Fain would I all thy goodness feel,
And know my sins forgiven;
And do on earth thy perfect will,
As angels do in heaven.

6 O Father, glorify thy Son,
And grant what I require:
For Jesu's sake the gift send down,
And answer me by fire.

7 Kindle the flame of love within,
Which may to heaven ascend;
And now the work of grace begin,
Which shall in glory end.

C. WESLEY.] * HYMN 120. 6-8's. (39)

1 COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort my people, saith your God!
Ye soon shall see his smiling face,
His golden sceptre, not his rod;
And own, when now the cloud's removed,
He only chasten'd whom he loved.

2 Who sow in tears, in joy shall reap;
The Lord shall comfort all that mourn;
Who now go on their way and weep,
With joy they doubtless shall return,
And bring their sheaves with vast increase,
And have their fruit to holiness.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 121. 6-8's. (18)

Gen. i. 1—3.

1 EXPAND thy wings, celestial Dove,
And, brooding o'er my nature's night
Call forth the ray of heavenly love;
Let there in my dark soul be light;
And fill the' illustrated abyss
With glorious beams of endless bliss.

2 "Let there be light," again command,
And light there in our hearts shall be;
We then through faith shall understand
Thy great mysterious Majesty;
And, by the shining of thy grace,
Behold in Christ thy glorious face.

3 Father of everlasting grace,
Be mindful of thy changeless word;
We worship toward that Holy Place,
In which thou dost thy name record,
Dost make thy gracious nature known,
That living Temple of thy Son.

4 Thou dost with sweet complacence see
The temple fill'd with light divine;
And art thou not well pleased with me,
Who, turning to that heavenly shrine,
Through Jesus to thy throne apply,
Through Jesus for acceptance cry?

5 With all who for redemption groan,
Father, in Jesu's name I pray!
And still we cry and wrestle on,
Till mercy take our sins away:
Hear from thy dwelling-place in heaven,
And now pronounce our sins forgiven.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 122. 8's & 6's. (19)

1 O THOU who hast our sorrows borne,
Help us to look on thee and mourn,
On thee whom we have slain;
Have pierced a thousand, thousand times,
And, by reiterated crimes,
Renew'd thy mortal pain.

2 Vouchsafe us eyes of faith to see
The Man transfix'd on Calvary,
To know thee, who thou art,
The One Eternal God and True!
And let the sight affect, subdue,
And break my stubborn heart.

3 Lover of souls, to rescue mine,
Reveal the charity divine,
That suffer'd in my stead;

That made thy soul a sacrifice,
And quench'd in death those flaming eyes,
And bow'd that sacred head.

4 The veil of unbelief remove,
And by thy manifested love,
And by thy sprinkled blood,
Destroy the love of sin in me,
And get thyself the victory,
And bring me back to God.

5 Now let thy dying love constrain
My soul to love its God again,
Its God to glorify:
And, lo! I come thy cross to share,
Echo thy sacrificial prayer,
And with my Saviour die!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 123. C. M. (19)

1 LET the redeem'd give thanks and praise
To a forgiving God!
My feeble voice I cannot raise,
Till wash'd in Jesu's blood:

2 Till, at thy coming from above,
My mountain-sins depart,
And fear gives place to filial love,
And peace o'erflows my heart.

3 Pris'ner of hope, I still attend
The' appearance of my Lord,
These endless doubts and fears to end,
And speak my soul restored:

4 Restored by reconciling grace;
With present pardon blest;
And fitted by true holiness
For my eternal rest.

5 The peace which man can ne'er conceive,
The love and joy unknown,
Now, Father, to thy servant give,
And claim me for thine own.

6 My God, in Jesus pacified,
My God, thyself declare,
And draw me to his open side,
And plunge the sinner there!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 124. 8's & 6's. (19)

1 O THAT I, first of love possess'd,
With my Redeemer's presence bless'd,
Might his salvation see!
Before thou dost my soul require,
Allow me, Lord, my heart's desire,
And show thyself to me.

2 Appear my sanctuary from sin:
Open thine arms, and take me in;
In thy own presence hide:
Hide in the place where Moses stood,
And show me now the face of God,
My Father pacified.

3 What but thy manifested grace,
Can guilt, and fear, and sorrow chase,
The cause of grief destroy?
Thy mercy makes salvation sure,
Makes all my heart and nature pure,
And fills with hallow'd joy.

4 Come quickly, Lord, the veil remove!
Pass, as a God of pardoning love,
Before my ravish'd eyes;
And when I in thy person see
Jehovah's glorious majesty,
I find my Paradise.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 125. C. M. (19)

1 O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem;
Who gave his life, that I might live
A life conceal'd in him!

2 O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire:
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire!

3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve thee more!

4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
Even now, my sins remove;
And set my soul at liberty,
By thy victorious love.

5 In answer to ten thousand prayers,
Thou pardoning God, descend!
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end!

6 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven,
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 126. L. M. (18)

Judges vii. 2; Job xl. 4.

1 TOO strong I was to conquer sin,
When 'gainst it first I turn'd my face;
Nor knew my want of power within,
Nor knew the' omnipotence of grace.

2 In nature's strength I sought in vain
For what my God refused to give:
I could not then the mastery gain,
Or lord of all my passions live.

3 But, for the glory of thy name,
Vouchsafe me now the victory:
Weakness itself thou know'st I am,
And cannot share the praise with thee.

4 Because I now can nothing do,
Jesus, do all the work alone;
And bring my soul triumphant through,
To wave its palm before thy throne.

5 Great God, unknown, invisible,
Appear, my confidence to' abase;
To make me all my vileness feel,
And blush at my own righteousness.

6 Thy glorious face in Christ display,
That, silenced by thy mercy's power,
My mouth I in the dust may lay,
And never boast or murmur more.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 127. L. M. (9)

Micah vi. 6, &c.

1 WHEREWITH, O God, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

2 Will gifts delight the Lord Most High?
Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favour buy,
Or slaughter'd hecatombs appease?

3 Can these avert the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil and seas of blood,
Alas! they a'l must flow in vain.

4 Whoe'er to thee themselves approve,
Must take the path thy word hath show'd;
Justice pursue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk by faith with God.

5 But though my life henceforth be thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone:
Though I to thee the whole resign,
I only give thee back thine own.

6 What have I then wherein to trust?
I nothing have, I nothing am;
Excluded is my every boast,
My glory swallow'd up in shame.

7 Guilty I stand before thy face;
On me I feel thy wrath abide;
'Tis just the sentence should take place;
'Tis just;—but, Oh, thy Son hath died!

8 Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled;
He bore our sins upon the tree;
Beneath our curse he bow'd his head;
'Tis finished! he hath died for me!

9 See where before the throne he stands,
And pours the all-prevailing prayer
Points to his side, and lifts his hands,
And shows that I am graven there!

10 He ever lives for me to pray;
He prays that I with him may reign;
Amen to what my Lord doth say!
Jesus, thou canst not pray in vain.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 128. C. M. (19)

1 WITH glorious clouds encompassed round
Whom angels dimly see,
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?

2 Will he forsake his throne above,
Himself to worms impart?
Answer, thou Man of Grief and Love
And speak it to my heart!

3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design:
What meant the suffering Son of Man,
The streaming blood divine?

4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I may now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know?

5 Come, then, and to my soul reveal
The heights and depths of grace;
The wounds which all my sorrows heal,
That dear disfigured face!

6 Before my eyes of faith confest,
Stand forth a slaughter'd Lamb;
And wrap me in thy crimson vest,
And tell me all thy name.

7 Jehovah in thy person show,
Jehovah crucified!
And then the pardoning God I know,
And feel the blood applied.

8 I view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 129. L. M.

Isa. xlii. 6, 7.

1 ADAM, descended from above!
Federal Head of all mankind;
The covenant of redeeming love,
In thee let every sinner find!

2 Its Surety, thou alone hast paid
The debt we to thy Father owed;
For the whole world atonement made,
And seal'd the pardon with thy blood.

3 Thee, the Paternal Grace Divine
A universal blessing gave;
A Light in every heart to shine,
A Saviour every soul to save.

4 Light of the Gentile world, appear,
Command the blind thy rays to see;
Our darkness chase, our sorrows cheer
And set the plaintive prisoner free.

5 Me, me, who still in darkness sit,
Shut up in sin and unbelief,
Bring forth out of this hellish pit,
This dungeon of despairing grief.

6 Open mine eyes the Lamb to know,
Who bears the general sin away.
And to my ransom'd spirit show
The glories of eternal day.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 130. 6-8's. (18)

Isa. xlv. 15.

1 THOU God unsearchable, unknown,
Who still conceal'st thyself from me;
Hear an apostate spirit groan,
Broke off, and banish'd far from thee;
But conscious of my fall I mourn,
And fain I would to thee return.

2 Send forth one ray of heavenly light,
Of gospel hope, of humble fear,
To guide me through the gulf of night,
My poor desponding soul to cheer;
Till thou my unbelief remove,
And show me all thy glorious love.

3 A hidden God, indeed thou art:
Thy absence I this moment feel:
Yet must I own it from my heart,
Conceal'd, thou art a Saviour still;
And though thy face I cannot see,
I know thine eye is fix'd on me.

4 My Saviour thou, not yet reveal'd,
Yet will I thee my Saviour call;
Adore thy hand, from sin withheld;
Thy hand shall save me from my fall:
Now, Lord, throughout my darkness shine,
And show thyself for ever mine.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 131. L. M. (1,9)

1 LORD, I despair myself to heal:
I see my sin, but cannot feel;
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,
And bid the' obedient waters flow.

2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give;
Thy gifts I only can receive;
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
To draw, redeem, and seal,—is thine.

3 With simple faith on thee I call,
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my all:
I wait the moving of the pool;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure:
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 132. L. M. (1)

Gal. iii. 22.

1 JESUS, the Sinner's Friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee,
Weary of earth, myself, and sin;
Open thine arms, and take me in!

2 Pity, and heal my sin-sick soul;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
Fallen, till in me thine image shine,
And curs'd I am, till thou art mine.

3 Awake, the Woman's conquering Seed,
Awake, and bruise the serpent's head!
Tread down thy foes, with power control
The beast and devil in my soul.

4 The mansion for thyself prepare;
Dispose my heart by entering there!
'Tis this alone can make me clean,
'Tis this alone can cast out sin.

5 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here then to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

6 What shall I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin,—but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,
"Lord, I am damn'd, but thou hast died."

J. WESLEY.] HYMN 133. L. M. (1

FROM THE GERMAN OF W. C. DESSLER.

1 JESU, whose glory's streaming rays,
Though duteous to thy high command,
Not seraphs view with open face,
But veil'd before thy presence stand!

2 How shall weak eyes of flesh, weigh'd down
With sin, and dim with errors night,
Dare to behold thy awful throne,
Or view thy unapproached light?

3 Restore my sight: let thy free grace
An entrance to the holiest give!

Open mine eyes of faith:—thy face
So shall I see; yet seeing live.

4 Thy golden sceptre from above
Reach forth; lo! my whole heart I bow;
Say to my soul, "Thou art my love;
My chosen 'midst ten thousand, thou."

5 O Jesus, full of grace! the sighs
Of a sick heart with pity view!
Hark! how my silence speaks, and cries,
"Mercy, thou God of mercy, show!"

6 I know thou canst not but be good!
How should'st thou, Lord, thy grace restrain?
Thou, Lord, whose blood so freely flow'd,
To save me from all guilt and pain.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 134. 6-8's. (9)

Matt. v. 3, 4.

1 JESUS, if still the same thou art,
If all thy promises are sure,
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor:
To me be all thy treasures given,
The kingdom of an inward heaven.

2 Thou hast pronounced the mourners blest;
And lo! for thee I ever mourn:
I cannot,—no, I will not rest,
Till thou, my only Rest, return;
Till thou, the Prince of Peace, appear,
And I receive the Comforter.

3 Where is the blessedness bestow'd
On all that hunger after thee?
I hunger now, I thirst for God;
See the poor fainting sinner, see,
And satisfy with endless peace,
And fill me with thy righteousness!

4 Ah, Lord, if thou art in that sigh,
Then hear thyself within me pray;
Hear in my heart thy Spirit's cry;
Mark what my labouring soul would say;
Answer the deep, unutter'd groan,
And show that thou and I are one.

5 Shine on thy work, disperse the gloom!
Light in thy light I then shall see;
Say to my soul, "Thy light is come;
Glory divine is risen on thee:
Thy warfare's past; thy mourning's o'er;
Look up, for thou shalt weep no more."

6 Lord, I believe the promise sure,
And trust thou wilt not long delay:
Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,
Upon thy word myself I stay;
Into thy hands my all resign,
And wait till all thou art is mine.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 135. C. M. (9)

PART I.

1 JESU, if still thou art to-day
As yesterday the same,
Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of thy Name.

2 If still thou go'st about to do
Thy needy creatures good,
On me, that I thy praise may show,
Be all thy wonders show'd.

3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eyes behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.

4 Loathsome, and vile, and self-abhorr'd,
I sink beneath my sin;

But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

5 Thou seest me deaf to thy command;
Open, O Lord, mine ear:
Bid me stretch out my wither'd hand,
And lift it up in prayer.

6 Silent, (alas! thou know'st how long,)
My voice I cannot raise:
But, Oh! when thou shalt loose my tongue
The dumb shall sing thy praise.

7 Lame at the pool I still am found;
Give, and my strength employ:
Light as a hart I then shall bound;
The lame shall leap for joy.

8 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
And dark I am within:
The love of God I cannot see,
The sinfulness of sin.

9 But thou, they say, art passing by:
O let me find thee near;
Jesu, in mercy, hear my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear!

10 Behold me waiting in the way
For thee, the heavenly Light;
Command me to be brought, and say,
"Sinner, receive thy sight!"

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 136. C. M. (3)

PART II.

1 WHILE dead in trespasses I lie,
Thy quickening Spirit give:
Call me, thou Son of God, that I
May hear thy voice, and live.

2 While, full of anguish and disease,
My weak distemper'd soul

Thy love compassionately sees,
O let it make me whole!

3 Cast out thy foes, and let them still
To Jesu's name submit:
Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,
And place me at thy feet.

4 To Jesu's Name if all things now
A trembling homage pay;
O let my stubborn spirit bow,
My stiff-neck'd will obey!

5 Impotent, dumb, and deaf, and blind,
And sick, and poor I am;
But sure a remedy to find
For all in Jesu's Name.

6 I know in thee all fulness dwells,
And all for wretched man:
Fill every want my spirit feels,
And break off every chain!

7 If thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need:
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

8 I cannot rest, till in thy blood
I full redemption have:
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

9 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain.
Thou wilt redeem my soul:
Lord, I believe, and not in vain;
My faith shall make me whole.

10 I too, with thee, shall walk in white;
With all thy saints shall prove,
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of perfect love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 137. S. M. (9)

1 WHEN shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

2 Ah! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life:
Ah! whither should I go?

3 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

4 Lord, at thy feet I fall;
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.

5 To rescue me from woe,
Thou didst with all things part;
Didst lead a suffering life below,
To gain my worthless heart.

6 My worthless heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe
Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a cursed death.

7 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

8 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own thee conqueror.

9 Though late, I all forsake
My friends, my all resign,
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine!

10 Come, and possess me whole;
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

11 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

12 My Life, my Portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art;
My Hope, my heavenly Treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 138. C. M. (9

PART I.

1 O THAT thou would'st the heavens rent,
In majesty come down;
Stretch out thine arm omnipotent,
And seize me for thine own!

2 Descend, and let thy lightning burn
The stubble of thy foe;
My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,
And make the mountains flow!

3 Thou my impetuous spirit guide,
And curb my headstrong will;
Thou only canst drive back the tide,
And bid the sun stand still.

4 What though I cannot break my chain,
Or e'er throw off my load?
The things impossible to men,
Are possible to God.

5 Is there a thing too hard for thee,
Almighty Lord of all;
Whose threatening looks dry up the sea,
And make the mountains fall?

6 Who shall in thy presence stand,
And match Omnipotence?
Ungrasp the hold of thy right hand,
Or pluck the sinner thence?

7 Sworn to destroy, let earth assail;
Nearer to save thou art:
Stronger than all the powers of hell,
And greater than my heart.

8 Lo! to the hills I lift mine eye;
Thy promised aid I claim:
Father of mercies, glorify
Thy favourite Jesu's Name.

9 Salvation in that Name is found,
Balm of my grief and care;
A medicine for my every wound.
All, all I want is there.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 139. C. M. (9)

PART II.

1 JESU, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
The weary sinner's Friend;
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
And bid my troubles end.

2 Deliverance to my soul proclaim,
And life, and liberty:
Shed forth the virtue of thy Name,
And Jesus prove to me!

3 Faith to be heal'd thou know'st I have;
For thou that faith hast given:
Thou canst, thou wilt the sinner save,
And make me meet for heaven.

4 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine;
Thou wilt victorious prove;
For everlasting strength is thine,
And everlasting love.

5 Thy powerful Spirit shall subdue
Unconquerable sin;
Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,
And write thy law within.

6 Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,
Yet let me hear thy call,
My soul in confidence shall rise,
Shall rise and break through all.

7 Speak, and the deaf shall hear thy voice;
The blind his sight receive;
The dumb in songs of praise rejoice;
The heart of stone believe.

8 The Ethiop then shall change his skin;
The dead shall feel thy power;
The loathsome leper shall be clean,
And I shall sin no more.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 140. 6-8's. (32)

Gen. xxxii. 24—32.

WRESTLING JACOB.—PART I.

1 COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name,
Look on thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art Thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold!
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy Name, thy Nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable Name!
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now, resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy Name, thy Nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then I am strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 141. 6-8's. (32)

PART II.

1 YIELD to me now, for I am weak;
But confident in self despair:
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak:
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer:
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy Name is love.

2 'Tis love! 'tis love! thou diedst for me:
I hear thy whisper in my heart!
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal love thou art:
To me, to all, thy bowels move,
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

3 My prayer hath power with God: the grac
Unspeakable I now receive,

Through faith I see thee face to face:
I see thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove:
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

4 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend:
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

5 The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath rose, with healing in his wings:
Wither'd my Nature's strength, from thee
My soul its life and succour brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

6 Contented now upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from thee to move;
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

7 Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And, as a bounding hart, fly home;
Through all eternity to prove
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 142. 7's (55)

1 DROOPING soul, shake off thy fears;
Fearful soul, be strong, be bold;
Tarry till the Lord appears,
Never, never quit thy hold!
Murmur not at his delay,
Dare not set thy God a time:

Calmly for his coming stay,
Leave it, leave it all to him.

2 Fainting soul, be bold, be strong;
Wait the leisure of thy Lord:
Though it seem to tarry long,
True and faithful is his word!
On his word my soul I cast;
(He cannot himself deny;)
Surely it shall speak at last;
It shall speak, and shall not lie.

3 Every one that seeks shall find;
Every one that asks shall have;
Christ, the Saviour of mankind,
Willing, able, all to save;
I shall his salvation see;
I in faith on Jesus call;
I from sin shall be set free,
Perfectly set free from all.

4 Lord, my time is in thine hand;
Weak and helpless as I am,
Surely thou canst make me stand;
I believe in Jesu's Name:
Saviour in temptation thou,
Thou hast saved me heretofore;
Thou from sin dost save me now;
Thou shalt save me evermore.

C. WESLEY.] *HYMN 143. 7's. (9)

1 JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 144. 8's & 6's. (27,37)

1 THEE, Jesu, thee, the Sinner's Friend,
I follow on to apprehend,
Renew the glorious strife;
Divinely confident and bold,
With faith's strong arm on thee lay hold,
Thee, my eternal life.

2 Thy heart, I know, thy tender heart
Doth in my sorrows feel its part,
And at my tears relent!

My powerful sighs thou canst not bear,
Nor stand the violence of my prayer
My prayer omnipotent.

3 Give me the grace, the love I claim:
Thy Spirit now demands thy Name!
Thou know'st the Spirit's will:
He helps my soul's infirmity,
And strongly intercedes for me
With groans unspeakable.

4 Answer, O Lord, thy Spirit's groan!
O make to me thy Nature known,
Thy hidden Name impart!
(Thy Name and Nature is the same:)
Tell me thy Nature and thy Name,
And write it on my heart.

5 Prisoner of hope, to thee I turn,
And, calmly confident, I mourn,
And pray, and weep for thee:
Tell me thy love, thy secret tell;
Thy mystic name in me reveal,
Reveal thyself in me.

6 Descend, pass by me, and proclaim,
O Lord of Hosts, thy glorious Name,
The Lord, the gracious Lord,
Long-suffering, merciful, and kind,
The God who always bears in mind
His everlasting word.

7 Plenteous he is in truth and grace;
He wills that all the fallen race
Should turn, repent, and live;
His pardoning grace for all is free;
Transgression, sin, iniquity,
He freely doth forgive.

8 Mercy he doth for thousands keep:
He goes and seeks the one lost sheep,
And brings his wanderer home:
And every soul that sheep might be:
Come, then, my Lord, and gather me,
My Jesus, quickly come.

9 Take me into thy people's rest;
O come, and with my sole request,
My one desire, comply:
Make me partaker of my hope;
Then bid me get me quickly up,
And on thy bosom die.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 145. 8's & 6's. (11)

1 O JESUS, let me bless thy Name!
All sin, alas! thou know'st I am,
But thou all pity art:
Turn into flesh my heart of stone;
Such power belongs to thee alone;
Turn into flesh my heart.

2 A poor, unloving wretch, to thee
For help against myself I flee!
Thou only canst remove
The hindr'ances out of the way,
And soften my unyielding clay,
And mould it into love.

3 O let thy Spirit shed abroad
The love, the perfect love of God,
In this cold heart of mine:
O might he now descend, and rest,
And dwell for ever in my breast,
And make it all divine

4 What shall I do my suit to gain?
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
I plead what thou hast done!

Didst thou not die the death for me?
Jesus, remember Calvary,
And break my heart of stone.

5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood,
My Friend and Advocate with God,
My Ransom and my Peace:
Surety, who all my debt hast paid,
For all my sins atonement made,
The Lord my Righteousness.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 146. 8's & 6's. (11)

1 STILL, Lord, I languish for thy grace:
Reveal the beauties of thy face,
The middle wall remove:
Appear, and banish my complaint;
Come, and supply my only want,
Fill all my soul with love!

2 O! conquer this rebellious will:
Willing thou art, and ready still,
Thy help is always nigh:
The stony from my heart remove,
And give me, Lord, O give me love,
Or at thy feet I die.

3 To thee I lift my mournful eye;
Why am I thus?—O, tell me why
I cannot love my God!
The hind'rance must be all in me;
It cannot in my Saviour be;
Witness that streaming blood!

4 It cost thy blood my heart to win,
To buy me from the power of sin,
And make me love again:
Come, then, my Lord, thy right assert,
Take to thyself my ransom'd heart;
Nor bleed, nor die in vain.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 147. 8's & 6's. (11,59)

1 O LOVE Divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming Love,
The love of Christ to me!

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part!

4 O that I could for ever sit
With *Mary* at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 148. 6-8's. (15)

1 FATHER of Jesus Christ, the Just,
My Friend and Advocate with thee,
Pity a soul that fain would trust
In him who lived and died for me:
But only thou canst make him known,
And in my heart reveal thy Son.

2 If, drawn by thine alluring grace,
My want of living faith I feel,
Show me in Christ thy smiling face;
What flesh and blood can ne'er reveal,
Thy co-eternal Son, display,
And call my darkness into day.

3 The gift unspeakable impart;
Command the light of faith to shine;
To shine in my dark, drooping heart,
And fill me with the life divine:
Now bid the new creation be;
O God, let there be faith in me!

WESLEY.] *HYMN 149. L. M. (11)

Isa. lxii.

1 THUS saith the Lord,—'tis God commands,
Workers with God, the charge obey,
Remove whate'er his work withstands,
Prepare, prepare his people's way.
Lift up, for all mankind to see,
The standard of their dying God,
And point them to the shameful tree,
The cross all stain'd with hallowed blood.

2 The Lord hath glorified his grace;
Throughout the earth proclaim'd his Son:
Say ye to all the sinful race,
He died for all your sins to atone.
Sion, thy suffering God behold,
Thy Saviour and Salvation too;
He comes, he comes, so long foretold,
Clothed in a vest of bloody hue.

3 Himself prepares his people's hearts,
Breaks and binds up, and wounds and heals;
A mystic death and life imparts,
Empties the full, the emptied fills:
He fills whom first he hath prepared;
With him the perfect grace is given;

Himself is here their great reward,
Their future and their present heaven.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 150. C. M. (15)

1 THOU hidden God, for whom I groan,
Till thou thyself declare,
God inaccessible, unknown,
Regard a sinner's prayer!
A sinner weltering in his blood,
Unpurged and unforgiven;
Far distant from the living God,
As far as hell from heaven.

2 An unregenerate child of man,
To thee for faith I call;
Pity thy fallen creature's pain,
And raise me from my fall.
The darkness, which through thee I feel,
Thou only canst remove;
Thy own eternal power reveal,
Thy Deity of love.

3 Thou hast in unbelief shut up,
That grace may let me go;
In hope believing against hope,
I wait the truth to know.
Thou wilt in me reveal thy name,
Thou wilt thy light afford:
Bound and oppress'd, yet thine I am,
The prisoner of the Lord.

4 I would not to thy foe submit;
I hate the tyrant's chain;
Send forth the prisoner from the pit,
Nor let me cry in vain!
Show me the blood that bought my peace.
The covenant blood apply,
And all my griefs at once shall cease,
And all my sins shall die

5 Now, Lord, if thou art Power, descend!
The mountain sin remove;
My unbelief and troubles end,
If thou art Truth and Love:
Speak, Jesus, speak into my heart
What thou for me hast done;
One grain of living faith impart,
And God is all my own.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 151. 6s & 7's. (15)

1 OUT of the deep I cry,
Just at the point to die:
Hastening to infernal pain,
Jesus, Lord, I cry to thee;
Help a feeble child of man;
Show forth all thy power in me.

2 On thee I ever call,
Saviour and Friend of all;
Well thou know'st my desperate case;
Thou my curse and sin remove;
Save me by thy richest grace,
Save me by thy pardoning love

3 How shall a sinner find
The Saviour of mankind?
Canst thou not accept my prayer?
Not bestow the grace I claim?
Where are thy old mercies? Where
All the powers of Jesu's name?

4 What shall I say to move
The bowels of thy love?
Are they not already stirr'd?
Have I in thy death no part?
Ask thy own compassions, Lord;
Ask the yearnings of thy heart.

I will not let thee go,
Till I thy mercy know:

Let me hear the welcome sound!
Speak, if still thou canst forgive;
Speak, and let the lost be found;
Speak, and let the dying live.

6 Thy love is all my plea:
Thy passion speaks for me:
By thy pangs and bloody sweat,
By thy depth of grief unknown,
Save me, gasping at thy feet;
Save, O save, thy ransom'd one!

7 What hast thou done for me!
O, think on Calvary!
By thy mortal groans and sighs,
By thy precious death, I pray
Hear my dying spirit's cries,
Take, O take, my sins away!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 152. S. M. (26)
1 Tim. ii. 4.

1 AH! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint:
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay!

2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let my Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within;
Some idol, which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.

3 Jesus, the hind'rance show,
Which I have fear'd to see

And let me now consent to know
What keeps me out of thee:
Searcher of Hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

4 I now believe, in thee
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou would'st fain remove;
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only Love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 153. S. M. (26)

1 LO! in thy hand I lay,
And wait thy will to prove;
My Potter, stamp on me, thy clay,
Thy only stamp of love!
Be this my whole desire;
I know that it is thine;
Then kindle in my soul a fire,
Which shall for ever shine.

2 Thy gracious readiness
To save mankind assert;
Thy image, love—thy name impress,
Thy nature on my heart.
Bowels of mercy, hear!
Into my soul come down!
Let it throughout my life appear,
That I have Christ put on.

3 O plant in me thy mind:
O fix in me thy home;
So shall I cry to all mankind,
Come to the waters, come!

Jesus is full of grace;
To all his bowels move;
Behold in me, ye fallen race,
That God is only Love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 154. 6-8's. (1)

1 FAIN would I leave the world below,
Of pain and sin the dark abode;
Where shadowy joy, or solid woe,
Allures or tears me from my God!
Doubtful and insecure of bliss,
Since faith alone confirms me his.

2 Till then, to sorrow born, I sigh,
And gasp, and languish after home!
Upward I send my streaming eye,
Expecting, till the Bridegroom come:
Come quickly, Lord! thy own receive;
Now let me see thy face, and live.

3 Absent from thee, my exiled soul
Deep in a fleshly dungeon groans:
Around me clouds of darkness roll,
And labouring silence speaks my moans:
Come quickly, Lord! thy face display,
And look my darkness into day.

4 Sorrow, and sin, and death are o'er,
If thou reverse the creature's doom;
Sad *Rachel* weeps her loss no more,
If thou, the God, the Saviour come;
Of thee possess'd, in thee we prove
The light, the life, the heaven of love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 155. L. M. (1)

1 GOD of my life, what just return
Can sinful dust and ashes give?
I only live my sin to mourn;
To love my God I only live.

2 To thee, benign and saving Power,
I consecrate my lengthen'd days;
While, mark'd with blessings, every hour
Shall speak thy co-extended praise.

3 Be all my added life employ'd
Thine image in my soul to see:
Fill with thyself the mighty void:
Enlarge my heart to compass thee.

4 O give me, Saviour, give me more:
Thy mercies to my soul reveal:
Alas! I *see* their endless store;
But, O! I cannot, cannot *feel.*

5 The blessing of thy love bestow:
For this my cries shall never fail;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
I will not till my suit prevail.

6 I'll weary thee with my complaint;
Here at thy feet for ever lie,
With longing, sick; with groaning, faint;
O give me love, or else I die!

7 Come then, my Hope, my Life, my Lord,
And fix in me thy lasting home:
Be mindful of thy gracious word;
Thou, with thy promised Father, come

8 Prepare, and then possess, my heart;
O take me, seize me, from above;
Thee may I love; for God thou art:
Thee may I feel; for God is Love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 156. 6-7's. (9)

1 O DISCLOSE thy lovely face:
Quicken all my drooping powers;
Gasps my fainting soul for grace,
As a thirsty land for showers:
Haste, my Lord, no more delay,
Come, my Saviour, come away.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee:
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 157. L. M. (9)

1 MY sufferings all to thee are known,
Tempted in every point like me;
Regard my grief, regard thy own;
Jesus, remember Calvary!

2 O call to mind thy earnest prayers,
Thy agony, and sweat of blood,
Thy strong and bitter cries and tears,
Thy mortal groan, "My God! my God!"

3 For whom didst thou the cross endure?
Who nail'd thy body to the tree?
Did not thy death my life procure?
O let thy bowels answer me!

4 Art thou not touch'd with human woe?
Hath pity left the Son of Man?
Dost thou not all my sorrows know,
And claim a share in all my pain?

5 Have I not heard, have I not known,
That thou, the everlasting Lord,
Whom heaven and earth their Maker own,
Art always faithful to thy word?

6 Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,
Or quench the smallest spark of grace,
Till through the soul thy power is spread,
Thy all-victorious righteousness.

7 The day of small and feeble things
I know thou never wilt despise;
I know, with healing in his wings,
The Sun of Righteousness shall rise.

8 With labour faint, thou wilt not fail,
Or, wearied, give the sinner o'er,
Till in this earth thy judgments dwell,
And, born of God, I sin no more.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 158. 7's. (53)

1 O MY God, what must I do?
Thou alone the way canst show;
Thou canst save me in this hour;
I have neither will nor power:
God if over all thou art,
Greater than my sinful heart,
All thy power on me be shown,
Take away the heart of stone.

2 Take away my darling sin,
Make me willing to be clean:

Make me willing to receive
All thy goodness waits to give:
Force me Lord, with all to part;
Tear these idols from my heart;
Now thy love almighty show,
Make even me a creature new.

3 Jesus, mighty to renew,
Work in me to will and do;
Turn my nature's rapid tide,
Stem the torrent of my pride;
Stop the whirlwind of my will;
Speak, and bid the sun stand still;
Now thy love almighty show,
Make even me a creature new.

4 Arm of God, thy strength put on;
Bow the heavens, and come down;
All my unbelief o'erthrow;
Lay the' aspiring mountain low:
Conquer thy worst foe in me,
Get thyself the victory;
Save the vilest of the race;
Force me to be saved by grace.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 159. 6-8's. (55)

1 LAY to thy hand, O God of Grace!
O God, the work is worthy thee;
See at thy feet, of all the race
The chief, the vilest sinner see;
And let me all thy mercy prove,
Thine utmost miracle of love.

2 Speak, and a holy thing and clean
Shall strangely be brought out of me;
My Ethiop-soul shall change her skin,
Redeem'd from all iniquity;

I. even I, shall then proclaim
The wonders wrought by Jesu's Name.

3 Thee I shall then for ever praise,
In spirit and in truth adore;
While all I am declares thy grace,
And, born of God, I sin no more;
Thy pure and heavenly nature share,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 160. 10's & 12's. (11)

1 O JESUS, my hope, For me offer'd up,
Who with clamour pursued thee to Calvary's top;
The blood thou hast shed, For me let it plead,
And declare thou hast died in thy murderer's stead.

2 Come then from above, The stony remove,
And vanquish my heart with the sense of thy love.
Thy love on the tree Display unto me,
And the servant of sin in a moment is free.

3 Neither passion nor pride Thy cross can abide,
But melt in the fountain that streams from thy side;
Let thy life-giving blood Remove all my load,
And purge my foul conscience, and bring me to God.

4 Now, now let me know Its virtue below!
Let it wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow;
Let it hallow my heart, And throughly convert,
And make me, O Lord, in the world as thou art.

5 Each moment applied, My weakness to hide,
Thy blood be upon me, and always abide;
My advocate prove With the Father above,
And speak me at last to the throne of thy love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 161. L. M. (11,27)

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite,
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears;
And vex'd, and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years:

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

4 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High-Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To' exclude me from thy people's rest.

5 This only woe I deprecate;
This only plague I pray remove;
Nor leave me in my lost estate;
Nor curse me with this want of love.

6 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Up-raise me with thy gracious hand,
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

C. WESLEY.] * HYMN 162. S. M. (26)

1 O MY offended God,
If now at last I see
That I have trampled on thy blood,
And done despite to Thee;
If I begin to wake
Out of my deadly sleep;—
Into thy arms of mercy take,
And there for ever keep

2 No other right have I
Than what the world may claim;
All, all may to their God draw nigh,
Through faith in Jesu's name:
Thou all the debt hast paid;
This is my only plea;
The covenant, God in Thee hath made
With all mankind, and me.

3 Thou hast obtain'd the grace
That all may turn and live;
And lo! thy offer I embrace,
Thy mercy I receive.
Whene'er the wicked man
Turns from his sin to Thee,
His late repentance is not vain,
He shall accepted be.

4 Thy death hath bought the power
For every sinful soul,
That all may know the gracious hour,
And be by faith made whole:
Thou hast for sinners died,
That all might come to God;
The covenant Thou hast ratified,
And seal'd it with thy blood.

5 He that believes in Thee,
And doth till death endure,
He shall be saved eternally;
The covenant is sure;
The mountains shall give place,
Thy covenant cannot move,
The covenant of thy general grace,
Thy all-redeeming love

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 163. L. M. (27)

1 WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in thee?
The fulness of thy promise prove;
The seal of thine eternal love?

2 A poor, blind child, I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near!
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,
Amid the blaze of gospel day!

3 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.

4 Whom man forsakes, thou wilt not leave,
Ready the outcasts to receive;
Though all my simpleness I own,
And all my faults to thee are known.

5 Ah, wherefore did I ever doubt!
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,
A helpless soul that comes to thee,
With only sin and misery.

6 Lord, I am sick,—my sickness cure;
I want,—do thou enrich the poor;
Under thy mighty hand I stoop,
O lift the abject sinner up!

7 Lord, I am blind,— be thou my sight;
Lord, I am weak,—be thou my might
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 164. 7's & 6's. (55)

The Woman of Canaan.

Matt. xv. 22—28

1 LORD, regard my earnest cry;
A potsherd of the earth,
A poor guilty worm am I,
A Canaanite by birth:
Save me from this tyranny;
From all the power of Satan save;
Mercy, mercy upon me,
Thou Son of David, have!

2 To the sheep of Israel's fold
Thou in thy flesh wast sent;
Yet the Gentiles now behold
In thee their Covenant:
See me then, with pity see,
A sinner whom thou cams't to save!
Mercy, mercy upon me,
Thou Son of David, have!

3 Still I cannot part with thee;
I will not let thee go:
Mercy, mercy upon me,
Thou Son of David, show!
Vilest of the sinful race,
On thee, importunate, I call:
Help me, Jesus, show thy grace;
Thy grace is free for all.

4 Nothing am I in thy sight;
Nothing have I to plead;
Unto dogs it is not right
To cast the children's bread:
Yet the dogs the crumbs may eat,
That from the master's table fall:
Let the fragments be my meat;
Thy grace is free for all.

5 Give me, Lord, the victory,
My hear'ts desire fulfil:

Let it now be done to me
According to my will!
Give me living bread to eat,
And say, in answer to my call,
"Canaanite, thy faith is great!
My grace is free for all."

6 If thy grace for all is free,
Thy call now let me hear;
Show this token upon me,
And bring salvation near:
Now the gracious word repeat,
The word of healing to my soul;
"Canaanite, thy faith is great!
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 165. 8's. (121)

1 COME, holy, celestial Dove,
To visit a sorrowful breast,
My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me assurance and rest!
Thou only hast power to relieve
A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load;
The sense of acceptance to give,
And sprinkle his heart with the blood.

2 With me if of old thou hast strove,
And strangely withheld from my sin,
And tried, by the lure of thy love,
My worthless affections to win,—
The work of thy mercy revive;
Thy uttermost mercy exert;
And kindly continue to strive,
And hold, till I yield thee my heart.

3 Thy call if I ever have known,
And sigh'd from myself to get free,
And groan'd the unspeakable groan,
And long'd to be happy in thee,—

Fulfil the imperfect desire;
Thy peace to my conscience reveal;
The sense of thy favour inspire,
And give me my pardon to feel!

4 If when I had put thee to grief,
And madly to folly return'd,
Thy pity hath been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourn'd,—
Most pitiful Spirit of Grace,
Relieve me again and restore;
My spirit in holiness raise,
To fall and to suffer no more.

5 If now I lament after God,
And gasp for a drop of thy love,
If Jesus hath bought thee with blood,
For me to receive from above,—
Come, heavenly Comforter, come,
True Witness of mercy divine,
And make me thy permanent home,
And seal me eternally thine!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 166. 7's & 6's. (55)

The Pool of Bethesda.

John v. 2—9.

1 JESUS, take my sins away,
And make me know thy name!
Thou art now as yesterday,
And evermore the same:
Thou my true *Bethesda* be;
I know within thine arms is room:
All the world may unto thee,
Their House of Mercy, come.

2 See me lying at the pool,
And waiting for thy grace;
O come down into my soul,
Disclose thy angel-face!
If to me thy bowels move,
If now thou dost my sickness feel

Let the spirit of thy Love
The helpless sinner heal.

3 Persons thou dost not respect;
Whoe'er for mercy call,
Thou in no wise wilt reject;
Thy mercy is for all:
Thou would'st freely all restore,
Would all the gracious season find,
Fill with goodness, love, and power,
And with a healthful mind.

4 Mercy then there is for ME,
(Away my doubts and fears!)
Plagued with an infirmity
For many tedious years.
Jesus cast a pitying eye!
Thou long hast known my desperate case;
Poor and helpless, here I lie,
And wait the healing grace.

5 Long hath thy good spirit strove
With my distemper'd soul;
But I still refused thy love,
And would not be made whole:
Hardly now at last I yield,
I yield with all my sins to part;
Let my soul be fully heal'd,
And throughly cleansed my heart.

6 Pain and sickness, at thy word,
And sin, and sorrow flies:
Speak to me, Almighty Lord,
And bid my spirit rise;
Bid me bear the hallow'd cross,
Which thou, my Lord, hast borne before,
Walk in all thy righteous laws,
And go and sin no more.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 167. 7's & 6's. (55)

1 LAMB of God, for sinners slain,
To thee I feebly pray:
Heal me of my grief and pain,
O take my sins away!
From this bondage, Lord, release,
No longer let me be opprest:
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

2 Wilt thou cast a sinner out,
Who humbly comes to thee?
No, my God, I cannot doubt,
Thy mercy is for me:
Let me then obtain the grace,
And be of paradise possest:
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

3 Worldly good I do not want,
Be that to others given;
Only for thy love I pant,
My all in earth and heaven;
This the crown I fain would seize,
The good wherewith I would be blest:
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

4 This delight I fain would prove,
And then resign my breath:
Join the happy few whose love
Was mightier than death!
Let it not my Lord displease,
That I would die to be thy guest!
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

SECTION III.

FOR PERSONS CONVINCED OF BACKSLIDING.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 168. 7s. (9)

1 DEPTH of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls

2 I have spilt his precious blood,
Trampled on the Son of God;
Fill'd with pangs unspeakable!
I, who yet am not in hell!
Whence to me this waste of love?
Ask my Advocate above;
See the cause in Jesu's face,
Now before the throne of grace.

3 Lo! I cumber still the ground:
Lo! an Advocate is found!
"Hasten not to cut him down;
Let this barren soul alone:"
Jesus speaks, and pleads his blood!
He disarms the wrath of God!
Now my Father's bowels move;
Justice lingers into love.

4 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.
There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands!
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still!

5 Jesus, answer from above;
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
Suffer me to kiss thy feet?
If I rightly read thy heart;
If thou all compassion art,
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow!
Pardon, and accept me now.

6 Pity from thine eye let fall;
By a look, my soul recall:
Now the stone to flesh convert;
Cast a look, and break my heart.
Now incline me to repent!
Let me now my fall lament:
Now my foul revolt deplore!
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

J. WESLEY.] * HYMN 169. C. M. (

1 JESUS, the all-restoring word,
My fallen spirit's hope,
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
Ah, when shall I wake up?

2 Thou, O my God, thou only art
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.

3 Of all thou hast in earth below,
In heaven above, to give,
Give me thy only love to know,
In thee to walk and live.

4 Fill me with all the life of Love;
In mystic union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.

5 Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and thee,
Never to be broke off again
To all eternity.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 170. 6-8's (26,33)

1 O 'TIS enough, my God, my God!
Here let me give my wanderings o'er;
No longer trample on thy blood,
And grieve thy gentleness no more·
No more thy lingering anger move,
Or sin against thy light and love.

2 O Lord, if mercy is with thee,
Now let it all on me be shown;
On me, the chief of sinners, me,
Who humbly for thy mercy groan.
Me to thy Father's grace restore;
Nor let me ever grieve thee more!

3 Fountain of unexhausted love,
Of infinite compassions, hear!
My Saviour and my Prince above,
Once more in my behalf appear;
Repentance, faith, and pardon give;
O let me turn again and live!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 171. 6-8's (26,33)

1 O GOD, if thou art love indeed,
Let it once more be proved in me!
That I thy mercy's praise may spread,
For every child of Adam free:
O let me now the gift embrace!
O let me now be saved by grace!

2 If all long-suffering thou hast shown
On me, that others may believe,
Now make thy lovingkindness known,
Now the all-conquering Spirit give,
Spirit of victory and power,
That I may never grieve thee more.

3 Grant my importunate request;
It is not my desire, but thine;
Since thou would'st have the sinner blest,
Now let me in thine image shine,
Nor ever from thy footsteps move,
But more than conquer through thy love.

4 Be it according to thy will!
Set my imprison'd spirit free;
The council of thy grace fulfil;
Into thy glorious liberty
My spirit, soul, and flesh restore,
And I shall never grieve thee more.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 172. S. M. (11)

1 O UNEXHAUSTED Grace!
O Love unspeakable!
I am not gone to my own place;
I am not yet in hell!
Earth doth not open yet,
My soul to swallow up;
And hanging o'er the burning pit,
I still am forced to hope.

2 I hope at last to find
The kingdom from above;
The settled peace, the constant mind,
The everlasting love;
The sanctifying grace,
That makes me meet for home:
I hope to see thy glorious face,
Where sin can never come.

3 What shall I do to keep
The blessed hope I feel?
Still let me pray, and watch, and weep,
And serve thy pleasure still:
O may I never grieve
My kind, long-suffering Lord,
But steadfastly to Jesus cleave,
And answer all his word.

4 Lord, if thou hast bestow'd
On me the gracious fear,
This horror of offending God,
O keep it always here!
And that I never more
May from thy ways depart,
Enter with all thy mercy's power,
And dwell within my heart.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 173. 7's. (11)

1 JESUS, I believe thee near:
Now my fallen soul restore;
Now my guilty conscience clear;
Give me back my peace and power;
Stone to flesh again convert;
Write forgiveness on my heart.

2 I believe thy pardoning grace,
As at the beginning, free;
Open are thy arms to' embrace
Me, the worst of rebels, me:
In me all the hind'rance lies;
Call'd—I still refuse to rise.

3 Yet for thy own mercy's sake,
Patience with thy rebel have;
Me, thy mercy's witness make,
Witness of thy power to save:
Make me willing to be free,
Restless to be saved by thee.

4 Now the gracious work begin;
Now for good some token give
Give me now to feel my sin,
Give me now my sin to leave:
Bid me look on thee and mourn,
Bid me to thy arms return.

5 Take this heart of stone away;
Melt me into gracious tears;

Grant me power to watch and pray,
Till thy lovely face appears,
Till thy favour I retrieve,
Till by faith again I live.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 174. 8's. (11)

1 HOW shall a lost sinner in pain
Recover his forfeited peace?
When brought into bondage again,
What hope of a second release?
Will mercy itself be so kind
To spare such a rebel as me?
And, O! can I possibly find
Such plenteous redemption in thee?

2 O Jesus! of thee I inquire,
If still thou art able to save,
The brand to pluck out of the fire,
And ransom my soul from the grave?
The help of thy Spirit restore,
And show me the life-giving blood,
And pardon a sinner once more,
And bring me again unto God.

3 O Jesus! in pity draw near,
Come quickly to help a lost soul;
To comfort a mourner appear,
And make a poor Lazarus whole!
The balm of thy mercy apply;
(Thou seest the sore anguish I feel;)
Save, Lord, or I perish, I die!
O save, or I sink into hell!

4 I sink, if thou longer delay
Thy pardoning mercy to show;
Come quickly, and kindly display
The power of thy passion below!
By all thou hast done for my sake,
One drop of thy blood I implore!

Now, now let it touch me, and make
The sinner—a sinner no more!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 175. 7's & 6's. (55,58)

1 GOD of my salvation hear,
And help me to believe!
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive.
Full of sin, alas! I am;
But to thy wounds for refuge flee:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye!
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy grace is always nigh:
Now, as yesterday, the same
Thou art, and wilt for ever be;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure;
Empty send me not away,
For I, thou know'st, am poor:
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

4 No good word, or work, or thought,
Bring I to gain thy grace;
Pardon I accept unbought;
Thy proffer I embrace:
Coming, as at first I came,
To take, and not bestow on thee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

5 Saviour, from thy wounded side
I never will depart;
Here will I my spirit hide,
When I am pure in heart.
Till my place above I claim,
This only shall be all my plea,
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 176. 6 8's. (11)

1 O GOD, thy righteousness we own:
Judgment is at thy house begun!
With humble awe thy rod we hear,
And guilty in thy sight appear:
We cannot in thy judgment stand,
But sink beneath thy mighty hand.

2 Our mouth as in the dust we lay,
And still for mercy, mercy, pray:
Unworthy to behold thy face,
Unfaithful stewards of thy grace,
Our sin and wickedness we own,
And deeply for acceptance groan.

3 We have not, Lord, thy gifts improved,
But basely from thy statutes roved,
And done thy loving Spirit despite,
And sinn'd against the clearest light.
Brought back thy agonizing pain,
And nail'd thee to thy cross again.

4 Yet do not drive us from thy face,
A stiff-neck'd and hard-hearted race
But, O! in tender mercy break
The iron sinew in our neck;
The softening power of love impart,
And melt the marble of our heart.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 177. 6-8's. (55)

1 JESUS, thou know'st my sinfulness,
My faults are not conceal'd from thee;
A sinner in my last distress,
To thy dear wounds I fain would flee,
And never, never thence depart,
Close shelter'd in thy loving heart.

2 How shall I find the living way,
Lost, and confused, and dark, and blind?
Ah, Lord, my soul is gone astray:
Ah, Shepherd, seek my soul, and find,
And in thine arms of mercy take,
And bring the weary wanderer back.

3 Weary and sick of sin I am;
I hate it, Lord, and yet I love!
When wilt thou rid me of my shame?
When wilt thou all my load remove?
Destroy the fiend that lurks within,
And speak the word of power, "Be clean!"

4 O Lord, if I at last discern
That I am sin, and thou art love,
If now o'er me thy bowels yearn,
Give me a token from above;
And conquer my rebellious will,
And bid my murmuring heart be still.

5 Sin only let me not commit,
(Sin never can advance thy praise,)
And lo! I lay me at thy feet,
And wait unwearied all my days,
Till my appointed time shall come,
And thou shalt call thine exile home.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 178. 6-8's. (18)

Jer. iii. 4, 5.

1 YES, from this instant now, I will
To my offended Father cry;
My base ingratitude I feel,
Vilest of all thy children, I,
Not worthy to be call'd thy son;
Yet will I thee my Father own.

2 Guide of my life hast thou not been,
And rescued me from passion's power?
Ten thousand times preserved from sin,
Nor let the greedy grave devour?
And wilt thou now thy wrath retain,
Nor ever love thy child again?

3 Ah! canst thou find it in thy heart
To give me up, so long pursued!
Ah! canst thou finally depart,
And leave thy creature in his blood!
Leave me,—out of thy presence cast,
To perish in my sins at last?

4 If thou hast will'd me to return,
If weeping at thy feet I fall,
The prodigal thou wilt not spurn,
But pity, and forgive me all,
In answer to my Friend above,
In honour of his bleeding love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 179. 7's & 6's. (18)

Jer. x. 24; xxiv. 7.

1 FATHER, if thou must reprove
For all that I have done,
Not in anger, but in love
Chastise thine humbled son:

Use the rod, and not the sword;
Correct with kind severity;
Bring me not to nothing, Lord!
But bring me home to thee.

2 True and faithful as thou art,
To all thy Church and me,
Give a new, believing heart,
That knows and cleaves to thee:
Freely our backslidings heal;
And, by thy balmy blood restored,
Grant that every soul may feel,
"Thou art my pardoning Lord!"

3 Might we now with pure desire
Thine only love request;
Now, with willing heart entire,
Return to Christ our rest!
When we our whole hearts resign,
O Jesus, to be fill'd with thee,
Thou art ours, and we are thine,
Through all eternity.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 180. L. M. (18)

1 SAVIOUR, I now with shame confess
My thirst for creature happiness;
By base desires I wrong'd thy love,
And forced thy mercy to remove.

2 Yet would I not regard thy stroke;
But, when thou didst thy grace revoke,
And when thou didst thy face conceal,
Thy absence I refused to feel.

3 I knew not that the Lord was gone,
In my own froward will went on,
And lived to the desires of men,
And thou hast all my wanderings seen.

4 Yet, O the riches of thy grace!
Thou, who hast seen my evil ways,
Wilt freely my backslidings heal,
And pardon on my conscience seal.

5 For this I at thy footstool wait,
Till thou my peace again create;
Fruit of thy gracious lips, restore
My peace, and bid me sin no more!

6 Far off, yet at thy feet, I lie,
Till thou again thy blood apply;
Till thou repeat my sins forgiven,
As far from God as hell from heaven.

7 But, for thy truth and mercy's sake,
My comfort thou wilt give me back:
And lead me on from grace to grace,
In all the paths of righteousness:

8 Till, throughly saved, my new-born soul,
And perfectly by faith made whole,
Doth bright in thy full image rise,
To share thy glory in the skies.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 181. L. M. (18)

Heb. v. 7, 8.

1 THOU Man of griefs, remember me,
Who never canst thyself forget,
Thy last mysterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs, and bloody sweat:

2 When, wrestling in the strength of prayer,
Thy spirit sunk beneath its load!
Thy feeble flesh abhorr'd to bear
The wrath of an Almighty God!

3 Father, if I may call thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire;
Remove this load of guilty woe,
Nor let me in my sins expire!

4 I tremble lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my sinful soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
Long as eternal ages roll.

5 To thee my last distress I bring;
The heighten'd fear of death I find:
The tyrant, brandishing his sting,
Appears, and hell is close behind!

6 I deprecate that death alone,
That endless banishment from thee!
O save, and give me to thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me!

SECTION IV.

FOR BACKSLIDERS RECOVERED.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 182. 7's & 6's. (55)

1 I WILL hearken what the Lord
Will say concerning me!
Hast thou not a gracious word
For one who waits on thee?
Speak it to my soul, that I
May in thee have peace and power,
Never from my Saviour fly,
And never grieve thee more.

2 How have I thy Spirit grieved,
Since first with me he strove!
Obstinately disbelieved,
And trampled on thy love!
I have sinn'd against the light;
I have broke from thy embrace;
No, I would not, when I might,
Be freely saved by grace.

3 After all that I have done
To drive thee from my heart,
Still thou wilt not leave thine own;
Thou wilt not yet depart;
Wilt not give the sinner o'er;
Ready art thou now to save;
Bidd'st me come, as heretofore,
That I thy life may have.

4 O thou meek and gentle Lamb!
Fury is not in thee;
Thou continuest still the same,
And still thy grace is free;
Still thine arms are open wide,
Wretched sinners to receive:
Thou hast once for sinners died,
That all may turn and live.

5 Lo! I take thee at thy word,
My foolishness I mourn;
Unto thee, my bleeding Lord,
However late, I turn:
Yes, I yield, I yield at last,
Listen to thy speaking blood;
Me, with all my sins, I cast
On my atoning God!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 183. 6-7's. (11)

1 JESU, Shepherd of the sheep,
Pity my unsettled soul!
Guide, and nourish me, and keep,
Till thy love shall make me whole;
Give me perfect soundness, give,
Make me steadfastly believe.

2 I am never at one stay,
Changing every hour I am;
But thou art as yesterday,
Now and evermore the same:

Constancy to me impart,
'Stablish with thy grace my heart.

3 Lay thy weighty cross on me;
All my unbelief control;
Till the rebel cease to be,
Keep him down within my soul
That I never more may move,
Root and ground me fast in love.

4 Give me faith to hold me up,
Walking over life's rough sea:
Holy, purifying hope,
Still my soul's sure anchor be:
That I may be always thine,
Perfect me in love divine.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 184. C. M. (9)

1 MY God, my God, to thee I cry;
Thee only would I know;
Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.

2 Touch me, and make the leper clean,
Purge my iniquity:
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.

3 But art thou not already mine?
Answer, if mine thou art!
Whisper within, thou Love Divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.

4 Tell me again my peace is made,
And bid the sinner live:
The debt's discharged, the ransom's paid,
My Father must forgive.

5 Behold, for me the Victim bleeds,
His wounds are open'd wide:
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

6 O why did I my Saviour leave,
So soon unfaithful prove!
How could I thy good Spirit grieve,
And sin against thy love!

7 I forced thee first to disappear;
I turn'd thy face aside:
Ah, Lord! if thou hadst still been here,
Thy servant had not died.

8 But O, how soon thy wrath is o'er,
And pardoning love takes place!
Assist me, Saviour, to adore
The riches of thy grace.

9 O could I lose myself in thee,
Thy depth of mercy prove,
Thou vast, unfathomable sea
Of unexhausted love!

10 My humbled soul, when thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies:
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes?

11 I loathe myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall;
Content if thou exalted be,
And Christ be *All in All.*

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 185. 7's. (11)

1 AFTER all that I have done,
Saviour, art thou pacified?
Whither shall my vileness run?
Hide me, earth, the sinner hide!
Let me sink into the dust,
Full of holy shame adore!
Jesus Christ, the Good, the Just,
Bids me go, and sin no more.

2 O confirm the gracious word,
Jesus, Son of God and man!
Let me never grieve thee, Lord,
Never turn to sin again:
Till my all in all thou art,
Till thou bring thy nature in,
Keep this feeble, trembling heart!
Save me, save me, Lord, from sin!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 186. 6-8's. (11)

1 WEARY of wand'ring from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod;
For thee, not without hope, I mourn;
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of Love.

2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thine arms, and take me in;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O! for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more;
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

4 The stone to flesh again convert;
The veil of sin again remove:
Sprinkle thy blood upon my heart,
And melt it by thy dying love;
This rebel heart by love subdue,
And make it soft, and make it new

5 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
And kindle my relentings now;
Fill my whole soul with filial fears;
To thy sweet yoke my spirit bow;
Bend by thy grace, O bend or break,
The iron sinew in my neck!

6 Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at the' approach of sin:
A godly fear of sin impart;
Implant, and root it deep within;
That I may dread thy gracious power,
And never dare to' offend thee more.

C WESLEY.] HYMN 187. 7's & 6's. (55)

1 SON of God, if thy free grace
Again hath raised me up,
Call'd me still to seek thy face,
And given me back my hope;
Still thy timely help afford,
And all thy lovingkindness show:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go!

2 By me, O my Saviour stand,
In sore temptation's hour:
Save me with thine outstretch'd hand,
And show forth all thy power;
O be mindful of thy word;
Thy all-sufficient grace bestow;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

3 Give me, Lord, a holy fear,
And fix it in my heart;
That I may from evil near
With timely care depart:

Sin be more than hell abhorr'd:
Till thou destroy the tyrant foe,
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

4 Never let me leave thy breast,
From thee, my Saviour, stray;
Thou art my Support and Rest,
My true and living Way;
My exceeding great Reward,
In heaven above, and earth below:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 188. 7's & 6's. (55)

1 LORD, and is thine anger gone?
And art thou pacified?
After all that I have done,
Dost thou no longer chide?
Infinite thy mercies are;
Beneath the weight I cannot move:
O! 'tis more than I can bear,
The sense of pardoning love.

2 Let it still my heart constrain,
And all my passions sway;
Keep me, lest I turn again
Out of the narrow way:
Force my violence to be still,
And captivate my every thought;
Charm, and melt, and change my will,
And bring me down to nought.

3 If I have begun once more,
Thy sweet return to feel,

If even now I find thy power
Present my soul to heal,—
Still and quiet may I lie,
Nor struggle out of thine embrace;
Never more resist or fly
From thy pursuing grace.

4 To the cross, thine altar, bind
Me with the cords of love;
Freedom let me never find
From thee, my Lord, to move:
That I never, never more,
May with my much-loved Master part,
To the posts of mercy's door
O nail my willing heart!

5 See my utter helplessness,
And leave me not alone;
O preserve in perfect peace,
And seal me for thine own:
More and more thyself reveal,
Thy presence let me always find:
Comfort, and confirm, and heal
My feeble, sin-sick mind.

6 As the apple of an eye
Thy weakest servant keep;
Help me at thy feet to lie,
And there for ever weep:
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
That I have any hope of heaven
Much of love I ought to know,
For I have much forgiven.

PART IV

SECTION I.

FOR BELIEVERS REJOICING.

J. WESLEY.] HYMN 189. 6-8's. (9)

FROM THE GERMAN OF COUNT ZINZENDORF.

1 NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain:
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far:
Thy heart still melts with tenderness;
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste and live.

3 O Love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallow'd up in thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries!

4 With faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee;
I look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.

5 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone,
Though joys be wither'd all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn;

On this my steadfast soul relies:
Father! thy mercy never dies.

6 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

J. WESLEY.] HYMN 190. L. M. (9)

FROM THE GERMAN OF COUNT ZINZENDORF.

1 JESUS, thy Blood and Righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, even me to' atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God,
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me, even for my soul, was shed.

5 Lord, I believe, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

6 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then,—this shall be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

7 Thus *Abraham*, the Friend of God,
Thus all heaven's armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners Thee proclaim;
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

8 Jesus, be endless praise to thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
For me, and all thy hands have made,
An everlasting ransom paid.

9 Ah! give to all thy servants, Lord,
With power to speak thy gracious word;
That all, who to thy wounds will flee,
May find eternal life in thee.

10 Thou God of power, thou God of love,
Let the whole world thy mercy prove!
Now let thy word o'er all prevail;
Now take the spoils of death and hell.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 191. 2-'s & 4-7's. (1)

1 THEE, O my God and King,
My Father, thee I sing!
Hear, well-pleased, the joyous sound,
Praise from earth and heaven receive;
Lost—I now in Christ am found,
Dead—by faith in Christ I live.

2 Father, behold thy son,
In Christ I am thy own:
Stranger long to thee, and rest.
See the prodigal is come:
Open wide thine arms and breast,
Take the weary wanderer home.

3 Thine eye observed from far,
Thy pity look'd me near;
Me thy bowels yearn'd to see;
Me thy mercy ran to find,
Empty, poor, and void of thee,
Hungry, sick, and faint, and blind.

4 Thou on my neck didst fall,
Thy kiss forgave me all:
Still thy gracious words I hear,
Words that made the Saviour mine,
"Haste, for him the robe prepare,
His be righteousness divine!"

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 192. 7's & 6's. (55)

Rom. x. 6, &c.

1 OFT I in my heart have said,
Who shall ascend on high,
Mount to Christ, my glorious Head,
And bring him from the sky?
Borne on contemplation's wing,
Surely I shall find him there,
Where the angels praise their King,
And gain the Morning Star.

2 Oft I in my heart have said,
Who to the deep shall stoop,
Sink with Christ among the dead,
From thence to bring him up?
Could I but my heart prepare,
By unfeign'd humility,
Christ would quickly enter there,
And ever dwell with me.

3 But the righteousness of faith
Hath taught me better things:
"Inward turn thine eyes," it saith,
'While Christ to me it brings,)

"Christ is ready to impart
Life to all, for life who sigh:
In thy mouth, and in thy heart,
The word is ever nigh."

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 193. 2-6's & 4-7's. (1)

1 O FILIAL Deity,
Accept my new-born cry;
See the travail of my soul,
Saviour, and be satisfied;
Take me now, possess me whole,
Who for me, for me, hast died.

2 Of life thou art the Tree;
My immortality!
Feed this tender branch of thine,
Ceaseless influence derive:
Thou the true, the heavenly Vine,
Grafted into thee I live.

3 Of life the Fountain thou,
I know,—I feel it now!
Faint and dead no more I droop;
Thou art in me; thy supplies,
Every moment springing up,
Into life eternal rise.

4 Thou the good Shepherd art,
From thee I ne'er shall part:
Thou my keeper and my guide,
Make me still thy tender care;
Gently lead me by thy side,
Sweetly in thy bosom bear.

5 Thou art my daily Bread,
O Christ, thou art my Head!
Motion, virtue, strength, to me,
Me thy living member, flow:
Nourish'd I, and fed, by thee,
Up to thee in all things grow.

6 Prophet, to me reveal
Thy Father's perfect will:
Never mortal spake like thee,
Human Prophet like divine;
Loud and strong their voices be,
Small, and still, and inward thine!

7 On thee, my Priest, I call,
Thy blood atoned for all:
Still the Lamb as slain appears,
Still thou stand'st before the throne,
Ever offering up my prayers,
These presenting with thine own.

8 Jesus, thou art my King,
From thee my strength I bring:
Shadow'd by thy mighty hand,
Saviour, who shall pluck me thence?
Faith supports; by faith I stand,
Strong in thy omnipotence.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 194. 2-6's. & 4-7's. (1,27)

PART I.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Thy Saviour's Sacrifice!
All the names that love could find,
All the forms that love could take,
Jesus in himself hath join'd,
Thee, my soul, his own to make.

2 Equal with God Most high,
He laid his glory by:
He, the' eternal God, was born,
Man with men he deign'd to' appear,
Object of his creature's scorn,
Pleased a servant's form to wear.

3 Hail! everlasting Lord,
Divine, incarnate Word!

Thee let all my powers confess;
Thee my latest breath proclaim;
Help, ye angel-choirs, to bless,
Shout the loved Immanuel's name!

4 Fruit of a virgin's womb,
The promised Blessing's come;
Christ, the fathers' hope of old,
Christ, the woman's conquering Seed,
Christ, the Saviour long foretold,
Born to bruise the serpent's head.

5 Jesus, to thee I bow!
The Almighty's Fellow thou!
Thou, the Father's only Son;
Pleased he ever is in thee;
Just and holy thou alone,
Full of grace and truth for me.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 195. 2-6's & 4-7's. (1,27)

PART II.

1 HIGH above every name,
Jesus, the Great I AM!
Bows to Jesus every knee,
Things in heaven, and earth, and hell;
Saints adore him, demons flee,
Fiends, and men, and angels feel!

2 He left his throne above,
Emptied of all but love:
Whom the heavens cannot contain,
God vouchsafed a worm to' appear,
Lord of Glory, Son of Man,
Poor, and vile, and abject here.

3 His own on earth he sought,
His own received him not;
Him a sign by all blasphemed,
Outcast and despised of men.

Him they all a madman deem'd,
Bold to scoff the Nazarene.

4 Hail, Galilean King!
Thy humble state I sing;
Never shall my triumphs end;
Hail, derided Majesty!
Jesus, hail! the sinner's Friend,
Friend of Publicans,—and me.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 196. L. M. (1

FROM THE GERMAN OF W. C. DESSLER.

1 INTO thy gracious hands I fall,
And with the arms of love embrace;
O King of Glory, hear my call;
O raise me, heal me, by thy grace!
Now righteous through thy wounds I am
No condemnation now I dread;
I taste salvation in thy name,
Alive in thee, my living Head.

2 Still let thy wisdom be my guide,
Nor take thy light from me away;
Still with me let thy grace abide,
That I from thee may never stray:
Let thy word richly in me dwell;
Thy peace and love my portion be;
My joy to' endure and do thy will,
Till perfect I am found in thee.

3 Arm me with thy whole armour, Lord!
Support my weakness with thy might;
Gird on my thigh thy conquering sword,
And shield me in the threatening fight
From faith to faith, from grace to grace,
So in thy strength shall I go on;
Till heaven and earth flee from thy face,
And glory end what grace begun

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 197. 7's. (55)

Isa. xii.

1 HAPPY soul, who sees the day,
The glad day of gospel grace!
Thee, my Lord, (thou then wilt say,)
Thee will I for ever praise;
Though thy wrath against me burn'd,
Thou dost comfort me again;
All thy wrath aside is turn'd,
Thou hast blotted out my sin.

2 Me, behold! thy mercy spares;
Jesus my salvation is;
Hence my doubts, away my fears;
Jesus is become my peace:
JAH, JEHOVAH, is my Lord,
Ever merciful and just;
I will lean upon his word;
I will on his promise trust.

3 Strong I am, for he is strong;
Just in righteousness divine:
He is my triumphal song;
All he has, and is, is mine:
Mine,—and *yours*, whoe'er believe;
On his name whoe'er shall call,
Freely shall his grace receive;
He is full of grace for all.

4 Therefore shall ye draw with joy,
Water from Salvation's well;
Praise shall your glad tongues employ,
While his streaming grace ye feel.
Each to each ye then shall say,
"Sinners call upon his name;
O rejoice to see his day;
See it, and his praise proclaim!"

5 Glory to his name belongs,
Great, and marvellous, and high;
Sing unto the Lord your songs,
Cry to every nation, cry!
Wondrous things the Lord hath done,
Excellent his name we find;
This to all mankind is known,
Be it known to all mankind!

6 Sion, shout thy Lord and King,
Israel's HOLY ONE is he!
Give him thanks, rejoice, and sing,
Great is He, that dwells in thee.
O the grace unsearchable!
While eternal ages roll,
God delights in man to dwell,
Soul of each believing soul!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 198. 10's & 11's. (27,58)

1 O WHAT shall I do My Saviour to praise,
So faithful and true, So plenteous in grace,
So strong to deliver, So good to redeem,
The weakest believer That hangs upon him!

2 How happy the man Whose heart is set free,
The people that can Be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in The light of thy face;
And still they are talking Of Jesus's grace.

3 Their daily delight Shall be in thy Name;
They shall, as their right, Thy righteousness claim:
Thy righteousness wearing, And cleansed by thy blood,
Bold shall they appear in The presence of God.

4 For thou art their boast, Their glory and power;
And I also trust To see the glad hour,

My soul's new creation, A life from the dead,
The day of salvation, That lifts up my head.

5 For Jesus, my Lord, Is now my defence;
I trust in his word, None plucks me from thence;
Since I have found favour, He all things will do;
My King and my Saviour Shall make me anew.

6 Yes, Lord, I shall see The bliss of thine own,
Thy secret to me Shall soon be made known;
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness Of all that believe.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 199. 10's & 11's. (58)

1 O HEAVENLY King, Look down from above;
Assist us to sing Thy mercy and love:
So sweetly o'erflowing, So plenteous the store,
Thou still art bestowing, And giving us more.

2 O God of our life! We hallow thy Name;
Our business and strife Is thee to proclaim;
Accept our thanksgiving For creating grace;
The living, the living Shall show forth thy praise.

3 Our Father and Lord, Almighty art thou;
Preserved by thy word, We worship thee now,
The bountiful Donor Of all we enjoy!
Our tongues to thine honour, And lives, we employ.

4 But, O! above all, Thy kindness we praise,
From sin and from thrall Which saves the lost race;
Thy Son thou hast given The world to redeem,
And bring us to heaven, Whose trust is in him.

5 Wherefore of thy love, We sing and rejoice;
With angels above We lift up our voice:
Thy love each believer Shall gladly adore,
For ever and ever, When time is no more.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 200. 10's & 11's. (55)

1 MY Father, my God, I long for thy love;
O shed it abroad; Send Christ from above!
My heart, ever fainting, He only can cheer;
And all things are wanting, Till Jesus is here.

2 O when shall my tongue Be fill'd with thy praise!
While all the day long I publish thy grace,
Thy honour and glory To sinners forth show,
Till sinners adore thee, And own thou art true.

3 Thy strength and thy power I now can proclaim,
Preserved every hour Through Jesus's Name;
For thou art still by me, And holdest my hand;
No ill can come nigh me, By faith while I stand.

4 My God is my guide: Thy mercies abound;
On every side They compass me round:
Thou sav'st me from sickness, From sin dost retrieve,
And strengthen'st my weakness, And bidd'st me believe.

5 Thou holdest my soul In spiritual life,
My foes dost control, And quiet their strife;
Thou rulest my passion, My pride and self-will;
To see thy salvation, Thou bidd'st me "stand still!"

6 I stand and admire Thine out-stretched arm;
I walk through the fire, And suffer no harm;
Assaulted by evil, I scorn to submit;
The world and the devil Fall under my feet.

7 I wrestle not now, But trample on sin,
For with me art thou, And shalt be within;
While stronger and stronger In Jesus's power,
I go on to conquer, Till sin is no more.

WESLEY.] HYMN 201. 6-8's. (1)

1 AND can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me, who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be,
That thou, my God, should'st die for me!

2 'Tis mystery all! The' Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design!
In vain the first-born Seraph tries
To sound the depths of Love Divine!
'Tis mercy all; let earth adore,
Let angel-minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above;
(So free, so infinite his grace!)
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out *me!*

4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in him, is mine!
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,

Bold I approach the' eternal throne,
And claim the crown through Christ my own.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 202. 6's & 8's. (55)

1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race.
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me;
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry
"Nor let that ransom'd sinner die!"

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, Father, Abba, Father, cry

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 203. L. M. (9,27)

1 GLORY to God, whose sovereign grace
Hath animated senseless stones;
Call'd us to stand before his face,
And raised us into Abraham's sons!

2 The people that in darkness lay,
In sin and error's deadly shade,
Have seen a glorious gospel day,
In Jesu's lovely face display'd.

3 Thou only, Lord, the work hast done,
And bared thine arm in all our sight;
Hast made the reprobates thine own,
And claim'd the outcasts as thy right.

4 Thy single arm, Almighty Lord,
To us the great salvation brought,
Thy Word, thy all-creating Word,
That spake at first the world from nought.

5 For this the saints lift up their voice,
And ceaseless praise to thee is given;
For this the hosts above rejoice,—
We raise the happiness of heaven.

6 For this, (no longer sons of night,)
To thee our thankful hearts we give;
To thee, who call'dst us into light,
To thee we die, to thee we live.

7 Suffice that for the season past
Hell's horrid language fill'd our tongues;
We all thy words behind us cast,
And lewdly sang the drunkard's songs.

8 But, O the power of grace divine!
In hymns we now our voices raise,

Loudly in strange hosannas join,
And blasphemies are turn'd to praise!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 204. 8's & 6's. (i 1)

1 Cor. xiv. 15.

1 JESUS, thou soul of all our joys,
For whom we now lift up our voice,
And all our strength exert,
Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim,
Compose into a thankful frame,
And tune thy people's heart.

2 While in the heavenly work we join,
Thy glory be our whole design,—
THY glory, not our own:
Still let us keep our end in view,
And still the pleasing task pursue,
To please our God alone.

3 The secret pride, the subtle sin,
O let it never more steal in,
To' offend thy glorious eyes;
To desecrate our hallow'd strain,
And make our solemn service vain,
And mar our sacrifice.

4 To magnify thy awful name,
To spread the honours of the Lamb,
Let us our voices raise;
Our souls' and bodys' powers unite,
Regardless of our own delight,
And dead to human praise.

5 Still let us on our guard be found,
And watch against the power of sound,
With sacred jealousy;
Lest, haply, sense should damp our zeal,
And music's charms bewitch and steal
Our hearts away from thee.

6 That hurrying strife far off remove,
That noisy burst of selfish love,
Which swells the formal song;
The joy from out our hearts arise,
And speak and sparkle in our eyes,
And vibrate on our tongue.

7 Thee let us praise, our common Lord,
And sweetly join with one accord
Thy goodness to proclaim:
Jesus, thyself in us reveal,
And all our faculties shall feel
Thy harmonizing name.

8 With calmly-reverential joy,
O let us all our lives employ
In setting forth thy love;
And raise in death our triumph higher,
And sing, with all the heavenly choir,
That endless song above!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 205. P. M. (11)

1 MY God, I am thine, What a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!
In the heavenly Lamb Thrice happy I am,
And my heart it doth dance at the sound of his name.

True pleasures abound In the rapturous sound;
And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found:
My Jesus to know, And feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

3 Yet onward I haste, To the heavenly feast:
That, that is the fulness; but this is the taste:
And this I shall prove, Till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 206. 6-8's. (11)

1 WHAT am I, O thou glorious God!
And what my father's house to thee,
That thou such mercies hast bestow'd
On me, the vilest reptile, me!
I take the blessing from above,
And wonder at thy boundless love.

2 Me in my blood thy love pass'd by,
And stopp'd, my ruin to retrieve;
Wept o'er my soul thy pitying eye;
Thy bowels yearn'd, and sounded, "Live!"
Dying, I heard the welcome sound,
And pardon in thy mercy found.

3 Honour, and might, and thanks, and praise,
I render to my pardoning God;
Extol the riches of thy grace,
And spread thy saving Name abroad;
That only Name to sinners given,
Which lifts poor dying worms to heaven.

4 Jesus, I bless thy gracious power,
And all within me shouts thy name;
Thy name let every soul adore,
Thy power let every tongue proclaim;
Thy grace let every sinner know,
And find with me their heaven below.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 207. 7's (55)

1 JESUS is our common Lord,
He our loving Saviour is:
By his death to life restored,
Misery we exchange for bliss;
Bliss to carnal minds unkown:
O 'tis more than tongue can tell!
Only to believers shown,
Glorious and unspeakable!

2 Christ, our Brother and our Friend,
Shows us his eternal love:
Never shall our triumphs end,
Till we take our seats above.
Let us walk with him in white,
For our bridal day prepare,
For our partnership in light,
For our glorious meeting there!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 208. C. M. (26)

1 COME, let us, who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise;
To him with joyful voices give
The glory of his grace.

2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart;
The worst need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin;
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly guest,
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 209. 6-8's. (11,27)

1 THOU hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am if thou art mine:
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy Name.

2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;

Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love;
To me, with thy dear Name, are given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all thou art;
My rest in toil; my ease in pain;
The med'cine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown:

4 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death; my heaven in hell.

J. WESLEY.] HYMN 210. 6-8's. (1,27)

FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. BREITHAUPT.

1 THEE will I love, my strength, my tower
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, with all my power,
In all thy works, and thee alone:
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fills my whole soul with chaste desire

2 Ah, why did I so late thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men!
Ah, why did I no sooner go
To thee, the only ease in pain!
Ashamed, I sigh, and inly mourn,
That I so late to thee did turn.

3 In darkness willingly I stray'd;
I sought thee, yet from thee I roved;
Far wide my wand'ring thoughts were spread,
Thy creatures more than thee I loved:
And now if more at length I see,
'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.

I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind;
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate, with thy heavenly light.

6 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;
Give to my heart chaste, hallow'd fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires;
That all my powers with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

7 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown,
Or smile,—thy sceptre, or thy rod:
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day!

C WESLEY.] HYMN 211. 10's & 11's. (11)

1 LET all men rejoice, By Jesus restored:
We lift up our voice, And call him our Lord:
His joy is to bless us, And free us from thrall;
From all that oppress us, He rescues us all.

2 Him Prophet, and King, And Priest we proclaim;
We triumph and sing Of Jesus's Name:
Poor idiots he teaches To show forth his praise,
And tell of the riches Of Jesus's grace.

3 No matter how dull The scholar whom He
Takes into His school, And gives him to see;
A wonderful fashion of teaching He hath,
And wise to salvation He makes us through faith.

4 The wayfaring men, Though fools, shall not
stray,
His method so plain, So easy the way:
The simplest believer His promise may prove,
And drink of the river Of Jesus's love.

5 Poor outcasts of men, Whose souls were
despised,
And left with disdain, By Jesus are prized:
His gracious creation In us he makes known
And brings us salvation, And calls us his own.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 212. 10's & 11's. (11)

1 MY brethren beloved, Your calling ye see;
In Jesus approved, no goodness have we;
No riches or merit, No wisdom or might:
But all things inherit Through Jesus's right.

2 Yet not many wise His summons obey;
And great ones despise So vulgar a way; [own,
And strong ones will never Their helplessness
Or stoop to find favour Through mercy alone.

3 And therefore our God The outcasts hath chose,
His righteousness show'd To heathens like us:
When wise ones rejected His offers of grace,
His goodness elected The foolish and base.

4 To baffle the wise, And noble, and strong,
He bade us arise, An impotent throng;
Poor ignorant wretches, We gladly embrace
A Prophet who teaches Salvation by grace.

5 The things that were not, His mercy bids live;
His mercy unbought We freely receive;
His gracious compassion We thankfully prove,
And all our salvation Ascribe to his love

DR. WATTS.] * HYMN 213. C. M. (29)

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun:
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 214. C. M. (91)

1 TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;

My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To' attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 215. 7's & 6's. (26,33)

1 GLORIOUS Saviour of my soul,
I lift it up to thee;
Thou hast made the sinner whole,
Hast set the captive free!
Thou my debt of death hast paid;
Thou hast raised me from my fall;
Thou hast full atonement made:
My Saviour died for all.

2 What could my Redeemer move
To leave his Father's breast?
Pity drew him from above,
And would not let him rest:
Swift to succour sinking man,
Sinking into endless woe,
Jesus to our rescue ran,
And God appear'd below.

3 God, in this dark vale of tears,
A man of griefs was seen:
Here for three and thirty years
He dwelt with sinful men.
Did they know the Deity?
Did they own him, who he was?
See the Friend of Sinners, see!
He hangs on yonder cross!

4 Yet thy wrath I cannot fear,
Thou gentle, bleeding Lamb!
By thy judgment I am clear;
Heal'd by thy stripes I am:
Thou for me a curse wast made,
That I might in thee be blest;
Thou hast my full ransom paid,
And in thy wounds I rest.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 216. C. M. (11)

1 INFINITE, unexhausted Love!
(Jesus and Love are one:)
If still to me thy bowels move,
They are restrain'd to none.

2 What shall I do my God to love?
My loving God to praise?
The length, and breadth, and height to prove,
And depth of sovereign grace?

3 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined;
From age to age it never ends;
It reaches all mankind.

4 Throughout the world its breadth is known,
Wide as infinity!
So wide, it never pass'd by one,
Or it had pass'd by me.

5 My trespass was grown up to heaven;
But far above the skies,
In Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see thy mercies rise!

6 The depth of all-redeeming love,
What angel-tongue can tell?
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable!

7 Deeper than hell, it pluck'd me thence;
Deeper than inbred sin,

Jesus's love my heart shall cleanse,
When Jesus enters in.

8 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take
Possession of thine own;
My longing heart vouchsafe to make
Thine everlasting throne!

9 Assert thy claim, maintain thy right,
Come quickly from above:
And sink me to perfection's height,
The depth of humble love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 217. C. M. (55)

1 JESUS, to thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid:
Oppress'd by sins, I lift my eye,
And see the shadows fade.

2 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid:
On thee alone my constant mind
Is every moment stay'd.

3 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim:
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.

4 Jesus, my Strength, my Life, my Rest,
On thee will I depend,
Till summon'd to the marriage-feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 218. 7's. (11)

1 SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesu's love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms in a blaze:
To bring fire on earth he came;
Kindled in some hearts it is:

O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day:
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way:
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strong-holds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise!
He the door hath open'd wide;
He hath given the word of grace,
Jesu's word is glorified:
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of Him,
Him who spake a world from nought.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land:
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of his Love!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 219. 5's & 11's. (15)

1 ALL thanks be to God,
Who scatters abroad,
Throughout every place,
By the least of his servants, his savour of grace.
Who the victory gave,
The praise let him have,
For the work he hath done:
All honour and glory to Jesus alone

2 Our conquering Lord
Hath prosper'd his word,
Hath made it prevail,
And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell.
His arm he hath bared,
And a people prepared
His glory to shew,
And witness the power of his passion below.

3 He hath opened a door
To the penitent poor,
And rescued from sin,
And admitted the harlots and publicans in.
They have heard the glad sound;
They have liberty found,
Through the blood of the Lamb,
And plentiful pardon in Jesus's name.

4 And shall we not sing
Our Saviour and King?
Thy witnesses, we
With rapture ascribe our salvation to thee
Thou, Jesus, hast bless'd,
And believers increased,
Who thankfully own,
We are freely forgiven through mercy alone.

5 His Spirit revives
His work in our lives,
His wonders of grace,
So mightily wrought in the primitive days.
O that all men might know
His tokens below,
Our Saviour confess,
And embrace the glad tidings of pardon and peace!

6 Thou Saviour of all,
Effectually call

The sinners that stray;
And, O, let a nation be born in a day!
Thy sign let them see,
And flow unto thee
For the oil and the wine,
For the blissful assurance of favour divine.

7 Our heathenish land
Beneath thy command
In mercy receive;
And make us a pattern to all that believe:
Then, then let it spread
Thy knowledge and dread,
Till the earth is o'erflow'd,
And the universe fill'd with the glory of God.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 220. 8's. (7)

1 ALL glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restored:
O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent Lord!
Who, meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,
Once more to thy creatures return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace!

2 When thou in our flesh didst appear,
All nature acknowledged thy birth;
Arose the acceptable year,
And heaven was open'd on earth:
Receiving its Lord from above,
The world was united to bless
The Giver of concord and love,
The Prince and the Author of peace.

3 O wouldst thou again be made known,
Again in thy Spirit descend,
And set up, in each of thine own,
A kingdom that never shall end!

Thou only art able to bless,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity cease,
And bow the whole world to thy sway.

4 Come then to thy servants again,
Who long thy appearing to know;
Thy quiet and peaceable reign
In mercy establish below:
All sorrow before thee shall fly,
And anger and hatred be o'er;
And envy and malice shall die,
And discord afflict us no more.

5 No horrid alarum of war
Shall break our eternal repose,
No sound of the trumpet is there,
Where Jesus's Spirit o'erflows:
Appeased by the charms of thy grace,
We all shall in amity join;
And kindly each other embrace,
And love with a passion like thine.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 221. 7's & 6's. (11)

1 MEET and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
The God of Truth and Grace:
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join!
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal praise be thine!

2 Thee, the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease:

Angels and archangels, all
Praise the mystic Three in One;
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall
O'erwhelm'd before thy throne!

3 Vying with that happy choir,
Who chant thy praise above,
We on eagles' wings aspire,
The wings of faith and love:
Thee *they* sing, with glory crown'd;
We extol the slaughter'd Lamb;
Lower if our voices sound,
Our subject is the same.

4 Father, God, thy love we praise,
Which gave thy Son to die;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turn'd to heaven.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 222. 8's & 6's. (11)

1 HOW happy, gracious Lord! are we,
Divinely drawn to follow thee,
Whose hours divided are
Betwixt the mount and multitude:
Our day is spent in doing good,
Our night in praise and prayer.

2 With us no melancholy void,
No period lingers unemploy'd,
Or unimproved below:
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only thee to know.

3 The winter's night, and summer's day,
Glide imperceptibly away,
Too short to sing thy praise:
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haste to join those heavenly powers,
In everlasting lays.

4 With all who chant thy Name on high,
And, "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
(A bright harmonious throng!)
We long thy praises to repeat,
And restless sing, around thy seat,
The new, eternal song.

ADDISON.] HYMN 223. 6-8's. (8,40)
Psalm cxiv.

1 WHEN Israel out of Egypt came,
And left the proud oppressor's land,
Supported by the great I AM,
Safe in the hollow of his hand,
The Lord in Israel reign'd alone,
And Judah was his favourite throne.

2 The sea beheld his power, and fled,
Disparted by the wond'rous rod;
Jordan ran backward to its head,
And Sinai felt the' incumbent God;
The mountains skipp'd like frighted rams,
The hills leap'd after them as lambs!

3 What ail'd thee, O thou trembling sea?
What horror turn'd the river back?
Was nature's God displeased with thee?
And why should hills or mountains shake?
Ye mountains huge, that skipp'd like rams?
Ye hills, that leap'd as frighted lambs?

4 Earth! tremble on, with all thy sons,
In presence of thy awful Lord,
Whose power inverted nature owns;
Her only law his sovereign word:

He shakes the centre with his rod,
And heaven bows down to Jacob's God.

5 Creation, varied by his hand,
The' omnipotent Jehovah knows;
The sea is turn'd to solid land,
The rock into a fountain flows;
And all things, as they change, proclaim
The Lord eternally the same.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 224. 6-8's. (29)

Psalm cxlvi.

1 I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the' opprest, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 225. L. M. (29)

Psalm cxlvii.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in his praise:
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

3 Sing to the Lord; exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds along the sky:
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5 What is the creature's skill or force?
The sprightly man, or warlike horse?
The piercing wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.

6 But saints are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 226. C. M. (38)

1 ETERNAL Wisdom! Thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings:
With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky,
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

3 There thou hast bid the globes of light
Their endless circles run:
There the pale planet rules the night;
The day obeys the sun.

4 If down I turn my wondering eyes
On clouds and storms below,
Those under-regions of the skies
Thy numerous glories show.

5 The noisy winds stand ready there
Thy orders to obey;
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.

6 There, like a trumpet loud and strong,
Thy thunder shakes our coast;
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thy host.

7 On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful showers around;
At thy command they sink, and drop
Their fatness on the ground.

8 Lo! here thy wondrous skill arrays
The earth in cheerful green;
A thousand herbs thy art displays,
A thousand flowers between.

9 There the rough mountains of the deep
Obey thy strong command:
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.

10 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the wondering sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

11 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through thy works abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.

12 But the mild glories of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesu's face
We see, adore, and love!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 227. L. M. (9)

1 HOW do thy mercies close me round!
For ever be thy name adored;
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord!

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led:
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep:
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, be gone!
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love.

5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

6 I rest beneath the' Almighty's shade;
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay'd,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

7 Me for thine own thou lov'st to take,
In time and in eternity:
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trust in thee.

C. WESLEY.] * HYMN 228. 8's. (18,58)

Song of Solomon i. 7.

1 THOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart;
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art:
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,
And screen'd from the heat of the day.

2 Ah! show me that happiest place,
The place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God:
'Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My Spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.

3 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,
There only I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast:
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart;
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 229. 4-6's & 2-8's. (11)

1 GOD of my life, to thee
My cheerful soul I raise!
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days;
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.

2 A clod of living earth,
I glorify thy name,

From whom alone my birth,
And all my blessings, came:
Creating and preserving grace,
Let all that is within me praise.

3 Long as I live beneath
To thee O let me live!
To thee my every breath
In thanks and praises give!
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

4 My soul, and all its powers,
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to thee:
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.

5 I wait thy will to do,
As angels do in heaven;
In Christ a creature new,
Most graciously forgiven,
I wait thy perfect will to prove,
All sanctified by spotless love.

6 Then, when the work is done,
The work of faith with power,
Receive thy favour'd son,
In death's triumphant hour;
Like Moses to thyself convey,
And kiss my raptured soul away.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 230. 6-8's. (55)

1 FOUNTAIN of life and all my joy,
Jesus, thy mercies I embrace;
The breath thou giv'st for thee employ,
And wait to taste thy perfect grace;
No more forsaken and forlorn,
I bless the day that I was born.

2 Preserved, through faith, by power divine,
A miracle of grace I stand!
I prove the strength of Jesus mine!
Jesus, upheld by thy right hand,
Though in the flesh I feel the thorn,
I bless the day that I was born.

3 Weary of life, through inbred sin,
I was, but now defy its power;
When as a flood the foe comes in,
My soul is more than conqueror;
I tread him down with holy scorn,
And bless the day that I was born.

4 Come, Lord, and make me pure within,
And let me now be fill'd with God!
Live to declare I'm saved from sin:
And if I seal the truth with blood,
My soul from out the body torn,
Shall bless the day that I was born!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 231. P. M. (11)

1 AWAY with our fears! The glad morning appears,
When an heir of salvation was born!
From Jehovah I came, For his glory I am,
And to him I with singing return.

2 Thee, Jesus, alone, The fountain I own
Of my life and felicity here;
And cheerfully sing My Redeemer and King,
Till his sign in the heavens appear.

3 With thanks I rejoice In thy fatherly choice
Of my state and condition below;
If of parents I came Who honour'd thy name,
'Twas thy wisdom appointed it so.

4 I sing of thy grace From my earliest days
Ever near to allure and defend;
Hitherto thou hast been My preserver from sin,
And I trust thou wilt save to the end.

5 O the infinite cares, And temptations, and snares,
Thy hand hath conducted me through!
O the blessings bestow'd By a bountiful God,
And the mercies eternally new!

6 What a mercy is this, What a heaven of bliss,
How unspeakably happy am I!
Gather'd into the fold, With thy people enroll'd,
With thy people to live and to die!

7 O the goodness of God, Employing a clod
His tribute of glory to raise!
His standard to bear, And with triumph declare
His unspeakable riches of grace!

8 O the fathomless love, That has deigned to approve
And prosper the work of my hands!
With my pastoral crook I went over the brook,
And, behold, I am spread into bands!

9 Who, I ask in amaze, Hath begotten me these?
And inquire from what quarter they came?
My full heart it replies, They are born from the skies,
And gives glory to God and the Lamb.

10 All honour and praise To the Father of grace,
To the Spirit, and Son, I return!
The business pursue He hath made me to do,
And rejoice that I ever was born.

11 In a rapture of joy My life I employ,
The God of my life to proclaim;
'Tis worth living for this, To administer bliss
And salvation in Jesus's name.

12 My remnant of days I spend in his praise,
Who died the whole world to redeem:
Be they many or few, My days are his due,
And they all are devoted to him.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 232. 4-6's & 2-8's. (22)

1 YOUNG men and maidens, raise
Your tuneful voices high;
Old men and children, praise
The Lord of earth and sky;
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

2 The universal King
Let all the world proclaim;
Let every creature sing
His attributes and name!
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

3 In his great name alone
All excellencies meet,
Who sits upon the throne,
And shall for ever sit:
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

4 Glory to God belongs;
Glory to God be given,
Above the noblest songs
Of all in earth or heaven!
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 233. 7's. (22)

1 HAPPY man whom God doth aid!
God our souls and bodies made;
God on us, in gracious showers,
Blessings every moment pours;
Compasses with angel-bands,
Bids them bear us in their hands;
Parents, friends, 'twas God bestow'd;
Life, and all, descend from God.

2 He this flowery carpet spread,
Made the earth on which we tread;
God refreshes in the air;
Covers with the clothes we wear;
Feeds us with the food we eat;
Cheers us by his light and heat;
Makes his sun on us to shine;
All our blessings are divine!

3 Give him then, and ever give,
Thanks for all that we receive!
Man we for his kindness love;
How much more our God above!
Worthy thou, our heavenly Lord,
To be honour'd and adored:
God of all-creating grace,
Take the everlasting praise!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 234. L. M. (22)

1 LET all that breathe Jehovah praise,
Almighty, all-creating Lord!
Let earth and heaven his power confess,
Brought out of nothing by his Word.

2 He spake the word, and it was done!
The universe his Word obey'd;
His Word is his eternal Son,
And Christ the whole creation made.

3 Jesus, the Lord and God most high,
Maker of all mankind and me!
Me thou hast made to glorify,
To know, and love, and live to thee.

4 Wherefore to thee my heart I give,
(But thou must first bestow the power,)
And if for thee on earth I live,
Thee I shall soon in heaven adore.

J. WESLEY.] HYMN 235. L. M.

The Lord's Prayer.

PART I.

1 FATHER of all, whose powerful voice
Call'd forth this universal frame!
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same:
Thou by thy word upholdest all;
Thy bounteous love to all is show'd;
Thou hear'st thy every creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good.

2 In heaven thou reign'st enthroned in light,
Nature's expanse beneath thee spread;
Earth, air, and sea, before thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom, are open laid!
Wisdom, and might, and love are thine;
Prostrate before thy face we fall,
Confess thine attributes divine,
And hail thee sovereign Lord of all.

3 Thee sovereign Lord let all confess,
That moves in earth, or air, or sky;
Revere thy power, thy goodness bless,
Tremble before thy piercing eye:
All ye who owe to him your birth,
In praise your every hour employ:
Jehovah reigns! be glad, O earth;
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy.

J. WESLEY.] HYMN 236. L. M.

PART II.

1 SON of thy Sire's eternal love,
Take to thyself thy mighty power,
Let all earth's sons thy mercy prove,
Let all thy bleeding grace adore:
The triumphs of thy love display;
In every heart reign thou alone,
Till all thy foes confess thy sway,
And glory ends what grace begun.

2 Spirit of grace, and health, and power,
Fountain of light and love below;
Abroad thy healing influence shower;
O'er all the nations let it flow:
Inflame our hearts with perfect love,
In us the work of faith fulfil;
So not heaven's host shall swifter move,
Than we on earth, to do thy will.

3 Father, 'tis thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a fresh supply;
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens cry:
On thee we cast our care; we live
Through thee, who know'st our every need;
O feed us with thy grace, and give
Our souls this day the living bread!

J. WESLEY.] HYMN 237. L. M.

PART III.

1 ETERNAL, spotless lamb of God,
Before the world's foundation slain!
Sprinkle us ever with thy blood;
O cleanse, and keep us ever clean!

To every soul (all praise to thee!)
Our bowels of compassion move;
And all mankind by this may see
God is in us; for God is love.

2 Giver and Lord of Life, whose power
And guardian care for all are free,
To thee in fierce temptation's hour,
From sin and Satan let us flee:
Thine, Lord, we are, and ours thou art,
In us be all thy goodness show'd;
Renew, enlarge, and fill our heart
With peace, and joy, and heaven, and God

3 Blessing and honour, praise and love,
Co-equal, co-eternal Three,
In earth below, and heaven above,
By all thy works, be paid to thee!
Thrice Holy! thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 238. 7's. (19)

1 MEET and right it is to praise
God, the Giver of all grace,
God, whose mercies are bestow'd
On the evil and the good:
He prevents his creature's call,
Kind and merciful to all;
Makes his sun on sinners rise;
Showers his blessings from the skies.

2 Least of all thy creatures, we
Daily thy salvation see;
As by heavenly manna fed,
Through a world of dangers led;

Through a wilderness of cares;
Through ten thousand thousand snares,
More than now our hearts conceive,
More than we could know, and live!

3 By our bosom-foe beset,
Taken in the fowler's net,
Passion's unresisting prey,
Oft within the toils we lay:
Sleeping on the brink of sin,
Tophet gaped to take us in;
Mercy to our rescue flew,
Broke the snare, and brought us through.

4 Here as in the lion's den,
Undevour'd we still remain;
Pass secure the watery flood,
Hanging on the arm of God:
Here we raise our voices higher,
Shout in the refiner's fire;
Clap our hands amidst the flame,
Glory give to Jesu's name.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 239. C. M. (22)

1 HAIL! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, in Persons Three!
Of Thee we make our joyful boast,
Our songs we make of Thee.

2 Thou neither canst be felt nor seen;
Thou art a Spirit pure;
Thou from eternity hast been,
And always shall endure.

3 Present alike in every place,
Thy Godhead we adore;
Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Thou dwell'st for evermore.

4 In wisdom infinite thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see;
And every thought of every heart
Is fully known to thee.

5 Whate'er thou wilt, in earth below
Thou dost, in heaven above:
But chiefly we rejoice to know
The' Almighty God of Love.

6 Thou lov'st whate'er thy hands have made
Thy goodness we rehearse,
In shining characters display'd
Throughout our universe.

7 Mercy, with love, and endless grace,
O'er all thy works doth reign;
But mostly thou delight'st to bless
Thy favourite creature Man.

8 Wherefore, let every creature give
To thee the praise design'd:
But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,
The hearts of all mankind.

J. WESLEY.] HYMN 240. L. M. (1,10)

FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. BREITHAUPT.

On the Attributes of God.

PART I.

1 O GOD, thou bottomless abyss,
Thee to perfection who can know?
O height immense! What words suffice
Thy countless attributes to show?
Unfathomable depths thou art;
O plunge me in thy mercy's sea!
Void of true wisdom is my heart;
With love embrace and cover me!

While thee, all-infinite, I set
By faith before my ravish'd eye,
My weakness bends beneath the weight;
O'erpower'd I sink, I faint, I die!

2 Eternity thy fountain was,
Which, like thee, no beginning knew;
Thou wast ere time began his race,
Ere glow'd with stars the' ethereal blue.
Greatness unspeakable is thine,
Greatness, whose undiminish'd ray,
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine,
When earth and heaven are fled away
Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded sea,
What lives and moves, lives by thy word;
It lives, and moves, and is from thee.

3 Thy parent-hand, thy forming skill,
Firm fix'd this universal chain;
Else empty barren darkness still
Had held his unmolested reign.
Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky,
Or shuns or meets the wandering thought,
Escapes or strikes the searching eye,
By thee was to perfection brought!
High is thy power above all height;
Whate'er thy will decrees is done:
Thy wisdom, equal to thy might,
Only to thee, O God, is known!

4 Heaven's glory is thy awful throne,
Yet earth partakes thy gracious sway:
Vain man! thy wisdom folly own,
Lost is thy reason's feeble ray.

What our dim eye could never see,
Is plain and naked to thy sight;
What thickest darkness veils, to thee
Shines clearly as the morning light,
In light thou dwell'st; light that no shade,
No variation, ever knew;
Heaven, earth, and hell, stand all display'd,
And open to thy piercing view.

J. WESLEY.] HYMN 241. L. M. (1,10)

FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. BREITHAUPT.

PART II.

1 THOU, true and only God, lead'st forth
The' immortal armies of the sky;
Thou laugh'st to scorn the gods of earth;
Thou thunderest, and amazed they fly!
With downcast eye the' angelic choir
Appear before thy awful face;
Trembling they strike the golden lyre,
And through heaven's vault resound thy praise.
In earth, in heaven, in all thou art;
The conscious creature feels thy nod,
Whose forming hand on every part
Impress'd the image of its God.

2 Thine, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone!
Justice and truth before thee stand:
Yet, nearer to thy sacred throne,
Mercy withholds thy lifted hand.
Each evening shows thy tender love,
Each rising morn thy plenteous grace;
Thy waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
Thy willing mercy flies apace!
To thy benign, indulgent care,
Father, this light, this breath we owe·

And all we have, and all we are,
From thee, great Source of Being, flow

3 Parent of Good, thy bounteous hand
Incessant blessings down distils,
And all in air, or sea, or land,
With plenteous food and gladness fills.
All things in thee live, move, and are;
Thy power infused doth all sustain;
Even those thy daily favour share,
Who thankless spurn thy easy reign.
Thy sun thou bidd'st his genial ray
Alike on all impartial pour;
To all, who hate or bless thy sway,
Thou bidd'st descend the fruitful shower.

4 Yet while, at length, who scorn'd thy might
Shall feel thee a consuming fire,
How sweet the joys, the crown how bright,
Of those who to thy love aspire!
All creatures praise the' eternal Name!
Ye hosts that to his court belong,
Cherubic choirs, seraphic flames,
Awake the everlasting song!
Thrice Holy! thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 242. 7's & 6's. (22)

1 GLORIOUS God, accept a heart
That pants to sing thy praise:
Thou without beginning art,
And without end of days;
Thou a Spirit invisible,
Dost to none thy fulness show;

None thy Majesty can tell,
Or all thy Godhead know.

2 All thine attributes we own,
Thy wisdom, power, and might:
Happy in thyself alone,
In goodness infinite,
Thou thy goodness hast display'd,
On thine every work imprest,
Lov'st whate'er thy hands have made;
But man thou lov'st the best.

3 Willing thou that all should know
Thy saving truth, and live,
Dost to each, or bliss or woe,
With strictest justice give:
Thou with perfect righteousness
Renderest every man his due;
Faithful in thy promises,
And in thy threat'nings too.

4 Thou art merciful to all
Who truly turn to thee!
Hear me then for pardon call,
And show thy grace to me:
Me, through mercy reconciled,
Me, for Jesu's sake forgiven,
Me receive, thy favour'd child,
To sing thy praise in heaven.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 243. 7's & 6's. (22)

1 THOU, my God, art good and wise,
And infinite in power:
Thee let all in earth and skies
Continually adore!

Give me thy converting grace,
That I may obedient prove,
Serve my Maker all my days,
And my Redeemer love.

2 For my life, and clothes, and food,
And every comfort here,
Thee, my most indulgent God,
I thank, with heart sincere;
For the blessings numberless,
Which thou hast already given
For thy smallest spark of grace,
And for my hope of heaven.

3 Gracious God, my sins forgive,
And thy good Spirit impart!
Then I shall in thee believe,
With all my loving heart:
Always unto Jesus look,
Him in heavenly glory see,
Who my cause hath undertook,
And ever prays for me.

4 Grace, in answer to his prayer,
And every grace bestow,
That I may with zealous care
Perform thy will below:
Rooted in humility,
Still in every state resign'd,
Plant, almighty Lord, in me
A meek and lowly mind.

5 Poor and vile in my own eyes,
With self-abasing shame
Still I would myself despise,
And magnify thy name:

Thee let every creature bless;
Praise to God alone be given:
God alone deserves the praise
Of all in earth and heaven.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 244. 7's & 6's. (22)

1 THOU, the great eternal Lord,
Art high above our thought!
Worthy to be fear'd, adored,
By all thy hands have wrought:
None can with thyself compare;
Thy glory fills both earth and sky;
We, and all thy creatures, are
As nothing in thine eye.

2 Of thy great unbounded power
To thee the praise we give,—
Infinitely great, and more
Than heart can e'er conceive:
When thou wilt to work proceed,
Thy purpose firm none can withstand.
Frustrate the determined deed,
Or stay the' Almighty Hand.

3 Thou, O God, art wise alone;
Thy counsel doth excel;
Wonderful thy works we own,
Thy ways unsearchable:
Who can sound the mystery,
Thy judgments' deep abyss explain,
Thine, whose eyes in darkness see,
And search the heart of man!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 245. 7's & 6's. (22)

1 GOOD thou art, and good thou dost;
Thy mercies reach to all,

Chiefly those who on thee trust,
And for thy mercy call:
New they every morning are;
As fathers when their children cry,
Us thou dost in pity spare,
And all our wants supply.

2 Mercy o'er thy works presides;
Thy providence display'd
Still preserves, and still provides
For all thy hands have made;
Keeps, with most distinguish'd care,
The man who on thy love depends
Watches every number'd hair,
And all his steps attends.

3 Who can sound the depths unknown
Of thy redeeming grace?
Grace, that gave thine only Son
To save a ruin'd race!
Millions of transgressors poor
Thou hast for Jesu's sake forgiven;
Made them of thy favour sure,
And snatch'd from hell to heaven.

4 Millions more thou ready art
To save and to forgive!
Every soul and every heart
Of man thou would'st receive:
Father, now accept of mine,
Which now, through Christ, I offer thee
Tell me now, in love divine,
That thou hast pardon'd me!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 246. L. M. (18)

Psal. cxvi. 8.

1 MY soul, through my Redeemer's care,
Saved from the second death I feel,
My eyes from tears of dark despair,
My feet from falling into hell.

2 Wherefore to him my feet shall run;
My eyes on his perfections gaze;
My soul shall live for God alone;
And all within me shout his praise.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 247. L. M. (18)

1 HOLY as thou, O Lord, is none!
Thy holiness is all thy own·
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours, a drop derived from thee.

2 And when thy purity we share,
Thy only glory we declare;
And, humbled into nothing, own
Holy and pure is God alone!

3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
By all thy heavenly hosts adored;
Let all on earth bow down to thee,
And own thy peerless majesty:

4 Thy power unparallel'd confess,
Establish'd on the Rock of Peace;
The Rock that never shall remove,
The Rock of pure, almighty Love!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 248. C. M. (18)

1 Chron. xxix. 10, 11, &c.

1 BLEST be our everlasting Lord,
Our Father, God, and King!
Thy sovereign goodness we record,
Thy glorious power we sing.

2 By thee the victory is given;
The majesty divine,
And strength, and might, and earth, and heaven,
And all therein, are thine.

3 The kingdom, Lord, is thine alone,
Who dost thy right maintain,
And, high on thine eternal throne,
O'er men and angels reign.

4 Riches, as seemeth good to thee,
Thou dost, and honour, give;
And Kings their power and dignity
Out of thy hand receive.

5 Thou hast on us the grace bestow'd
Thy greatness to proclaim;
And therefore now we thank our God,
And praise thy glorious name.

6 Thy glorious name and nature's powers
Thou dost to us make known;
And all the Deity is ours,
Through thy incarnate Son.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 249. C. M. (18)

Exod. xxxiv. 5, 6.

1 GREAT God! to me the sight afford,
To him of old allow'd;
And let my faith behold its Lord
Descending in a cloud.

2 In that revealing Spirit come down,
Thine attributes proclaim,
And to my inmost soul make known
The glories of thy name.

3 Jehovah, Christ, I thee adore,
Who gav'st my soul to be!
Fountain of being, and of power,
And great in majesty.

4 The Lord, the mighty God, thou art,
But let me rather prove
That name in-spoken to my heart,
That favourite name of Love.

5 Merciful God, thyself proclaim
In this polluted breast;
Mercy is thy distinguish'd name,
Which suits a sinner best.

6 Our misery doth for pity call,
Our sin implores thy grace;
And thou art merciful to all
Our lost apostate race.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 250. C. M. (18)

Exod. xxxiv. 5, 6.

1 THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still,
Thou dost with sinners bear;
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every, soul abound;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are!
A Rock that cannot move;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
The goodness must endure.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 251. C. M. (18)

Luke xi. 2.

1 FATHER of me, and all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love:

2 To know thy nature, and thy name,
One God in Persons Three;
And glorify the great I AM,
Through all eternity.

3 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
To every heart of man:
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness,
In all our bosoms reign.

4 The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin,
The joy that human thought transcends,
Into our souls bring in:

5 The kingdom of establish'd peace,
Which can no more remove;
The perfect power of Godliness,
The' omnipotence of Love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 252. C. M. (18)

Numb. vi. 24, 25, 26.

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in Persons Three,
Bring back the heavenly blessing, lost
By all mankind and me.

2 Thy favour, and thy nature too,
To me, to all restore;
Forgive, and after God renew,
And keep us evermore.

3 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

4 Light in thy light O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove;
Revived, and cheer'd, and bless'd by thee,
The God of pardoning love.

5 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconciled!

6 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven;
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven!

C. WESLEY.] * HYMN 253. S. M. (15)

1 FATHER, in whom we live,
In whom we are and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive
Of thy creating love.

2 Let all the angel-throng
Give thanks to God on high;
While earth repeats the joyful song,
And echoes through the sky.

3 Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransom'd race
Render in thanks their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace.

4 The grace to sinners show'd,
Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,
And cry, "Salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb!"

5 Spirit of Holiness,
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thine heart-renewing power.

6 Not angel-tongues can tell
Thy love's ecstatic height,
The glorious joy unspeakable,
The beatific sight!

7 Eternal, Triune Lord!
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men, record
And dwell upon thy love.

8 When heaven and earth are fled
Before thy glorious face,
Sing all the saints thy love hath made
Thine everlasting praise!

C WESLEY.] HYMN 254. L. M. (20,21)

1 THE day of Christ, the day of God,
We humbly hope with joy to see,
Wash'd in the sanctifying blood
Of an expiring Deity.

2 Who did for us his life resign,
There is no other God but One;
For all the plenitude divine
Resides in the eternal Son.

3 Spotless, sincere, without offence,
O may we to his day remain,
Who trust the blood of God to cleanse
Our souls from every sinful stain.

4 Lord, we believe the promise sure;
The purchased Comforter impart;
Apply thy blood to make us pure,
To keep us pure, in life and heart!

5 Then let us see that day supreme,
When none thy Godhead shall deny,
Thy Sovereign Majesty blaspheme,
Or count thee less than the Most High

6 When all who on their God believe,
Who here thy last appearing love,
Shall thy consummate joy receive,
And see thy glorious face above.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 255. 6-8's. (20,21)

Tim. iii. 16. 2 Pet. i. 21.

1 SPIRIT of Truth, essential God,
Who didst thy ancient saints inspire,
Shed in their hearts thy love abroad,
And touch their hallow'd lips with fire;
Our God from all eternity,
World without end, we worship thee.

2 Still we believe, Almighty Lord,
Whose presence fills both earth and heaven,
The meaning of the written word
Is by thy inspiration given:
Thou only dost thyself explain
The secret mind of God to man.

3 Come, then, Divine Interpreter,
The Scriptures to our hearts apply;
And, taught by thee, we God revere,
Him in Three Persons magnify;
In each the Triune God adore,
Who was and is for evermore.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 256. C. M. (20,21)

1 HAIL Father, Son, and Spirit great,
Before the birth of time
Enthroned in everlasting state,
JEHOVAH, ELOHIM!

2 A mystical plurality
We in the Godhead own,
Adoring One in Persons Three,
And Three in Nature One.

3 From thee our being we receive,
The creatures of thy grace;
And, raised out of the earth, we live
To sing our Maker's praise.

4 Thy powerful, wise, and loving mind
Did our creation plan;
And all the glorious persons join'd
To form thy favourite, Man.

5 Again thou didst, in council met,
Thy ruin'd work restore,
Establis'd in our first estate,
To forfeit it no more.

6 And when we rise in love renew'd,
Our souls resemble thee,
An image of the Triune God,
To all eternity.

4 The incommunicable right,
Almighty God! receive,
Which angel-choirs, and saints in light,
And saints embodied, give.

5 Three Persons, equally divine,
We magnify and love;
And both the choirs, ere long shall join,
To sing thy praise above.

6 Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord,
(Our heavenly song shall be,)
Supreme, essential One, adored
In co-eternal Three!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 260. 7's. (21)

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
God the Father, and the Word,
God the Comforter, receive
Blessings more than we can give:
Mix'd with those beyond the sky,
Chanters to the Lord Most High,
We our hearts and voices raise,
Echoing thy eternal praise.

2 One inexplicably Three,
One, in simplest Unity,
God, incline thy gracious ear,
Us, thy lisping creatures, hear:
Thee while man, the earth-born, sings,
Angels shrink within their wings;
Prostrate Seraphim above
Breathe unutterable love.

3 Happy they who never rest,
With thy heavenly presence blest!
They the heights of glory see,
Sound the depths of Deity!

Fain with them our souls would vie;
Sink as low, and mount as high;
Fall o'erwhelm'd with love, or soar;
Shout, or silently adore!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 261. 6-8's. (21)

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Whom one all-perfect God we own;
Restorer of thine image lost,
Thy various offices make known;
Display, our fallen souls to raise,
Thy whole economy of grace.

2 Jehovah in three Persons, come,
And draw, and sprinkle us, and seal,
Poor, guilty, dying worms, in whom
Thou dost eternal life reveal;
The knowledge of thyself bestow,
And all thy glorious goodness show.

3 Soon as our pardon'd hearts believe
That thou art pure essential love,
The proof we in ourselves receive
Of the Three Witnesses above;
Sure, as the saints around thy throne,
That Father, Word, and Spirit, are One.

4 O that we now, in love renew'd,
Might blameless in thy sight appear:
Wake we in thy similitude,
Stamp'd with the Triune character:
Flesh, spirit, soul, to thee resign;
And live and die entirely thine!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 262. C. M. (21)

1 A THOUSAND oracles divine
Their common beams unite;
That sinners may with angels join
To worship God aright:

2 To praise a Trinity adored
By all the hosts above;
And one thrice-holy God and Lord
Through endless ages love.

3 Triumphant host! they never cease
To laud and magnify
The Triune God of holiness,
Whose glory fills the sky:

4 Whose glory to this earth extends,
When God himself imparts,
And the whole Trinity descends
Into our faithful hearts.

5 By faith the upper choir we meet,
And challenge them to sing
Jehovah on his shining seat,
Our Maker and our King.

6 But God made flesh is wholly ours,
And asks our nobler strain;
The Father of celestial powers,
The Friend of earth-born man!

7 Ye seraphs, nearest to the throne,
With rapturous amaze
On us, poor ransom'd worms, look down,
For heaven's superior praise.

8 The King, whose glorious face ye see,
For us his crown resign'd;
That fulness of the Deity,
He died for all mankind!

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 263. C. M. (38)

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labour of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

4 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;

5 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.

6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

7 O, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 264. S. M. (22)

1 O ALL-CREATING God!
At whose supreme decree
Our body rose, a breathing clod,
Our souls sprang forth from thee
2 For this thou hast design'd,
And form'd us man for this,
To know and love thyself, and find
In thee our endless bliss.

SECTION II.

FOR BELIEVERS FIGHTING.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 265. S. M. (18)

1 O MAY thy powerful word
Inspire a feeble worm
To rush into thy kingdom, Lord,
And take it as by storm!
2 O may we all improve
The grace already given,
To seize the crown of perfect love,
And scale the mount of heaven!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 266. S. M. (21,27)

PART I.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son:
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.
2 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued:
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The Panoply of God:

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts pass'd,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 Stand then against your foes,
In close and firm array:
Legions of wily fiends oppose
Throughout the evil day:
But meet the sons of night,
But mock their vain design,
Arm'd in the arms of heavenly light,
Of righteousness divine.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole:
Indissolubly join'd,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ, your Head.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 267. S. M. (15)

PART II.

1 BUT, above all, lay hold
On faith's victorious shield;
Arm'd with that adamant and gold,
Be sure to win the field:
If faith surround your heart,
Satan shall be subdued;
Repell'd his every fiery dart,
And quench'd with Jesu's blood.

2 Jesus hath died for you!
What can his love withstand?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand?
Believe that Jesus reigns;
All power to him is given:

Believe, till freed from sin's remains;
Believe yourselves to heaven!

3 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer,
Ready for all alarms,
Steadfastly set your face,
And always exercise your arms,
And use your every grace.

4 Pray, without ceasing pray;
Your Captain gives the word;
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord:
To God your every want
In instant prayer display;
Pray always; pray, and never faint;
Pray, without ceasing pray!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 268. S. M. (11)

PART III.

1 IN fellowship, alone,
To God with faith draw near:
Approach his courts, besiege his throne
With all the powers of prayer:
Go to his temple, go,
Nor from his altar move;
Let every house his worship know,
And every heart his love.

2 To God your spirits dart;
Your souls in words declare;
Or groan, to him who reads the heart
The' unutterable prayer:
His mercy now implore,
And now show forth his praise
In shouts, or silent awe, adore
His miracles of grace.

3 Pour out your souls to God,
And bow them with your knees;
And spread your heart and hands abroad,
And pray for Sion's peace:
Your guides and brethren bear
For ever on your mind;
Extend the arms of mighty prayer,
In grasping all mankind.

4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray:
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day:
Still let the Spirit cry
In all his soldiers, "Come;"
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conquerors home.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 269. 6-8's. (11)

1 SURROUNDED by a host of foes,
Storm'd by a host of foes within,
Nor swift to flee, nor strong to' oppose,
Single against hell, earth, and sin,
Single, yet undismay'd, I am;
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

2 What though a thousand hosts engage,
A thousand worlds, my soul to shake?
I have a shield shall quell their rage,
And drive the alien armies back:
Portray'd it bears a bleeding Lamb;
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

3 Me to retrieve from Satan's hands.
Me from this evil world to free,
To purge my sins, and loose my bands,
And save from all iniquity,
My Lord and God from heaven he came
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

4 Salvation in his name there is;
Salvation from sin, death, and hell;

Salvation into glorious bliss;
How great Salvation, who can tell?
But all he hath for mine I claim;
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 270. S. M. (26)

1 EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My simple upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright;
Control my every thought;
My whole of sin remove;
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

2 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb! which was in thee;
And let my knowing zeal be join'd
With perfect charity;
With calm and temper'd zeal
Let me enforce thy call;
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

3 O do not let me trust
In any arm but thine!
Humble, O humble to the dust,
This stubborn soul of mine!
A feeble thing of nought,
With lowly shame I own,
The help which upon earth is wrought,
Thou dost it alone.

4 O may I love like thee!
In all thy footsteps tread!
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.
O may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove;

To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 271. 7's & 6's. (55)

1 O ALMIGHTY God of Love,
Thy holy arm display;
Send me succour from above,
In this my evil day:
Arm my weakness with thy power,
Woman's seed, appear within;
Be my Safeguard and my Tower
Against the face of sin.

2 Could I of thy strength take hold,
And always feel thee near,
Confident, divinely bold,
My soul would scorn to fear:
Nothing should my firmness shock;
Though the gates of hell assail,
Were I built upon the Rock,
They never could prevail.

3 Rock of my salvation, haste,
Extend thy ample shade;
Let it over me be cast,
And screen my naked head:
Save me from the trying hour:
Thou my sure protection be;
Shelter me from Satan's power,
Till I am fixed on thee.

4 Set upon thyself my feet,
And make me surely stand;
From temptation's rage and heat
Cover me with thy hand:
Let me in the cleft be placed,
Never from my fence remove;
In thine arms of love embraced,
Of everlasting love.

C. WESLEY. / HYMN 272. 6-8's. (1)

1 PEACE! doubting heart; my God's I am!
Who form'd me man, forbids my fear:
The Lord hath call'd me by my name;
The Lord protects for ever near;
His blood for me did once atone,
And still he loves and guards his own.

2 When passing through the watery deep,
I ask in faith his promised aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head;
Fearless their violence I dare;
They cannot harm, for God is there.

3 To him mine eye of faith I turn,
And through the fire pursue my way:
The fire forgets its power to burn,
The lambent flames around me play;
I own his power, accept the sign,
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.

4 Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand!
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Hide in the hollow of thy hand;
Show forth in me thy saving power;
Still be thy arms my sure defence;
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

5 Since thou hast bid me come to thee,
(Good as thou art, and strong to save,)
I'll walk o'er life's tempestuous sea,
Upborne by the unyielding wave,
Dauntless, though rocks of pride be near,
And yawning whirlpools of despair.

6 When darkness intercepts the skies,
And sorrow's waves around me roll,
When high the storms of passion rise,
And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul,

My soul a sudden calm shall feel,
And hear a whisper, "Peace, be still!"

7 Though in affliction's furnace tried,
Unhurt on snares and death I'll tread;
Though sin assail, and hell, thrown wide,
Pour all its flames upon my head,
Like Moses' bush, I'll mount the higher,
And flourish, unconsumed, in fire.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 273. 10's & 11's. (9)

1 OMNIPOTENT Lord, My Saviour and King,
Thy succour afford, Thy righteousness bring:
Thy promises bind thee Compassion to have;
Now, now let me find thee Almighty to save.

2 Rejoicing in hope, And patient in grief,
To thee I look up For certain relief;
I fear no denial, No danger I fear,
Nor start from the trial, While Jesus is near.

3 I every hour In jeopardy stand;
But thou art my power, And holdest my hand:
While yet I am calling, Thy succour I feel;
It saves me from falling, Or plucks me from hell.

4 O who can explain This struggle for life!
This travail and pain, This trembling and strife!
Plague, earthquake, and famine, And tumult, and war,
The wonderful coming Of Jesus declare.

5 For every fight Is dreadful and loud!
The warrior's delight Is slaughter and blood,
His foes overturning, Till all shall expire,--
But this is with burning, And fuel of fire.

6 Yet God is above Men, devils, and sin;
My Jesus's love The battle shall win:
So terribly glorious His coming shall be,
His love all-victorious Shall conquer for me.

Thy love the conquest more than gains;
To all I shall proclaim,
"Jesus, the King, the Conqueror reigns;
Bow down to Jesu's Name."

9 To thee shall earth and hell submit,
And every foe shall fall,
Till death expires beneath thy feet,
And God is all in all.

C. WESLEY.] * HYMN 276. P. M. (15)

1 WORSHIP, and thanks, and blessing,
And strength ascribe to Jesus!
Jesus alone Defends his own,
When earth and hell oppress us.
Jesus with joy we witness,
Almighty to deliver;
Our seals set to, That God is true,
And reigns a King for ever.

2 Omnipotent Redeemer,
Our ransom'd souls adore thee:
Our Saviour thou, We find it now,
And give thee all the glory.
We sing thine arm unshorten'd,
Brought through our sore temptation;
With heart and voice In thee rejoice,
The God of our salvation.

3 Thine arm hath safely brought us
A way no more expected,
Than when thy sheep Pass'd through the deep,
By crystal walls protected.
Thy glory was our rear-ward,
Thine hand our lives did cover,
And we, even we, Have pass'd the sea,
And march'd triumphant over.

4 The world's and Satan's malice
Thou, Jesus, hast confounded;
And, by thy grace, With songs of praise
Our happy souls resounded.
Accepting our deliv'rance,
We triumph in thy favour,
And for the love Which now we prove,
Shall praise thy name for ever.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 277. S. M (11)

1 JESUS the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength array'd,
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.
Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesu's mighty love;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.

2 Extol his kingly power;
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives, to die no more,
High on his Father's throne:
Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The victory of his cross.

3 That bloody banner see,
And in your Captain's sight,
Fight the good fight of faith with me,
My fellow-soldiers fight!
In mighty phalanx join'd,
To battle all proceed;
Arm'd with the' unconquerable mind
Which was in Christ your Head

4 Urge on your rapid course,
Ye blood-besprinkled bands;
The heavenly kingdom suffers force;
'Tis seized by violent hands:
See there the starry crown
That glitters through the skies!
Satan, the world, and sin tread down,
And take the glorious prize!

5 Through much distress and pain,
Through many a conflict here,
Through blood, ye must the entrance gain;
Yet, O disdain to fear!
"Courage!" your Captain cries,
Who all your toil foreknew;
"Toil ye shall have; yet all despise,
I have o'ercome for you."

6 The world cannot withstand
Its ancient Conqueror;
The world must sink beneath the hand
Which arms us for the war:
This is our victory!
Before our faith they fall;
Jesus hath died for you and me;
Believe, and conquer all.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 278. 7's & 6's. (55)

1 Sam. xvii.

1 WHO is this gigantic foe
That proudly stalks along,
Overlooks the crowd below,
In brazen armour strong?
Loudly of his strength he boasts,
On his sword and spear relies;
Meets the God of Israel's hosts,
And all their force defies.

2 Tallest of the earth-born race,
They tremble at his power,
Flee before the monster's face,
And own him conqueror.—
Who this mighty champion is,
Nature answers from within;
He is my own wickedness,
My own besetting sin.

3 In the strength of Jesu's name,
I with the monster fight;
Feeble and unarm'd I am,
But Jesus is my might:
Mindful of his mercies past,
Still I trust the same to prove
Still my helpless soul I cast,
On his redeeming love.

4 With my sling and stone I go
To fight the Philistine;
God hath said it shall be so,
And I shall conquer sin:
On his promise I rely,
Trust in an Almighty Lord;
Sure to win the victory,
For he hath spoke the word.

5 In the strength of God I rise,
I run to meet my foe;
Faith the word of power applies,
And lays the giant low:
Faith in Jesu's conquering name
Slings the sin-destroying stone;
Points the word's unerring aim,
And brings the monster down.

6 Rise, ye men of Israel, rise,
Your routed foe pursue;
Shout His praises to the skies,
Who conquers sin for you:

Jesus doth for you appear,
He his conquering grace affords;
Saves you, not with sword and spear,
The battle is the Lord's.

7 Every day the Lord of Hosts
His mighty power displays;
Stills the proud Philistine's boast,
The threat'ning Gittite slays:
Israel's God let all below
Conqueror over sin proclaim;
O that all the earth might know
The power of Jesu's name!

J. WESLEY.] HYMN 279. L. M. (1)

FROM THE GERMAN OF P. GERHARD.

1 SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?—
Or, undismay'd in deed and word,
Be a true witness for my Lord!

2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high?
How then before thee shall I dare,
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe the' unholy throng,
Soften thy truths, and smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endured, my God, by thee!

4 What then is he whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

5 Yea, let men rage, since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head;
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

6 Saviour of men, thy searching eye
Doth all mine inmost thoughts descry!
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?

7 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

8 For this let men revile my name;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
All hail, reproach! and welcome, pain!
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

9 My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent;
Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord!
Thy will be done, thy name adored!

10 Give me thy strength, O God of power;
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be:
'Tis fix'd; I can do all through thee!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 280. L. M. (55)

1 THE Lord is King, and earth submits,
Howe'er impatient, to his sway;
Between the Cherubim he sits,
And makes his restless foes obey.

2 All power is to our Jesus given;
O'er earth's rebellious sons he reigns;
He mildly rules the hosts of heaven;
And holds the powers of hell in chains.

3 In vain doth Satan rage his hour,
Beyond his chain he cannot go;
Our Jesus shall stir up his power,
And soon avenge us of our foe.

4 Jesus shall his great arm reveal;
Jesus the woman's conquering Seed,
(Though now the Serpent bruise his heel,)
Jesus shall bruise the Serpent's head.

5 The enemy his tares hath sown,
But Christ shall shortly root them up,
Shall cast the dire Accuser down,
And disappoint his children's hope:

6 Shall still the proud Philistine's noise,
Baffle the sons of unbelief;
Nor long permit them to rejoice,
But turn their triumph into grief.

7 Come, glorious Lord, the rebels spurn
Scatter thy foes, victorious King:
And Gath and Askelon shall mourn,
And all the sons of God shall sing:

8 Shall magnify the sovereign grace
Of him that sits upon the throne;
And earth and heaven conspire to praise
Jehovah, and his conquering Son.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 281. 8's & 6's. (11)

PART I.

1 ARE there not in the labourer's day
Twelve hours, in which he safely may
His calling's work pursue?
Though sin and Satan still are near,
Nor sin nor Satan can I fear,
With Jesus in my view.

2 Not all the powers of hell can fright
A soul that walks with Christ in light:
He walks, and cannot fall;
Clearly he sees, and wins his way,
Shining unto the perfect day,
And more than conquers all.

3 Light of the world! thy beams I bless!
On thee, bright Sun of Righteousness,
My faith hath fix'd its eye;
Guided by thee, through all I go,
Nor fear the ruin spread below,
For thou art always nigh.

4 Ten thousand snares my path beset;
Yet will I, Lord, the work complete,
Which thou to me hast given;
Regardless of the pains I feel,
Close by the gates of death and hell,
I urge my way to heaven.

5 Still will I strive, and labour still,
With humble zeal, to do thy will,
And trust in thy defence:
My soul into thy hands I give;
And, if he can obtain thy leave,
Let Satan pluck me thence!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 282. 8's & 6's. (1

PART II.

1 BUT can it be, that I should prove
For ever faithful to thy love,
From sin for ever cease?
I thank thee for the blessed hope;
It lifts my drooping spirits up,
It gives me back my peace.

2 In thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
Mighty, and merciful, and just;
Thy sacred word is past;
And I, who dare thy word receive,
Without committing sin shall live,
Shall live to God at last.

3 I rest in thine Almighty power;
The name of Jesus is a tower,
That hides my life above:
Thou canst, thou wilt my Helper be;
My confidence is all in thee,
The faithful God of Love.

4 While still to thee for help I call,
Thou wilt not suffer me to fall,
Thou canst not let me sin;
And thou shalt give me power to pray,
Till all my sins are purged away,
And all thy mind brought in.

5 Wherefore, in never-ceasing prayer,
My soul to thy continual care
I faithfully commend!
Assured that thou through life shalt save,
And show thyself beyond the grave
My everlasting Friend.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 283. 6-8's. {11}

1 O GOD, my hope, my heavenly rest,
My all of happiness below,
Grant my importunate request,
To me, to me, thy goodness show:
Thy beatific face display,
The brightness of eternal day.

2 Before my faith's enlighten'd eyes
Make all thy gracious goodness pass;
Thy goodness is the sight I prize:
O may I see thy smiling face!
Thy nature in my soul proclaim,
Reveal thy love, thy glorious name!

3 There in the place beside thy throne,
Where all that find acceptance stand,
Receive me up into thy Son;
Cover me with thy mighty hand;
Set me upon the Rock, and hide
My soul in Jesu's wounded side.

4 O put me in the cleft; empower
My soul the glorious sight to bear!
Descend in this accepted hour;
Pass by me, and thy name declare;
Thy wrath withdraw, thy hand remove,
And show thyself the God of Love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 284. 6-8's. (11)

1 TO thee, great God of Love! I bow,
And prostrate in thy sight adore:
By faith I see thee passing now;
I have, but still I ask for more;
A glimpse of love cannot suffice:
My soul for all thy presence cries.

2 The fulness of my vast reward
A blest eternity shall be:
But hast thou not on earth prepared
Some better thing than this for me?
What,—but one drop!—one transient sight!
I want a sun,—a sea of light.

3 *Moses* thy backward parts might view,
But not a perfect sight obtain;
The Gospel doth thy fulness show
To us, by the commandment slain:
The dead to sin shall find the grace;
The pure in heart shall see thy face.

4 More favour'd than the saints of old,—
Who now by faith approach to thee,
Shall all with open face behold
In Christ the glorious Deity;
Shall see and put the Godhead on,
The nature of thy sinless Son!

5 This, this is our high calling's prize!
Thine image in thy Son I claim;
And still to higher glories rise,
Till all transform'd I know thy name,
And glide to all my heaven above,
My highest heaven in Jesu's love.

. BYROM.] HYMN 285. L. M. (35)

FROM THE FRENCH.

1 COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above!
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which pants to have no other will,
But day and night to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue;
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu!

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

6 Wealth, honour, pleasure, and what else
This short-enduring world can give,
Tempt as ye will, my soul repels,
To Christ alone resolved to live.

7 Thee I can love, and thee alone,
With pure delight and inward bliss:
To know thou tak'st me for thine own,
O what a happiness is this!

8 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast:
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 286. L. M.

1 ABRAHAM, when severely tried,
His faith by his obedience show'd:
He with the harsh command complied,
And gave his *Isaac* back to God.

2 His son the father offer'd up,
Son of his age, his only son,
Object of all his joy and hope,
And less beloved than God alone.

3 O for a faith like his, that we
The bright example may pursue;
May gladly give up all to thee,
To whom our more than all is due!

4 Now, Lord, to thee our all we leave;
Our willing soul thy call obeys;
Pleasure, and wealth, and fame we give
Freedom, and life,—to win thy grace.

5 Is there a thing than life more dear?
A thing from which we cannot part?
We can: we now rejoice to tear
The idol from our bleeding heart.

6 Jesus, accept our sacrifice;
All things for thee we count but loss:
Lo! at thy word our *Isaac* dies,
Dies on the altar of thy cross.

7 For what to thee, O Lord, we give,
A hundred-fold we here obtain;
And soon with thee shall all receive,
And loss shall be eternal gain.

. WESLEY.] HYMN 287. 7s. (11)

1 OMNIPRESENT God! whose aid
No one ever ask'd in vain,
Be this night about my bed,
Every evil thought restrain:
Lay thy hand upon my soul,
God of my unguarded hours!
All my enemies control,
Hell, and earth, and nature's powers.

2 O thou jealous God! come down,
God of spotless purity;
Claim, and seize me for thine own,
Consecrate my heart to thee:
Under thy protection take;
Songs in the night-season give;
Let me sleep to thee, and wake;
Let me die to thee, and live.

3 Only tell me I am thine,
And thou wilt not quit thy right;
Answer me in dreams divine,
Dreams and visions of the night:
Bid me even in sleep go on,
Restlessly my God desire;
Mourn for God in every groan,
God in every thought require.

Loose me from the chains of sense,
Set me from the body free;
Draw with stronger influence
My unfetter'd soul to thee:
In me, Lord, thyself reveal;
Fill me with a sweet surprise;
Let me thee, when waking, feel,
Let me in thy image rise.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 288. 8's & 6's. (11)

1 O GOD, thy faithfulness I plead!
My present help in time of need,
My great Deliverer thou!
Haste to my aid, thine ear incline,
And rescue this poor soul of mine!
I claim the promise now!

2 Where is the way? Ah, show me where,
That I thy mercy may declare,
The power that sets me free:
How can I my destruction shun?
How can I from my nature run?
Answer, O God, for me!

3 One only way the erring mind
Of man, short-sighted man, can find,
From inbred sin to fly:
Stronger than love, I fondly thought,
Death, only death, can cut the knot,
Which love cannot untie.

4 But thou, O Lord, art full of grace;
Thy love can find a thousand ways
To foolish man unknown:
My soul upon thy love I cast;
I rest me, till the storm is past,
Upon thy love alone.

5 Thy faithful, wise, and mighty love
Shall every stumbling-block remove,
And make an open way:
Thy love shall burst the shades of death,
And bear me from the gulf beneath,
To everlasting day.

. WESLEY.] HYMN 289. L. M. (9,27)

GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head;

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling Providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Oft hath the sea confess'd thy power,
And given me back at thy command;
It could not, Lord, my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of thine hand.

4 Oft from the margin of the grave
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head;
Sudden, I found thee near to save;
The fever own'd thy touch, and fled.

5 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast?
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.

6 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my Wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

7 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me, where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.

8 Enlarge my heart to make thee room;
Enter, and in me ever stay;
The crooked then shall straight become;
The darkness shall be lost in day.

. WESLEY.] HYMN 290. L. M. (1)

MY God, if I may call thee mine,
From heaven and thee removed so far;
Draw nigh; thy pitying ear incline,
And cast not out my languid prayer.

Gently the weak thou lov'st to lead,
Thou lov'st to prop the feeble knee;
O break not then a bruised reed,
Nor quench the smoking flax in me.

Buried in sin, thy voice I hear,
And burst the barriers of my tomb,
In all the marks of death appear,—
Forth at thy call, though bound, I come.

Give me, O give me, fully, Lord,
Thy resurrection's power to know;
Free me indeed, repeat the word,
And loose my bands, and let me go.

Fain would I go to thee, my God,
Thy mercies and my wants to tell;
To feel my pardon seal'd in blood,
Saviour, thy love I wait to feel.

Freed from the power of cancell'd sin,
When shall my soul triumphant prove?
Why breaks not out the fire within
In flames of joy, and praise, and love?

Jesus, to thee my soul aspires;
Jesus, to thee I plight my vows;
Keep me from earthly, base desires,
My God, my Saviour, and my Spouse!

Fountain of all-sufficient bliss,
Thou art the good I seek below;
Fulness of joy in thee there is,
Without,—'tis misery all, and woe.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 291. L. M. (1)

1 FONDLY my foolish heart essays
To' augment the source of perfect bliss,
Love's all-sufficient sea to raise
With drops of creature-happiness.

O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
And guard the gift thyself hast given:
My portion Thou, my treasure, art,
And life, and happiness, and heaven.

3 Would ought on earth my wishes share,
Though dear as life the idol be,
The idol from my breast I'd tear,
Resolved to seek my all in thee.

4 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
To thee, my Lord, I here restore;
Gladly I all for thee resign;
Give me thyself, I ask no more.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 292. 7's & 6's. (55)

Isa. xxxii. 2.

1 TO the haven of thy breast,
O Son of Man, I fly!
Be my refuge and my rest,
For O the storm is high!
Save me from the furious blast;
A covert from the tempest be!
Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.

2 Welcome as the water-spring
To a dry, barren place,
O descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet refreshing grace

O'er a parched and weary land
As a great rock extends its shade,
Hide me, Saviour, with thine hand,
And screen my naked head.

3 In the time of my distress
Thou hast my succour been,
In my utter helplessness
Restraining me from sin:
O how swiftly didst thou move
To save me in the trying hour!
Still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy power.

4 First and last in me perform
The work thou hast begun;
Be my shelter from the storm,
My shadow from the sun:
Weary, parch'd with thirst, and faint,
Till thou the' abiding Spirit breathe,
Every moment, Lord, I want
The merit of thy death.

5 Never shall I want it less,
When thou the gift hast given,
Fill'd me with thy righteousness.
And seal'd the heir of heaven:
I shall hang upon my God
Till I thy perfect glory see;
Till the sprinkling of thy blood
Shall speak me up to thee.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 293. L. M. (55)

1 JESUS, my King, to thee I bow,
Enlisted under thy command;
Captain of my salvation, thou
Shalt lead me to the promised land.

2 Thou hast a great deliverance wrought,
The staff from off my shoulder broke;
Out of the house of bondage brought,
And freed me from the' Egyptian yoke.

3 O'er the vast howling wilderness,
To Canaan's bounds thou hast me led;
Thou bidd'st me now the land possess,
And on thy milk and honey feed.

4 I see an open door of hope;
Legions of sin in vain oppose:
Bold I with thee, my Head, march up,
And triumph o'er a world of foes.

5 Gigantic lusts come forth to fight-
I mark, disdain, and all break through;
I tread them down in Jesu's might,
Through Jesus I can all things do.

6 Lo! the tall sons of *Anak* rise!
Who can the sons of *Anak* meet?
Captain, to thee I lift mine eyes,
And, lo! they fall beneath my feet.

7 Passion, and appetite, and pride,
(Pride, my old, dreadful, tyrant-foe,)
I see cast down on every side,
And, conquering, I to conquer go.

8 My Lord in my behalf appears;
Captain, thy strength-inspiring eye
Scatters my doubts, dispels my fears,
And makes the hosts of aliens fly.

9 Who can before my Captain stand?
Who is so great a King as mine?
High over all is thy right hand,
And might and majesty are thine.

SECTION III.

FOR BELIEVERS PRAYING.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 294. 6-8's. (11)

1 JESUS, thou sovereign Lord of all,
The same through one eternal day,
Attend thy feeblest followers' call,
And O instruct us how to pray!
Pour out the supplicating grace,
And stir us up to seek thy face!

2 We cannot think a gracious thought,
We cannot feel a good desire,
Till thou, who call'dst a world from nought,
The power into our hearts inspire;
And then we in thy Spirit groan,
And then we give thee back thine own.

3 Jesus, regard the joint complaint
Of all thy tempted followers here!
And now supply the common want,
And send us down the Comforter:
The spirit of ceaseless prayer impart,
And fix thy Agent in our heart.

4 To help our soul's infirmity,
To heal thy sin-sick people's care,
To urge our God-commanding plea,
And make our hearts a house of prayer,
The promised Intercessor give,
And let us now thyself receive.

5 Come in thy pleading Spirit down
To us who for thy coming stay;
Of all thy gifts we ask but one,
We ask the constant power to pray:
Indulge us, Lord, in this request,
Thou can'st not then deny the rest.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 295. 7's & 6's. (11)

Luke xviii. 1.

1 COME, ye followers of the Lord,
In Jesu's service join:
Jesus gives the sacred word,
The ordinance divine:
Let us his command obey,
And ask and have whate'er we want;
Pray we, every moment, pray,
And never, never faint.

2 Place no longer let us give
To the old Tempter's will;
Never more our duty leave,
While Satan cries, "Be still:"
Stand we in the ancient way,
And here with God ourselves acquaint;
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

3 Be it weariness and pain
To slothful flesh and blood,
Yet we will the cross sustain,
And bless the welcome load;
All our griefs to God display,
And humbly pour out our complaint
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

4 Let us patiently endure,
And still our wants declare;
All the promises are sure
To persevering prayer:
Till we see the perfect day,
And each wakes up a sinless saint,
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

5 Pray we on when all renew'd,
And perfected in love;
Till we see the Saviour God
Descending from above,
All his heavenly charms survey,
Beyond what angel minds can paint,
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 296. 8. M. (11)

1 THE praying Spirit breathe,
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my anxious heart:
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppress;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come,
Thy own this moment seize;
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:
Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 297. C. M. (11)

1 SHEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day:
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.

3 The Spirit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
"I will not let thee go.

5 "I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.

6 "Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold thy open face;
Where faith in sight is swallow'd up,
And prayer in endless praise."

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 298. 6-8's. (15)

1 O WONDROUS power of faithful prayer!
What tongue can tell the' almighty grace?
God's hands or bound or open are,
As *Moses* or *Elijah* prays:
Let *Moses* in the spirit groan,
And God cries out, "Let me alone!

2 "Let me alone, that all my wrath
May rise the wicked to consume!
While justice hears thy praying faith,
It cannot seal the sinner's doom:
My Son is in my servant's prayer,
And Jesus forces me to spare."

3 O blessed word of gospel grace!
Which now we for our Israel plead:
A faithless and backsliding race,
Whom thou hast out of Egypt freed:

O do not then in wrath chastise,
Nor let thy whole displeasure rise.

1 Father, we ask in Jesu's name;
In Jesu's power and spirit pray!
Divert thy vengeful thunder's aim!
O turn thy threat'ning wrath away!
Our guilt and punishment remove,
And magnify thy pardoning love.

5 Father, regard thy pleading Son!
Accept his all-availing prayer;
And send a peaceful answer down,
In honour of our Spokesman there;
Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,
And speaks thy rebels up to heaven.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 299. 7's & 6's. (55)

Gen. iii. 15.

1 JESUS, thou hast bid us pray,
Pray always, and not faint;
With the word a power convey
To utter our complaint:
Quiet shalt thou never know,
Till we from sin are fully freed;
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the Serpent's head!

2 We have now begun to cry,
And we will never end,
Till we find salvation nigh,
And grasp the Sinner's Friend;
Day and night we'll speak our woe,
With thee importunately plead:
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the Serpent's head!

3 Speak the word, and we shall be
From all our bands released;
Only thou canst set us free,
By Satan long oppress'd:

Now thy power almighty show;
Arise, the Woman's conquering Seed!
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the Serpent's head!

4 To destroy his work of sin,
Thyself in us reveal;
Manifest thyself within
Our flesh, and fully dwell
With us, in us, here below;
Enter, and make us free indeed
O avenge us of our foe
And bruise the Serpent's head!

5 Stronger than the strong man, thou
His fury canst control:
Cast him out, by entering now,
And keep our ransom'd soul;
Satan's kingdom overthrow,
On all the powers of darkness tread,
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the Serpent's head!

6 To the never-ceasing cries
Of thine elect attend;
Send deliverance from the skies,
The mighty Spirit send:
Though to man thou seemest slow,
Our cries thou seemest not to heed;
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the Serpent's head!

7 Come, O come, all-glorious Lord!
No longer now delay;
With thy Spirit's two-edged sword
The crooked Serpent slay!
Bare thine arm, and give the blow,
Root out and kill the hellish seed;
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the Serpent's head!

8 Jesus, hear thy Spirit's call,
Thy Bride, who bids thee come;
Come, thou righteous Judge of all,
Pronounce the Tempter's doom;
Doom him to infernal woe,
For him and for his angels made;
Now avenge us of our foe,
For ever bruise his head!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 300. S. M. (18)

Rev. iii. 19.

1 JESUS, I fain would find
Thy zeal for God in me,
Thy yearning pity for mankind,
Thy burning charity.

2 In me thy Spirit dwell!
In me thy bowels move!
So shall the fervour of my zeal
Be the pure flame of love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 301. S. M. (55)

1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind;
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the Tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay
Or wish my sufferings less.
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray, I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

5 I want a true regard,
A single steady aim,
(Unmoved by threat'ning or reward,)
To thee and thy great name!
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify, thy grace.

6 I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 302. 7's. (18)

Isa. xxx. 19.

1 LORD, that I may learn of thee,
Give me true simplicity;
Wean my soul, and keep it low,
Willing thee alone to know.

2 Let me cast my reeds aside,
All that feeds my knowing pride;
Not to man, but God submit,
Lay my reasonings at thy feet:

3 Of my boasted wisdom spoil'd,
Docile, helpless as a child;
Only seeing in thy light,
Only walking in thy might

4 Then infuse the teaching grace,
Spirit of truth and righteousness;
Knowledge, love divine, impart,
Life eternal, to my heart.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 303. S. M. (26)

1 AH, when shall I awake
From sin's soft-soothing power,
The slumber from my spirit shake,
And rise to fall no more!
Awake, no more to sleep,
But stand with constant care,
Looking for God my soul to keep,
And watching unto prayer!

2 O could I always pray,
And never, never faint,
But simply to my God display
My every care and want!
I know that thou wouldst give
More than I can request;

Thou still art ready to receive
My soul to perfect rest.

3 I feel thee willing, Lord,
A sinful world to save:
All may obey thy gracious word,
May peace and pardon have.
Not one of all the race
But may return to thee,—
But at the throne of sovereign grace
May fall and weep, like me.

4 Here will I ever lie,
And tell thee all my care,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry,
And pour a ceaseless prayer;
Till thou my sins subdue,
Till thou my sins destroy,
My spirit after God renew,
And fill with peace and joy.

5 Messiah, Princ of Peace,
Into my soul bring in
The everlasting righteousness,
And make an end of sin.
Into all those that seek
Redemption through thy blood,
The sanctifying Spirit speak,
The plenitude of God.

6 Let us in patience wait
Till faith shall make us whole;
Till thou shalt all things new create
In each believing soul.
Who can resist thy will?
Speak, and it shall be done!
Thou shalt the work of faith fufil,
And perfect us in one.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 304. 8's & 6's. (18)

Matt. v. 1—12.

1 SAVIOUR, on me the want bestow,
Which all that feel shall surely know
Their sins on earth forgiven;
Give me to prove the kingdom mine,
And taste, in holiness divine,
The happiness of heaven.

2 Meeken my soul, thou heavenly Lamb,
That I in the new earth may claim
My hundred-fold reward;
My rich inheritance possess,
Co-heir with the great Prince of Peace
Co-partner with my Lord.

3 Me with that restless thirst inspire,
That sacred, infinite desire;
And feast my hungry heart:
Less than thyself cannot suffice:
My soul for all thy fulness cries,
For all thou hast and art.

4 Mercy who show shall mercy find;
Thy pitiful and tender mind
Be, Lord, on me bestow'd;
So shall I still the blessing gain,
And to eternal life retain
The mercy of my God.

5 Jesus, the crowning grace impart;
Bless me with purity of heart,
That, now beholding thee,
I soon may view thy open face,
On all thy glorious beauties gaze,
And God for ever see!

6 Not for my fault or folly's sake,
The name, or mode, or form, I take,—
But for true holiness,
Let me be wrong'd, reviled, abhorr'd;
And thee, my sanctifying Lord,
In life and death confess.

7 Call'd to sustain the hallow'd cross,
And suffer for thy righteous cause,
Pronounce me doubly blest;
And let thy glorious Spirit, Lord,
Assure me of my great reward,
In heaven's eternal feast.

SECTION IV

FOR BELIEVERS WATCHING.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 305. S. M. (11)

1 GRACIOUS Redeemer, shake
This slumber from my soul!
Say to me now, "Awake, awake!
And Christ shall make thee whole"
Lay to thy mighty hand;
Alarm me in this hour;
And make me fully understand
The thunder of thy power!

2 Give me on thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.
For each assault prepared
And ready may I be;
For ever standing on my guard,
And looking up to thee.

3 O do thou always warn
My soul of evil near!
When to the right or left I turn,
Thy voice still let me hear:

"Come back! this is the way;
Come back, and walk herein!"
O may I hearken and obey,
And shun the paths of sin!

4 Thou seest my feebleness;
Jesus, be thou my power,
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower.
Give me to trust in thee!
Be thou my sure abode;
My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
My Saviour, and my God.

5 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep;
But strength in thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep:
My soul to thee alone
Now therefore I commend;
Thou, Jesus, love me as thy own,
And love me to the end.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 306. 6-8's. (11)

1 FATHER, to thee I lift mine eyes,
My longing eyes, and restless heart:
Before the morning watch I rise,
And wait to taste how good thou art,
To' obtain the grace I humbly claim,
The saving power of Jesu's name.

2 This slumber from my soul, O shake!
Warn by thy Spirit's inward call;
Let me to righteousness awake,
And pray that I no more may fall,
Or give to sin or Satan place,
But walk in all thy righteous ways.

3 O would'st thou, Lord, thy servant guard,
'Gainst every known or secret foe;
A mind for all assaults prepared,
A sober, vigilant mind bestow,
Ever apprised of danger nigh,
And when to fight, and when to fly

4 O never suffer me to sleep
Secure within the verge of hell;
But still my watchful spirit keep
In lowly awe and loving zeal;
And bless me with a godly fear,
And plant that guardian-angel here!

5 Attended by the sacred dread,
And wise from evil to depart,
Let me from strength to strength proceed,
And rise to purity of heart;
Through all the paths of duty move,
From humble faith to perfect love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 307. C. M. D. (11)

1 GOD of all grace and majesty,
Supremely great and good!
If I have mercy found with thee,
Through the atoning blood;
The guard of all thy mercies give,
And to my pardon join
A fear lest I should ever grieve
The gracious Spirit Divine.

2 If mercy is indeed with thee,
May I obedient prove;
Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
Or sin against thy love:
This choicest fruit of faith bestow
On a poor sojourner;
And let me pass my days below
In humbleness and fear.

3 Rather I would in darkness mourn
The absence of thy peace,
Than e'er by light irreverence turn
Thy grace to wantonness:
Rather I would, in painful awe,
Beneath thine anger move,
Than sin against the gospel law
Of liberty and love.

4 But, O! thou would'st not have me live
In bondage, grief, or pain;
Thou dost not take delight to grieve
The helpless sons of men:
Thy will is my salvation, Lord;
And let it now take place!
And let me tremble at the word
Of reconciling grace.

5 Still may I walk as in thy sight,
My strict Observer see;
And thou by reverent love unite
My child-like heart to thee:
Still let me, till my days are past,
At Jesu's feet abide;
So shall he lift me up at last,
And seat me by his side.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 308. C. M. D. (11,37)

1 I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near.
I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wand'ring of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

2 That I from thee no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience, give.
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

3 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away,
For having grieved thy love
O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul;
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 309. 8's & 6's. (11)

1 HELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand by,
Throughout the evil day:
The sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray.

2 My soul with thy whole armour arm;
In each approach of sin alarm,
And show the danger near;
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy,
And sanctifying fear.

3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
O let me see thy gathering frown,
And feel thy warning eye;

And starting, cry, from ruin's brink,
Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink,
O save me, or I die!

4 If near the pit I rashly stray,
Before I wholly fall away,
The keen conviction dart!
Recall me by that pitying look,
That kind, upbraiding glance, which broke
Unfaithful *Peter's* heart.

5 In me thine utmost mercy show,
And make me like thyself below,
Unblamable in grace;
Ready prepared, and fitted here,
By perfect holiness, to' appear
Before thy glorious face.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 310. C. M. (11)

1 INTO a world of ruffians sent,
I walk on hostile ground;
While human bears on slaughter bent,
And ravening wolves, surround.

2 The lion seeks my soul to slay,
In some unguarded hour;
And waits to tear his sleeping prey,
And watches to devour.

3 But worse than all my foes I find
The enemy within,
The evil heart, the carnal mind,
Mine own insidious sin.

4 My nature every moment waits
To render me secure,
And all my paths with ease besets,
To make my ruin sure.

5 But thou hast given a loud alarm;
And thou shalt still prepare
My soul for all assaults, and arm
With never-ceasing prayer.

6 O do not suffer me to sleep,
Who on thy love depend;
But still thy faithful servant keep,
And save me to the end!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 311. S. M. (11

1 BID me of men beware,
And to my ways take heed;
Discern their every secret snare,
And circumspectly tread.
O may I calmly wait
Thy succours from above;
And stand against their open hate,
And well-dissembled love!

2 My spirit, Lord, alarm,
When men and devils join;
'Gainst all the powers of Satan arm
In panoply divine:
O may I set my face
His onsets to repel;
Quench all his fiery darts, and chase
The fiend to his own hell!

3 But, above all, afraid
Of my own bosom foe,
Still let me seek to thee for aid,
To thee my weakness show;
Hang on thy arm alone,
With self-distrusting care,
And deeply in the Spirit groan
The never-ceasing prayer.

4 Give me a sober mind,
A quick-discerning eye,
The first approach of sin to find,
And all occasions fly.
Still may I cleave to thee,
And never more depart,
But watch with godly jealousy
Over my evil heart.

5 Thus may I pass my days
Of sojourning beneath,
And languish to conclude my race,
And render up my breath;
In humble love and fear,
Thine image to regain,
And see thee in the clouds appear,
And rise with thee to reign!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 312. L. M. (55)

1 JESU, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend;
Inspire, and then accept, my prayer.

2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings;
If with me now thy Spirit stays,
And hovering hides me in his wings;

3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till he renews my heart.

4 When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear:
"Return, and walk in Christ thy way;
Fly back to Christ; for sin is near."

5 His sacred unction from above
Be still my comforter and guide;
Till all the stony he remove,
And in my loving heart reside.

6 Jesus, I fain would walk in thee,
From nature's every path retreat;
Thou art my Way, my Leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.

7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
O reach me out thy gracious hand!
Only on thee for help I call:
Only by faith in thee I stand.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 313. L. M. (55)

1 PIERCE, fill me with an humble fear:
My utter helplessness reveal!
Satan and sin are always near;
Thee may I always nearer feel.

2 O that to thee my constant mind
Might with an even flame aspire,
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And mark the risings of desire!

3 O that my tender soul might fly
The first abhorr'd approach of ill;
Quick, as the apple of an eye,
The slightest touch of sin to feel!

4 Till thou anew my soul create,
Still may I strive, and watch, and pray,
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to see the perfect day

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 314. S.M. (11)

PART I.

1 HARK, how the watchmen cry,
Attend the trumpet's sound!
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround:
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand!
Go forth to glorious war!

2 See, on the mountain-top,
The standard of your God!
In Jesu's name I lift it up,
All stain'd with hallow'd blood.
His standard-bearer, I
To all the nations call:
Let all to Jesu's cross draw nigh!
He bore the cross for all.

3 Go up with Christ your Head;
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.
All power to him is given;
He ever reigns the same;
Salvation, happiness, and heaven
Are all in Jesu's name.

4 Only have faith in God;
In faith your foes assail;
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,
But all the powers of hell:
From thrones of glory driven,
By flaming vengeance hurl'd,
They throng the air, and darken heaven,
And rule the lower world.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 315. S. M. (11)

PART II.

1 ANGELS your march oppose,
Who still in strength excel,
Your secret, sworn, eternal foes,
Countless, invisible:
With rage that never ends,
Their hellish arts they try,
Legions of dire, malicious fiends,
And spirits enthroned on high.

2 On earth the' usurpers reign,
Exert their baneful power;
O'er the poor fallen sons of men
They tyrannize their hour:
But shall believers fear?
But shall believers fly?
Or see the bloody cross appear,
And all their powers defy!

3 Jesu's tremendous name
Puts all our foes to flight:
Jesus, the meek, the angry Lamb,
A Lion is in fight.
By all hell's host withstood,
We all hell's hosts o'erthrow;
And conquering them, through Jesu's blood,
We still to conquer go.

4 Our Captain leads us on;
He beckons from the skies,
And reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize:
"Be faithful unto death;
Partake my victory;
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me."

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 316. L. M. (38)

1 ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds!

2 Thee, while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too!
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name;
But, O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!

5 God is in heaven, and men below:
Be short our tunes, our words be few!
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 317. L. M. (18)

Matt. v. 13.

1 AH Lord! with trembling I confess,
A gracious soul may fall from grace;
The salt may lose its seasoning power,
And never, never find it more.

2 Lest this my fearful case should be,
Each moment knit my soul to thee;
And lead me to the mount above,
Through the low vale of humble love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 318. S. M. (18)

Lev. viii. 15.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;—
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O! thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give:
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 319. 6-8's. (18)

Neh. v. 9.

1 WATCH'D by the world's malignant eye,
Who load us with reproach and shame
As servants of the Lord Most High,
As zealous for his glorious name,
We ought in all his paths to move,
With holy fear and humble love

2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
From every evil to depart;
To stop the mouth of every foe,
While, upright both in life and heart,
The proofs of godly fear we give,
And show them how the Christians live.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 320. 8's & 6's (18

Job xxviii. 28.

1 BE it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude;
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart!
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given;
And let me through thy Spirit know,
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

SECTION V.

FOR BELIEVERS WORKING.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 321. C. M. (1)

1 SUMMON'D my labour to renew,
And glad to act my part,
Lord, in thy name my work I do,
And with a single heart.

2 End of my every action thou,
In all things thee I see:
Accept my hallow'd labour now;
I do it unto thee.

3 Whate'er the Father views as thine,
He views with gracious eyes;
Jesus, this mean oblation join
To thy great Sacrifice.

4 Stamp'd with an infinite desert,
My work he then shall own;
Well pleased with me, when mine thou art,
And I his favour'd son.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 322. C. M. (1)

1 SERVANT of all, to toil for man
Thou didst not, Lord, refuse;
Thy majesty did not disdain
To be employ'd for us!

2 Thy bright example I pursue,
To thee in all things rise;
And all I think, or speak, or do,
Is one great sacrifice.

3 Careless through outward cares I go,
From all distraction free;
My hands are but engaged below,
My heart is still with thee.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 323. S. M. (11,37)

1 GOD of Almighty love,
By whose sufficient grace
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek thy face:
Through Jesus Christ the Just,
My faint desires receive;
And let me in thy goodness trust,
And to thy glory live.

2 Whate'er I say or do,
Thy glory be my aim;
My offerings all be offer'd through
The ever-blessed Name!
Jesus, my single eye
Be fix'd on thee alone:
Thy name be praised on earth, on high;
Thy will by all be done!

3 Spirit of faith inspire,
My consecrated heart;
Fill me with pure, celestial fire,
With all thou hast, and art:
My feeble mind transform,
And, perfectly renew'd,
Into a saint exalt a worm,
A worm exalt to God!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 324. L. M. (11)

1 FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task thy wisdom hath assigned,
O let me cheerfully fulfil!
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thy acceptable will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.

5 For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 325. 7's & 6's. (15)

1 LO! I come with joy to do
The Master's blessed will;
Him in outward works pursue,
And serve his pleasure still.
Faithful to my Lord's commands,
I still would choose the better part
Serve with careful *Martha's* hands,
And loving *Mary's* heart.

2 Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil,
Kept in peace by Jesu's name,
Supported by his smile:
Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find his service my reward;
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

3 Thou, O Lord, in tender love,
Dost all my burdens bear!
Lift my heart to things above,
And fix it ever there!
Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,
'Midst busy multitudes alone,
Sweetly waiting at thy feet,
Till all thy will be done

4 Thou, O Lord, my portion art,
Before I hence remove!
Now my treasure and my heart
Are all laid up above:
Far above all earthly things,
While yet my hands are here employ'd,
Sees my soul the King of kings,
And freely talks with God.

5 O that all the art might know
Of living thus to thee!
Find their heaven begun below,
And here thy glory see!
Walk in all the works prepared
By thee to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see thy glorious face!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 326. 6-8's. (18)

1 CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of thy protecting love:
Our strength, thy grace; our rule, thy word;
Our end, the glory of the Lord.

2 By thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 327. L. M. (18)

1 O THOU that camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to' impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its source return,
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my hearts desire
To work, and speak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 328. 6-8's. (18)

Deut. vi. 7.

1 WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still;
My joy thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heart-felt word be mine.

2 O may the gracious words divine
Subject of all my converse be:
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with me;
So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast!
While, on the bosom of my Lord,
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.

4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long;
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue;
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above.

SECTION VI.

FOR BELIEVERS SUFFERING.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 329. C. M. (11)

1 THEE, Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Thee, Saviour, we adore;
Thee in affliction's furnace praise,
And magnify thy power.

2 Thy power, in human weakness shown,
Shall make us all entire;
We now thy guardian presence own,
And walk unburn'd in fire.

3 Thee, Son of Man, by faith we see,
And glory in our guide;
Surrounded and upheld by thee,
The fiery test abide.

4 The fire our graces shall refine,
Till moulded from above,
We bear the character divine,
The stamp of perfect love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 330. 6-8's. (11)

1 SAVIOUR of all, what hast thou done,
What hast thou suffer'd on the tree?
Why didst thou groan thy mortal groan,
Obedient unto death for me?
The mystery of thy passion show,
The end of all thy griefs below.

2 Thy soul, for sin an offering made,
Hath clear'd this guilty soul of mine
Thou hast for me a ransom paid,
To change my human to divine,

To cleanse from all iniquity,
And make the sinner all like thee.

3 Pardon, and grace, and heaven to buy,
My bleeding SACRIFICE expired;
But didst thou not my PATTERN die,
That by thy glorious Spirit fired,
Faithful to death I might endure,
And make the crown by suffering sure?

4 Thou didst the meek example leave,
That I might in thy footsteps tread;
Might, like the Man of Sorrows, grieve,
And groan and bow with thee my head;
Thy dying in my body bear,
And all thy state of suffering share.

5 Thy every suffering servant, Lord,
Shall as his perfect Master be;
To all thy inward life restored,
And outwardly conform'd to thee,
Out of thy grave the saint shall rise,
And grasp, through death, the glorious prize.

6 This is the strait and royal way,
That leads us to the courts above;
Here let me ever, ever stay,
Till, on the wings of perfect love,
I take my last triumphant flight,
From Calvary's to Sion's height.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 331. C. M. (9)

1 THOU, Lord, hast blest my going out;
O bless my coming in!
Compass my weakness round about,
And keep me safe from sin.

2 Still hide me in thy secret place,
Thy Tabernacle spread;
Shelter me with preserving grace,
And screen my naked head.

3 To thee for refuge may I run,
From sin's alluring snare;
Ready its first approach to shun,
And watching unto prayer.

4 O that I never, never more
Might from thy ways depart!
Here let me give my wanderings o'er,
By giving thee my heart.

5 Fix my new heart on things above,
And then from earth release;
I ask not life, but let me love,
And lay me down in peace.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 332. 6-8s. (11)

Luke ix. 23.

1 MASTER, I own thy lawful claim,
Thine, wholly thine, I long to be!
Thou seest, at last, I willing am,
Where'er thou go'st, to follow thee;
Myself in all things to deny;
Thine, wholly thine, to live and die.

2 Whate'er my sinful flesh requires,
For thee I cheerfully forego;
My covetous and vain desires,
My hopes of happiness below;
My senses' and my passions' food,
And all my thirst for creature-good.

3 Pleasure, and wealth, and praise no more
Shall lead my captive soul astray:
My fond pursuits I all give o'er,
Thee, only thee, resolved to' obey;

My own in all things to resign,
And know no other will but thine.

4 All power is thine in earth and heaven;
All fulness dwells in thee alone;
Whate'er I have was freely given;
Nothing but sin I call my own;
Other propriety disclaim;
Thou only art the great I AM.

5 Wherefore to thee I all resign;
Being thou art, and Love, and Power;
Thy only will be done, not mine!
Thee, Lord, let heaven and earth adore!
Flow back the rivers to the sea,
And let our all be lost in thee!

C. WESLEY] HYMN 333. 8's & 6's. (11,27)

1 COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness;
Who still your bodies feel;
A while forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode:
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up;
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight
Shall fill heaven's sounding courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

6 The Father shining on his throne,
The glorious co-eternal Son,
The Spirit, one and seven,
Conspire our rapture to complete;
And, lo! we fall before his feet,
And silence heightens heaven.

7 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
And at thy footstool fall;
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
And God is All in All!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 334. 8's & 6's. (18)

2 Sam. xvi.

1 LORD, I adore thy gracious will;
Through every instrument of ill
My Father's goodness see;
Accept the complicated wrong
Of Shimei's hand and Shimei's tongue,
As kind rebukes from thee!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 335. 7's & 6's. (19)

1 CAST on the fidelity
Of my redeeming Lord,
I shall his salvation see,
According to his word:
Credence to his word I give;
My Saviour in distresses past
Will not now his servant leave,
But bring me through at last.

2 Better than my boding fears
To me thou oft hast proved;
Oft observed my silent tears,
And challenged thy beloved:
Mercy to my rescue flew,
And death ungrasp'd his fainting prey;
Pain before thy face withdrew,
And sorrow fled away.

3 Now as yesterday the same,
In all my troubles nigh,
Jesus, on thy Word and Name
I steadfastly rely;
Sure as now the grief I feel,
The promised joy I soon shall have;
Saved again, to sinners tell
Thy power and will to save.

4 To thy blessed will resign'd,
And stay'd on that alone,
I thy perfect strength shall find,
Thy faithful mercies own;
Compass'd round with songs of praise,
My all to my Redeemer give;
Spread thy miracles of grace,
And to thy glory live

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 336. 7's & 6's. (19)

1 FATHER, in the Name I pray
Of thy Incarnate Love;
Humbly ask, that as my day
My suffering strength may prove:
When my sorrows most increase,
Let thy strongest joys be given:
Jesus, come with my distress,
And agony is heaven!

2 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
For good remember me!
Me, whom thou hast caused to trust
For more than life on thee:
With me in the fire remain,
Till like burnish'd gold I shine,
Meet, through consecrated pain,
To see the Face Divine.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 337. L. M. (1)

1 ETERNAL Beam of Light Divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love,
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Through earth beneath and heaven above:

2 Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear:
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love, and lowly fear.

3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill,
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to hea..

4 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone;
And grief, and fear, and care, shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

5 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace!"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still!"
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sovereign will.

6 O death! where is thy sting? Where now
Thy boasted victory, O grave?
Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

J. WESLEY.] HYMN 338. L. M. (1)

FROM THE GERMAN OF P. GERHARD.

1 THOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,
For thee, my thirsty soul doth pine;
My longing heart implores thy grace;
O make me in thy likeness shine!

2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see;
In love be every wish resign'd,
And hallow'd my whole heart to thee.

3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.

4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various current flow;
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow thee where'er thou go.

5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won;
Alone thou hast the winepress trod:
In me thy strength'ning grace be shown;
O may I conquer through thy blood!

6 So, when on Sion, thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's host adore their King,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And free from pain thy glories sing.

J. WESLEY.] HYMN 339. L. M. (1)

FROM THE GERMAN OF P. GERHARD.

1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free!

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean!

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my Light, be thou my Way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee!
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill!

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

SECTION VII.

SEEKING FOR FULL REDEMPTION.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 340. S. M. (18)

Jer. xliv. 4. xxxi. 33.

1 THE thing my God doth hate
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew:
My soul shall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And, sanctified, by love divine,
For ever cease from sin.

2 That blessed law of thine,
Jesus, to me impart:
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it in my heart!
Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove;
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

3 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity.
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee,
Soul of my soul remain!
Who didst for all fulfil,
In me, O Lord, fulfil again
Thy heavenly Father's will.

C. WESLEY] HYMN 341. L. M. (18)

Matt. xxvii. 46; Ezek. xxxvi. 36.

1 O JESUS, let thy dying cry
Pierce to the bottom of my heart,
Its evils cure, its wants supply,
And bid my unbelief depart.

2 Slay the dire root and seed of sin;
Prepare for thee the holiest place;
Then, O essential Love, come in!
And fill thy house with endless praise.

3 Let me, according to thy word,
A tender, contrite heart receive,
Which grieves at having grieved its Lord,
And never can itself forgive:

4 A heart thy joys and griefs to feel,
A heart that cannot faithless prove,
A heart where Christ alone may dwell,
All praise, all meekness, and all love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 342. C M. (18)

Micah vii. 20; Matt. xv. 28; Mark ix. 23.

1 GOD of eternal truth and grace,
Thy faithful promise seal!
Thy word, thy oath to Abraham's race,
In us, even us, fulfil.

2 Let us, to perfect love restored,
Thy image here retrieve;
And in the presence of our Lord
The life of angels live.

3 That mighty faith on me bestow,
Which cannot ask in vain;
Which holds, and will not let thee go,
Till I my suit obtain:

4 Till thou into my soul inspire
The perfect love unknown,
And tell my infinite desire,
"Whate'er thou wilt, be done."

5 But is it possible that I
Should live and sin no more?
Lord, if on thee I dare rely,
The faith shall bring the power.

6 On me that faith divine bestow,
Which doth the mountain move:
And all my spotless life shall show
The omnipotence of love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 343. C. M. (27,58)

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone:

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within:

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!

5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe:
Jesus, for thee distress'd I am,
I want thy love to know.

6 My heart, thou know'st, can never rest,
Till thou create my peace;
Till, of my Eden re-possest,
From every sin I cease.

7 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me
Bestow that peace unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.

§ Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

J. WESLEY.] HYMN 344. 6-8's. (1,27,58)

FROM THE GERMAN OF P. GERHARD.

1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows;
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but though my will
Seems fix'd, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hind'rances strew all the way;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

3 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee;
Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see;
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend!

4 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

5 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive!

In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but thee!

6 O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there:
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may, "Abba Father," cry!

7 Ah, no! ne'er will I backward turn;
Thine wholly, thine alone, I am;
Thrice happy he who views with scorn
Earth's toys, for thee his constant flame!
O help, that I may never move
From the blest footsteps of thy love!

8 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 345. 4-6's & 2-8's. (55)

1 YE ransom'd sinners, hear,
The prisoners of the Lord,
And wait till Christ appear,
According to his word:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

2 Let others hug their chains,
For sin and Satan plead,
And say from sin's remains
They never can be freed:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 In God we put our trust;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful he is, and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me·
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 Surely in us the hope
Of glory shall appear;
Sinners, your heads lift up,
And see Redemption near:
Again I say, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

5 Who Jesu's sufferings share,
My fellow-prisoners now,
Ye soon the wreath shall wear
On your triumphant brow:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free

6 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

7 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise;
Let us give thanks, and sing,
And glory in his grace:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me
We shall from all our sins be free.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 346. C. M (9,87)

1 FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died!

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 347. C. M. (9,37)

1 JESUS, my life! thyself apply,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe;
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to thy death.

2 Conqu'ror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with thy rebel strive;
Enter my soul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive!

3 More of thy life, and more, I have,
As the old Adam dies:
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.

4 Reign in me, Lord, thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway;
Diffuse thine image through my soul,
Shine to the perfect day.

5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode;
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 348. 7's. (9)

Isa. xxxv.

PART I.

1 HEAVENLY Father, sovereign Lord,
Ever faithful to thy word,
Humbly we our seal set to,
Testify that thou art true.
Lo! for us the wilds are glad,
All in cheerful green array'd;
Opening sweets they all disclose,
Bud and blossom as the rose.

2 Hark! the wastes have found a voice;
Lonely deserts now rejoice,
Gladsome hallelujahs sing,
All around with praises ring.
Lo! abundantly they bloom;
Lebanon is hither come;
Carmel's stores the heavens dispense,
Sharon's fertile excellence.

3 See, these barren souls of ours
Bloom, and put forth fruits and flowers,
Flowers of Eden, fruits of grace,
Peace, and joy, and righteousness.
We behold (the abjects, we!)
Christ, the' incarnate Deity,
Christ, in whom thy glories shine,
Excellence of strength divine.

4 Ye that tremble at his frown,
He shall lift your hands cast down;
Christ, who all your weakness sees,
He shall prop your feeble knees.
Ye of fearful hearts, be strong;
Jesus will not tarry long;
Fear not lest his truth should fail:
Jesus is unchangeable.

5 God, your God, shall surely come,
Quell your foes, and seal their doom;
He shall come and save you too:
We, O Lord, have found thee true!
Blind we were, but now we see;
Deaf, we hearken now to thee;
Dumb, for thee our tongues employ;
Lame, and, lo! we leap for joy.

6 Faint we were, and parch'd with drought,
Water at thy word gush'd out:
Streams of grace our thirst repress,
Starting from the wilderness.
Still we gasp thy grace to know;
Here for ever let it flow;
Make the thirsty land a pool,
Fix thy Spirit in our soul.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 349. 7's. (9)

PART II.

1 WHERE the ancient Dragon lay
Open for thyself a way!
There let holy tempers rise,
All the fruits of Paradise.
Lead us in the way of peace,
In the path of righteousness,
Never by the sinner trod,
Till he feels the cleansing blood.

2 There the simple cannot stray;
Babes, though blind, may find the way,
Find, nor ever thence depart,
Safe in lowliness of heart;
Far from fear, from danger far;
No devouring beast is there;
There the humble walk secure,
God hath made their footsteps sure.

3 Jesus, mighty to redeem,
Let our lot be cast with them;
Far from earth our souls remove,
Ransom'd by thy dying love.
Leave us not below to mourn;
Fain we would to thee return,
Crown'd with righteousness, arise
Far above these nether skies.

4 Come, and all our sorrows chase,
Wipe the tears from every face;
Gladness let us now obtain,
Partners of thine endless reign.
Death, the latest foe, destroy;
Sorrow then shall yield to joy;
Gloomy grief shall flee away,
Swallow'd up in endless day.

J. WESLEY.] HYMN 350 7's. (9,27,59)

FROM THE GERMAN OF P. GERHARD

1 HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be!

2 Jesu, see my panting breast!
See I pant in thee to rest;
Gladly would I now be clean:
Cleanse me now from every sin.

3 Fix, O fix my wavering mind;
To thy cross my spirit bind;
Earthly passions far remove;
Swallow up my soul in love.

4 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God!
Take the purchase of thy blood!

5 Who in heart on thee believes,
He the' atonement now receives;
He with joy beholds thy face,
Triumphs in thy pardoning grace.

6 See, ye sinners! see the flame,
Rising from the slaughter'd Lamb,
Marks the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day.

7 Jesus, when this light we see,
All our soul's athirst for thee;
When thy quick'ning power we prove,
All our heart dissolves in love.

8 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable, are thine:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 351. 6-8s. (9)

1 COME, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire!
Come, and my hallow'd heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the' atoning blood:
Now to my soul thyself reveal;
Thy mighty working let me feel,
And know that I am born of God.

2 Thy witness with my spirit bear,
That God, my God, inhabits there,
Thou, with the Father, and the Son,
Eternal light's co-eval beam:—
Be Christ in me, and I in him,
Till perfect we are made in one.

3 When wilt thou my whole heart subdue?
Come, Lord, and form my soul anew,
Emptied of pride, and wrath, and hell:

Less than the least of all thy store
Of mercies, I myself abhor:
All, all my vileness may I feel.

4 Humble, and teachable, and mild,
O may I, as a little child,
My lowly Master's steps pursue!
Be anger to my soul unknown;
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone;
In love create thou all things new.

5 Let earth no more my heart divide;
With Christ may I be crucified,
To thee with my whole soul aspire;
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,
Be thou alone my one desire.

6 Be thou my joy, be thou my dread;
In battle cover thou my head;
Nor earth, nor hell I then shall fear;
I then shall turn my steady face,—
Want, pain defy,—enjoy disgrace,—
Glory in dissolution near.

7 My will be swallow'd up in thee;
Light in thy light still may I see,
Beholding thee with open face;
Call'd the full power of faith to prove,
Let all my hallow'd heart be love,
And all my spotless life be praise.

8 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire!
My consecrated heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood;
Still to my soul thyself reveal;
Thy mighty working may I feel,
And know that I am one with God.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 352. 2-6's & 4-7's. (1)

1 JESUS, thou art our King!
To me thy succour bring;
Christ, the mighty One, art thou;
Help for all on thee is laid;
This the word; I claim it now;
Send me now the promised aid.

2 High on thy Father's throne,
O look with pity down!
Help, O help, attend my call,
Captive lead captivity;
King of glory, Lord of all,
Christ, be Lord, be King to me!

3 I pant to feel thy sway,
And only thee to' obey;
Thee my spirit gasps to meet;
This my one, my ceaseless prayer,
Make, O make my heart thy seat,
O set up thy kingdom there!

4 Triumph and reign in me,
And spread thy victory;
Hell, and death, and sin control,
Pride, and wrath, and every foe,
All subdue; through all my soul
Conquering, and to conquer, go.

J. WESLEY.] HYMN 353. 6-8's. (1,27)

FROM THE GERMAN OF P. GERHARD.

1 O JESU, source of calm repose,
Thy like nor man nor angel knows;
Fairest among ten thousand fair!
Even those whom death's sad fetters bound,
Whom thickest darkness compass'd round,
Find light and life, if thou appear.

2 Effulgence of the Light Divine,
Ere rolling planets knew to shine,
Ere time its ceaseless course began;
Thou, when the' appointed hour was come,
Didst not abhor the virgin's womb,
But, God with God, wast man with man.

3 The world, sin, death, oppose in vain;
Thou, by thy dying, death hast slain,
My great Deliverer, and my God!
In vain does the old Dragon rage,
In vain all hell its powers engage;
None can withstand thy conquering blood.

4 Lord over all, sent to fulfil
Thy gracious Father's sovereign will,
To thy dread sceptre will I bow:
With duteous reverence at thy feet,
Like humble Mary, lo! I sit;
Speak, Lord! thy servant heareth now.

5 Renew thine image, Lord, in me;
Lowly and gentle may I be;
No charms but these to thee are dear:
No anger may'st thou ever find,
No pride, in my unruffled mind,
But faith, and heaven-born peace, be there!

6 A patient, a victorious mind,
That life and all things casts behind,
Springs forth obedient to thy call;
A heart that no desire can move,
But still to' adore, believe, and love,
Give me, my Lord, my Life, my All!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 354. 7's & 6's. (55)

1 EVER fainting with desire,
For thee, O Christ, I call;
Thee I restlessly require;
I want my God, my All!
Jesus, dear redeeming Lord,
I wait thy coming from above:
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

2 Wilt thou suffer me to go
Lamenting all my days?
Shall I never, never know
Thy sanctifying grace?
Wilt thou not the light afford,
The darkness from my soul remove?
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

3 Lord, if I on thee believe,
The second gift impart;
With the' indwelling Spirit give
A new, a contrite heart:
If with love thy heart is stored,
If now o'er me thy bowels move,
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

4 Let me gain my calling's hope;
O make the sinner clean!
Dry corruption's fountain up,
Cut off the' entail of sin:
Take me into thee, my Lord,
And I shall then no longer rove:
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

5 Thou, my Life, my Treasure be,
My portion here below;
Nothing would I seek but thee,
Thee only would I know,
My exceeding great Reward,
My Heaven on earth, my Heaven above!
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

6 Grant me now the bliss to feel
Of those that are in thee;
Son of God, thyself reveal,
Engrave thy name on me;
As in heaven be here adored,
And let me now the promise prove;
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 355. 7's. (55)

Phil. ii. 5.

1 JESU, shall I never be
Firmly grounded upon thee?
Never by thy work abide,
Never in thy wounds reside?

2 O how wavering is my mind,
Toss'd about with every wind!
O how quickly doth my heart
From the living God depart!

3 Jesu, let my nature feel,
Thou art God unchangeable:
JAH, JEHOVAH, great I AM,
Speak into my soul thy Name.

4 Grant that every moment I
May believe, and feel thee nigh;
Steadfastly behold thy face,
'Stablish'd with abiding grace

5 Plant, and root, and fix in me
All the mind that was in thee:
Settled peace I then shall find;
Jesu's is a *quiet* mind.

6 Anger I no more shall feel,
Always even, always still,
Meekly on my God reclined;
Jesu's is a *gentle* mind.

7 I shall suffer and fulfil
All my Father's gracious will;
Be in all alike resign'd;
Jesu's is a *patient* mind.

8 When 'tis deeply rooted here,
Perfect love shall cast out fear;
Fear doth servile spirits bind;
Jesu's is a *noble* mind.

9 When I feel it fix'd within,
I shall have no power to sin;
How shall sin an entrance find?
Jesu's is a *spotless* mind.

10 I shall nothing know beside
Jesus, and him crucified;
Perfectly to him be joined;
Jesu's is a *loving* mind.

11 I shall triumph evermore,
Gratefully my God adore,—
God so good, so true, so kind;
Jesu's is a *thankful* mind.

12 Lowly, loving, meek, and pure,
I shall to the end endure;
Be no more to sin inclined;
Jesu's is a *constant* mind.

13 I shall fully be restored
To the image of my Lord;
Witnessing to all mankind,
Jesu's is a *perfect* mind.

C. WESLEY. | HYMN 356. C. M. (55)

1 LORD, I believe thy every word,
Thy every promise, true;
And, lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my strength renew.

2 If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile show forth thy praise:
Jesu, support the tottering clay,
And lengthen out my days.

3 If such a worm as I can spread
The common Saviour's name;
Let him who raised thee from the dead
Quicken my mortal frame.

4 Still let me live thy blood to show,
Which purges every stain;
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.

5 Spare me till I my strength of soul,
Till I thy love, retrieve;
Till faith shall make my spirit whole,
And perfect soundness give.

6 Faith to be heal'd thou know'st I have,
From sin to be made clean;
Able thou art from sin to save,
From all indwelling sin.

7 Surely thou canst, I do not doubt,
Thou wilt, thyself impart;
The bond-woman's base son cast out,
And take up all my heart.

8 I shall my ancient strength renew:
The excellence divine
(If thou art good, if thou art true)
Throughout my soul shall shine.

9 I shall, a weak and helpless worm,
Through Jesus strengthening me,
Impossibilities perform,
And live from sinning free.

10 For this in steadfast hope I wait;
Now, Lord, my soul restore;
Now the new heavens and earth create,
And I shall sin no more.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 357. C. M. (55)

Matt. vi. 10.

1 JESUS, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
In whom I now believe,
As taught by thee, in faith I pray,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thy will by me on earth be done,
As by the choirs above,
Who always see thee on thy throne,
And glory in thy love.

3 I ask in confidence the grace,
That I may do thy will,
As angels, who behold thy face,
And all thy words fulfil.

4 Surely I shall, the sinner I
Shall serve thee without fear;
My heart no longer gives the lie
To my deceitful prayer.

5 When thou the work of faith hast wrought,
I shall be pure within,
Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought;
For angels never sin.

6 From thee no more shall I depart,
No more unfaithful prove:
But love thee with a constant heart;
For angels always love.

7 I all thy holy will shall prove:
I, a weak, sinful worm,
When thee with all my heart I love,
Shall all thy law perform.

8 The graces of my second birth
To me shall all be given;
And I shall do thy will on earth,
As angels do in heaven.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 358. 7's & 6s. (55)

1 OPEN, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
Thy comfortable voice;
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place,
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of thy grace.

2 From the world of sin, and noise,
And hurry, I withdraw;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe;
Silent am I now and still,
Dare not in thy presence move
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of thy love.

3 Thou didst undertake for me,
For me to death wast sold;
Wisdom in a mystery
Of bleeding love unfold:
Teach the lesson of thy cross,
Let me die with thee to reign;
All things let me count but loss,
So I may thee regain.

4 Show me, as my soul can bear,
The depth of inbred sin;
All the unbelief declare,
The pride that lurks within:
Take me, whom thyself hast bought;
Bring into captivity
Every high aspiring thought,
That would not stoop to thee.

5 Lord, my time is in thy hand,
My soul to thee convert;
Thou canst make me understand,
Though I am slow of heart:
Thine in whom I live and move,
Thine the work, the praise is thine;
Thou art Wisdom, Power, and Love,
And all thou art is mine.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 359. 7's & 6's. (55)

Dan. iii.

1 GOD of Israel's faithful Three,
Who braved a tyrant's ire,
Nobly scorn'd to bow the knee,
And walk'd unhurt in fire:
Breathe their faith into my breast;
Arm me in this fiery hour;
Stand, O Son of Man, confest
In all thy saving power!

2 For while thou, my Lord, art nigh,
My soul disdains to fear;
Sin and Satan I defy,
Still impotently near;
Earth and hell their wars may wage;
Calm I mark their vain design,
Smile to see them idly rage
Against a child of thine.

3 Unto thee, my Help, my Hope,
My Safeguard, and my Tower,
Confident I still look up,
And still receive thy power:
All the alien's hosts I chase,
Blast and scatter with mine eyes;
Satan comes; I turn my face,
And, lo! the Tempter flies!

4 Sin in me, the inbred foe,
Awhile subsists in chains;
But thou all thy power shalt show,
And slay its last remains:
Thou hast conquer'd my desire,
Thou shalt quench it with thy blood,
Fill me with a purer fire,
And make me all like God.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 360. C. M. (55)

Rom. iv. 13, &c.

1 FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
My Saviour, and my Head,
I trust in thee, whose powerful word
Hath raised him from the dead.

2 Thou know'st for my offence he died,
And rose again for me,
Fully and freely justified,
That I might live to thee.

3 Eternal life to all mankind
Thou hast in Jesus given;
And all who seek, in him shall find
The happiness of heaven.

4 O God! thy record I believe,
In Abraham's footsteps tread;
And wait, expecting to receive,
The Christ, the promised Seed.

5 Faith in thy power thou seest I have,
For thou this faith hast wrought;
Dead souls thou callest from their grave,
And speakest worlds from nought.

6 Things that are not, as though they were,
Thou callest by their name;
Present with thee the future are,
With thee, the great I AM.

7 In hope, against all human hope,
Self-desperate, I believe:
Thy quick'ning word shall raise me up,
Thou shalt thy Spirit give.

8 The thing surpasses all my thought;
But faithful is my Lord;
Through unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.

9 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, "It shall be done!"

10 To thee the glory of thy power
And faithfulness I give;
I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,
And Christ in me shall live.

11 Obedient faith, that waits on thee,
Thou never wilt reprove;
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 361. C. M. (9)

1 MY God! I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renew'd I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
But will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.

3 When shall I see the welcome hour,
That plants my God in me!
Spirit of health, and life, and power,
And perfect liberty!

4 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fix'd in God.

5 Love only can the conquest win,
The strength of sin subdue,
(Mine own unconquerable sin,)
And form my soul anew.

6 Love can bow down the stubborn neck,
The stone to flesh convert,
Soften, and melt, and pierce, and break,
An adamantine heart.

7 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow!
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

8 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come!

9 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

10 No longer then my heart shall mourn,
While, purified by grace,
I only for his glory burn,
And always see his face.

11 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
But Christ be all the world to me,
And all my heart be love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 362. C. M. (55)

1 BE it according to thy word,
This moment let it be!
O that I now, my gracious Lord,
Might lose my life for thee!

2 Now, Jesus, let thy fearful death
Into my being come;
Slay the old Adam with thy breath;
The man of sin consume.

3 Withhold whate'er my flesh requires;
Poison my pleasant food;
Spoil my delights, my vain desires,
My all of creature-good.

4 My old affections mortify;
Nail to the cross my will;
Daily and hourly bid me die,
Or altogether kill.

5 Jesus, my life appear within,
And bruise the Serpent's head;
Enter my soul, extirpate sin,
Cast out the cursed seed.

6 Hast thou not made me willing, Lord?
Would I not die this hour?
Then speak the killing, quick'ning word;
Slay, raise me, by thy power.

7 Slay me, and I in thee shall trust,
With thy dead men arise;
Awake, and sing out of the dust,
Soon as this nature dies.

8 O let it now make haste to die,
The mortal wound receive;
So shall I live; and yet not I,
But Christ in me shall live.

9 Be it according to thy word!
This moment let it be!
The life I lose for thee, my Lord,
I find again in thee.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 363. L. M. (18)

James iii. 2; Ps. ciii. 3.

1 WHAT! never speak one evil word,
Or rash, or idle, or unkind!
O how shall I, most gracious Lord,
This mark of true perfection find?

2 Thy sinless mind in me reveal;
Thy Spirit's plentitude impart;
And all my spotless life shall tell
The' abundance of a loving heart.

3 Saviour, I long to testify
The fulness of thy saving grace;
O might thy Spirit the blood apply,
Which bought for me the sacred peace!

4 Forgive, and make my nature whole;
My inbred malady remove;
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 364. 6-8's. (18)

John iv. 10, 14; James i. 27.

1 JESUS, the gift divine I know,
The gift divine I ask of thee;
That living water now bestow—
Thy Spirit and thyself on me:
Thou Lord, of life the fountain art;
Now let me find thee in my heart.

2 Thee let me drink, and thirst no more
For drops of finite happiness;
Spring up, O Well, in heavenly power,
In streams of pure, perennial peace,
In joy, that none can take away,
In life, which shall for ever stay.

3 Father, on me the grace bestow,
Unblamable before thy sight,
Whence all the streams of mercy flow;
Mercy, thy own supreme delight,
To me, for Jesu's sake impart,
And plant thy nature in my heart.

4 Thy mind throughout my life be shown,
While list'ning to the wretch's cry,
The widow's and the orphan's groan,
On mercy's wings I swiftly fly,
The poor and helpless to relieve,
My life, my all, for them to give.

5 Thus may I show the Spirit within,
Which purges me from every stain;
Unspotted from the world and sin,
My faith's integrity maintain;
The truth of my religion prove,
By perfect purity and love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 365. 6-8's. (27

PART I.

1 O GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help a sinner to draw near
With boldness to the throne of Grace:
Help me thy benefits to sing,
And smile to see me feebly bring
My humble sacrifice of praise.

2 I cannot praise thee as I would;
But thou art merciful and good;
I know thou never wilt despise
The day of small and feeble things,
But bear me, till on eagles' wings
To all the heights of love I rise.

3 I thank thee for that gracious taste,
(Which pride would not permit to last,)
That touch of love, that pledge of heaven
Surely on me my Father smiled,
And once I knew him reconciled,
And once I felt my sins forgiven.

4 My Lord and God I then could see,
My Saviour who hath died for me,
To bring the rebel near to God;
Thou didst, thou didst, thy peace impart;
Pardon was written on my heart,
In largest characters of blood.

5 Vilest of all the sons of men,
When I to folly turn'd again,
And sinn'd against thy light and love,
Grace did much more than sin abound;
Amazed, I still forgiveness found,
And thank'd my Advocate above.

6 Saviour, for this I thank thee now;
My Saviour to the utmost, thou
Hast snatch'd me from the gates of hell;
That I to all mankind may prove
Thy free, thine everlasting love,
Which all mankind with me may feel.

7 The boundless love that found out me,
For every soul of man is free;
None of thy mercy need despair:
Patient, and pityful, and kind,
Thee every soul of man may find,
And, freely saved thy grace declare.

8 A vile, backsliding sinner, I
Ten thousand deaths deserve to die;
Yet still by sovereign grace I live!

Saviour, to thee I still look up;
I see an open door of hope;
And wait thy fulness to receive.

9 How shall I thank thee for the grace,
The trust I have to see thy face,
When sin shall all be purged away!
The night of doubts and fears is past,
The Morning Star appears at last,
And I shall see the perfect day.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 366. 6·8's. (55)

PART II.

1 I SOON shall hear thy quick'ning voice,
Shall always pray, give thanks, rejoice;
(This is thy will and faithful word;)
My spirit meek, my will resign'd;
Lowly as thine shall be my mind;
The servant shall be as his Lord.

2 Already, Lord, I feel thy power;
Preserved from evil every hour,
My great Preserver I proclaim:
Safety and strength in thee I have;
I find, I find thee strong to save,
And know that Jesus is thy name.

3 By faith I every moment stand,
Strangely upheld by thy right hand;
I my own wickedness eschew;
A sinner, I am kept from sin;
And thou shalt make me pure within,
And thou shalt form my soul anew.

4 Come, then, and loose my stamm'ring tongue,
Teach me the new, the joyful song,
And perfect in a babe thy praise:

I want a thousand lives to' employ
In publishing the sounds of joy,
The gospel of thy general grace.

5 Come, Lord, thy Spirit bids thee come;
Give me thyself, and take me home;
Be now the glorious earnest given!
The counsel of thy grace fulfil;
Thy kingdom come, thy perfect will
Be done on earth, as 'tis in heaven.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 367. S. M. (18)

2 Cor. iii. 17; v. 17; Heb. xi. 5.

1 O COME, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within!
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin.
The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,
Spirit of finish'd holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

2 Hasten the joyful day,
Which shall my sins consume,
When old things shall be past away,
And all things new become.
The' original offence
Out of my soul erase,
Enter thyself, and drive it hence,
And take up all the place.

3 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well-pleasing in thy sight.
I ask no higher state;
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

C. WESLEY. HYMN 368. 7's & 6's. (18)

Gen. i. 26; ii. 8; xvii. 1; Lev. xxvi. 13.

1 FATHER, see this living clod,
This spark of heavenly fire;
See my soul, the breath of God,
Doth after God aspire:
Let it still to heaven ascend,
Till I my principle rejoin,
Blended with my glorious end,
And lost in love divine.

2 Lord, if thou from me hast broke
The power of outward sin,
Burst this Babylonish yoke,
And make me free within:
Bid my inbred sin depart,
And I thy utmost word shall prove,
Upright both in life and heart,
And perfected in love.

3 God of all-sufficient grace,
My God in Christ thou art;
Bid me walk before thy face,
Till I am pure in heart;
Till, transform'd by faith divine,
I gain that perfect love unknown,
Bright in all thy image shine,
By putting on thy Son.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In council join again,
To restore thine image lost
By frail, apostate man:
O might I thy form express,
Through faith begotten from above,
Stamp'd with real holiness,
And fill'd with perfect love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 369. L. M. (18)

Ezek. xvi. 62, 63.

1 O GOD, most merciful and true!
Thy nature to my soul impart;
'Stablish with me the cov'nant new,
And write perfection on my heart.

2 To real holiness restored,
O let me gain my Saviour's mind!
And, in the knowledge of my Lord,
Fulness of life eternal find.

3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That them I may no more forget;
But sunk in guiltless shame adore,
In speechless wonder, at thy feet.

4 O'erwhelm'd with thy stupendous grace,
I shall not in thy presence move;
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapturous awe, and silent love.

5 Then every murmuring thought and vain
Expires, in sweet confusion lost;
I cannot of my cross complain;
I cannot of my goodness boast.

6 Pardon'd for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the dust I hide;
And glory give to God alone,
My God for ever pacified!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 370. C. M. (18)

Deut. xxxii. 39; Ps. cxix. 96

1 DEEPEN the wound thy hands have made
In this weak, helpless soul,
Till mercy, with its balmy aid,
Descends to make me whole.

2 The sharpness of thy two-edged sword,
Enable me to endure;
Till bold to say, My hallowing Lord,
Hath wrought a perfect cure.

3 I see the' exceeding broad command,
Which all contains in one:
Enlarge my heart to understand
The mystery unknown.

4 O that with all thy saints I might
By sweet experience prove,
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of perfect love!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 371. 8's. (18)

Ps. xxxix. 8; xlii. 2.

1 WHAT now is my object and aim?
What now is my hope and desire?
To follow the heavenly Lamb,
And after his image aspire:
My hope is all centred in thee;
I trust to recover thy love,
On earth thy salvation to see,
And then to enjoy it above.

2 I thirst for a life-giving God,
A God that on Calvary died;
A fountain of water and blood,
Which gush'd from Immanuel's side!
I gasp for the stream of thy love,
The Spirit of rapture unknown:
And then to re-drink it above,
Eternally fresh from the throne.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 372. 7's & 6's. (18)

GIVE me the enlarged desire,
And open, Lord, my soul,
Thy own fulness to require,
And comprehend the whole:
Stretch my faith's capacity
Wider, and yet wider still;
Then with all that is in thee
My soul for ever fill!

J. WESLEY.] HYMN 373. 6-8s. (1,27)

FROM THE GERMAN OF P. GERHARD.

1 JESU, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare,
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine wholly, thine alone, I am;
Be thou alone my constant flame!

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone:
O may thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown;
Strange flames far from my heart remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love!

3 O Love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise:
O Jesu, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but thee!

4 Unwearied may I this pursue,
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;
And day and night be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there.

5 My Saviour, thou thy love to me
In shame, in want, in pain, hast show'd;
For me, on the accursed tree,
Thou pouredst forth thy guiltless blood;
Thy wounds upon my heart impress,
Nor aught shall the loved stamp efface.

6 More hard than marble is my heart,
And foul with sins of deepest stain;
But thou the mighty Saviour art,
Nor flow'd thy cleansing blood in vain;
Ah, soften, melt this rock, and may
Thy blood wash all these stains away!

7 O that I, as a little child,
May follow thee, and never rest,
Till sweetly thou hast breathed thy mild
And lowly mind into my breast!
Nor ever may we parted be,
Till I become one spirit with thee.

8 Still let thy love point out my way!
How wondrous things thy love hath wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my word, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

9 In suffering be thy love my peace;
In weakness be thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 374. 6-8's. (1)

1 COME, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire,
Come, and in me delight to rest;
Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
O come and consecrate my breast!
The temple of my soul prepare,
And fix thy sacred presence there!

2 If now thy influence I feel,
If now in thee begin to live,
Still to my heart thyself reveal;
Give me thyself, for ever give:
A point my good, a drop my store,
Eager I ask, I pant for more.

3 Eager for thee I ask and pant;
So strong the principle divine,
Carries me out with sweet constraint,
Till all my hallow'd soul is thine;
Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,
And lost in thine immensity.

4 My peace, my life, my comfort thou,
My treasure, and my all thou art!
True witness of my sonship, now
Engraving pardon on my heart;
Seal of my sins in Christ forgiven,
Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.

5 Come, then, my God, mark out thine heir;
Of heaven a larger earnest give!
With clearer light thy witness bear;
More sensibly within me live;
Let all my powers thine entrance feel,
And deeper stamp thyself the seal!

C. WESLEY] HYMN 375. 6-8's. (55

1 SAVIOUR from sin, I wait to prove
That Jesus is thy healing name;
To lose, when perfected in love,
Whate'er I have, or can, or am:
I stay me on thy faithful word,
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

2 Answer that gracious end in me,
For which thy precious life was given;
Redeem from all iniquity;
Restore, and make me meet for heaven
Unless thou purge my every stain,
Thy suffering and my faith are vain.

3 Didst thou not in the flesh appear,
Sin to condemn and man to save?
That perfect love might cast out fear?
That I thy mind in me might have?
In holiness show forth thy praise,
And serve thee all my spotless days?

4 Didst thou not die that I might live
No longer to myself but thee?
Might body, soul, and spirit, give
To him who gave himself to me?
Come then, my Master, and my God,
Take the dear purchase of thy blood.

5 Thy own peculiar servant claim,
For thy own truth and mercy's sake;
Hallow in me thy glorious name;
Me for thine own this moment take,
And change and throughly purify;
Thine only may I live and die.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 376. 6-8's. (9)

1 I WANT the Spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind;
Of power to conquer inbred sin;
Of love, to thee and all mankind;
Of health, that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

2 When shall I hear the inward voice,
Which only faithful souls can hear?
Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys,
Attend the promised Comforter;
O come, and righteousness divine,
And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine!

3 O that the Comforter would come!
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And take possession of my breast,
And fix in me his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God!

4 Come Holy Ghost, my heart inspire!
Attest that I am born again;
Come, and baptize me now with fire,
Nor let thy former gifts be vain;
I cannot rest in sins forgiven;
Where is the earnest of my heaven?

5 Where the indubitable seal
That ascertains the kingdom mine?
The powerful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine!
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 377. 6-8's. (12)

1 FATHER of everlasting grace,
Thy goodness and thy truth we praise,
Thy goodness and thy truth we prove:
Thou hast, in honour of thy Son,
The gift unspeakable sent down,
The Spirit of life, and power, and love.

2 Send us the Spirit of thy Son,
To make the depths of Godhead known,
To make us share the life divine:
Send him the sprinkled blood to' apply,
Send him our souls to sanctify,
And show and seal us ever thine.

3 So shall we pray, and never cease;
So shall we thankfully confess
Thy wisdom, truth, and power, and love;
With joy unspeakable adore,
And bless and praise thee evermore,
And serve thee as thy hosts above;

4 Till, added to that heavenly choir,
We raise our songs of triumph higher,
And praise thee in a bolder strain;
Out-soar the first-born seraph's flight,
And sing, with all our friends in light,
Thy everlasting love to man.

WESLEY.] HYMN 378. 6-8's. (55)

WHAT shall I do my God to love,
My Saviour, and the world's to praise?
Whose bowels of compassion move
To me and all the fallen race!
Whose merey is divinely free
For all the fallen race, and me!

2 I long to know, and to make known,
The heights and depths of love divine,
The kindness thou to me hast shown,
Whose every sin was counted thine!
My God for me resign'd his breath!
He died to save my soul from death!

3 How shall I thank thee for the grace
On me and all mankind bestow'd?
O that my every breath were praise!
O that my heart were filled with God!
My heart would then with love o'erflow,
And all my life thy glory show.

4 See me, O Lord, athirst and faint!
Me, weary of forbearing, see!
And let me feel thy love's constraint,
And freely give up all for thee;
True in the fiery trial prove,
And pay thee back thy dying love!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 379. 6-8's. (5

1 O LOVE, I languish at thy stay!
I pine for thee with lingering smart,
Weary and faint through long delay:
When wilt thou come into my heart?
From sin and sorrow set me free,
And swallow up my soul in thee!

2 Come, O thou universal Good!
Balm of the wounded conscience, come!
The hungry, dying spirit's food,
The weary, wand'ring pilgrim's home:
Haven to take the shipwreck'd in,
My everlasting rest from sin!

3 Be thou, O Love, whate'er I want;
Support my feebleness of mind;
Relieve the thirsty soul, the faint
Revive, illuminate the blind;
The mournful cheer, the drooping lead,
And heal the sick, and raise the dead.

4 Come, O my comfort and delight!
My strength and health, my shield and sun;
My boast, and confidence, and might,
My joy, my glory, and my crown;
My gospel hope, my calling's prize,
My tree of life, my paradise.

5 The secret of the Lord thou art,
The mystery so long unknown;
Christ in a pure and perfect heart,
The name inscribed in the white stone;
The life divine, the little leaven,
My precious pearl, my present heaven.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 380. 6-8's. (55)

1 PRISONERS of hope, lift up your heads,
The day of liberty draws near;
Jesus, who on the Serpent treads,
Shall soon in your behalf appear:
The Lord will to his temple come;
Prepare your hearts to make him room.

2 Ye all shall find, whom in his word
Himself hath caused to put your trust,
The Father of our dying Lord
Is ever to his promise just;
Faithful, if we our sins confess,
To cleanse from all unrighteousness.

3 Yes, Lord, we must believe thee kind,
Thou never canst unfaithful prove

Surely we shall thy mercy find;
Who ask, shall all receive thy love;
Nor canst thou it to me deny;
I ask, the chief of sinners I!

4 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong!
Your downcast eyes and hands lift up!
Ye shall not be forgotten long;
Hope to the end, in Jesus hope!
Tell him, ye wait his grace to prove,
And cannot fail, if God is love!

5 Prisoners of hope, be strong, be bold;
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear!
Dare to believe; on Christ lay hold!
Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer;
Tell him, "We will not let thee go,
Till we thy name, thy nature know."

6 Hast thou not died to purge our sin,
And risen, thy death for us to plead?
To write thy law of love within
Our hearts, and make us free indeed?
That we our Eden might regain,
Thou diedst; and could'st not die in vain.

7 Lord, we believe, and wait the hour
Which all thy great salvation brings;
The Spirit of love, and health, and power,
Shall come, and make us priests and kings;
Thou wilt perform thy faithful word,
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

8 The promise stands for ever sure,
And we shall in thine image shine,
Partakers of a nature pure,
Holy, angelical divine;
In spirit join'd to thee the Son,
As thou art with thy Father one.

9 Faithful and true, we now receive
The promise ratified by thee:
To thee the *when* and *how* we leave,
In time and in eternity;
We only hang upon thy word,
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

WESLEY.] HYMN 381. 7's. (55)

1 WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resign'd to thee!
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise!

2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below;
Only guided by thy light;
Only mighty in thy might!

3 So I may thy Spirit know,
Let him as he listeth blow;
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with thee be one.

4 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 382. 7's & 6's. (55)

PART I.

1 O GREAT Mountain, who art thou,
Immense, immoveable?
High as heaven aspires thy brow,
Thy foot sinks deep as hell!
Thee, alas, I long have known,
Long have felt thee fix'd within;
Still beneath thy weight I groan:
Thou art *Indwelling Sin.*

2 Thou art darkness in my mind;
Perverseness in my will;
Love inordinate and blind,
That always cleaves to ill:
Every passion's wild excess;
Anger, lust, and pride, thou art:
Thou art sin and sinfulness,
And unbelief of heart.

3 Not by human might or power
Canst thou be moved from hence;
But thou shalt flow down before
Divine Omnipotence:
My Zerubbabel is near;
I have not believed in vain:
Thou, when Jesus doth appear,
Shalt sink into a plain.

4 Christ the Head, the Corner-Stone,
Shall be brought forth in me:
Glory be to Christ alone!
His grace shall set me free:
I shall shout my Saviour's name;
Him I evermore shall praise;
All the work of grace proclaim,
Of sanctifying grace.

5 Christ hath the foundation laid,
And Christ shall build me up;
Surely I shall soon be made
Partaker of my hope:
Author of my faith he is,
He its Finisher shall be;
Perfect love shall seal me his
To all eternity.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 383, 7's & 6's. (55)

PART II.

1 WHO hath slighted or contemn'd
The day of feeble things?
I shall be by grace redeem'd;
'Tis grace salvation brings:
Ready now my Saviour stands;
Him I now rejoice to see
With the plummet in his hands,
To build and finish me.

2 I right early shall awake,
And see the perfect day;
Soon the Lamb of God shall take
My inbred sin away:
When to me my Lord shall come,
Sin for ever shall depart;
Jesus takes up all the room
In a believing heart.

3 Son of God, arise, arise,
And to thy temple come!
Look, and with thy flaming eyes
The man of sin consume;
Slay him with thy Spirit, Lord;
Reign thou in my heart alone;
Speak the sanctifying word,
And seal me all thine own.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 384. C. M. (55)

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head,
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be;
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

5 Joyful in hope, my spirit soars
To meet thee from above,
Thy goodness thankfully adores;
And sure I taste thy love.

6 Thy love I soon expect to find,
In all its depth and height;
To comprehend the' Eternal Mind,
And grasp the Infinite.

7 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possest,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

8 The bliss of those that fully dwell,
Fully in thee believe,
'Tis more than angel-tongues can tell,
Or angel-minds conceive.

9 Thou only know'st, who didst obtain,
And die to make it known;
The great salvation now explain,
And perfect us in one!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 385. 8's & 7's. (15,27)

1 LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;

Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more, thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

3 Finish, then, thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 386. L. M. (1,27)

Isa. li. 9, &c.

1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Thine own immortal strength put on!
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down!

2 As in the ancient days appear;
The sacred annals speak thy fame:
Be now omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.

3 Thy arm, Lord, is not shorten'd now;
It wants not now the power to save;
Still present with thy people, thou
Bear'st them through life's disparted wave.

4 By death and hell pursued in vain,
To thee the ransom'd seed shall come;
Shouting, their heavenly Sion gain,
And pass through death triumphant home.

5 The pain of life shall there be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care;
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.

6 Where pure essential joy is found,
The Lord's redeem'd their heads shall raise,
With everlasting gladness crown'd,
And fill'd with love, and lost in praise.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 387. S. M. (11)

1 PRISONERS of hope, arise,
And see your Lord appear:
Lo! on the wings of love he flies,
He brings redemption near.
Redemption in his blood
He calls you to receive:
"Look unto me, the pardoning God;
Believe," he cries, "believe!"

2 The reconciling word
We thankfully embrace;
Rejoice in our redeeming Lord,
A blood-besprinkled race.

We yield to be set free;
Thy counsel we approve;
Salvation, praise, ascribe to thee,
And glory in thy love.

3 Jesus, to thee we look,
Till saved from sin's remains;
Reject the inbred tyrant's yoke,
And cast away his chains.
Our nature shall no more
O'er us dominion have;
By faith we apprehend the power
Which shall for ever save!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 388. L. M. (27,37)

Matt. ix. 28.

1 O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesu's feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesu's feet!

2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb!
The God of my salvation see?
Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am;
Yet still I cannot come to thee.

3 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

4 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free:
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

5 Fain would I learn of thee my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.

6 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near, the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

7 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay;
Appear, in my poor heart appear!
My God, my Saviour, come away!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 389. C. M. (11)

1 O JESUS, at thy feet we wait,
Till thou shalt bid us rise,
Restored to our unsinning state,
To love's sweet paradise.

2 Saviour from sin, we thee receive,
From all indwelling sin:
Thy blood, we steadfastly believe,
Shall make us throughly clean.

3 Since thou would'st have us free from sin,
And pure as those above,
Make haste to bring thy nature in,
And perfect us in love.

4 The counsel of thy love fulfil;
Come quickly, gracious Lord!
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word!

5 According to our faith in thee
Let it to us be done;
O that we all thy face might see,
And know as we are known!

6 O that the perfect grace were given,
The love diffused abroad!
O that our hearts were all a heaven,
For ever fill'd with God!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 390. 6-7's (1)

1 SINCE the Son hath made me free,
Let me taste my liberty;
Thee behold with open face,
Triumph in thy saving grace;
Thy great will delight to prove,
Glory in thy perfect love.

2 Abba, Father! hear thy child,
Late in Jesus reconciled;
Hear, and all the graces shower.
All the joy, and peace, and power,
All my Saviour asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.

3 Lord, I will not let thee go,
Till the blessing thou bestow:
Hear my Advocate Divine!
Lo! to his my suit I join;
Join'd to his, it cannot fail:
Bless me; for I will prevail!

4 Heavenly Father, Life Divine,
Change my nature into thine!
Move and spread throughout my soul,
Actuate and fill the whole!
Be it I no longer now
Living in the flesh, but Thou.

5 Holy Ghost, no more delay!
Come, and in thy temple stay!
Now thine inward witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear:
Spring of Life, thyself impart:
Rise eternal in my heart!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 391. L. M. (55)

PART I.

1 GOD of all power, and truth, and grace,
Which shall from age to age endure;
Whose word, when heaven and earth shall pass,
Remains and stands for ever sure:
2 That I thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind thy truth may see,
Hallow thy great and glorious name,
And perfect holiness in me.
3 Thy sanctifying Spirit pour,
To quench my thirst, and make me clean
Now, Father, let the gracious shower
Descend, and make me pure from sin.
4 Purge me from every sinful blot;
My idols all be cast aside;
Cleanse me from every sinful thought,
From all the filth of self and pride.
5 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free;
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to thee.
6 O take this heart of stone away!
Thy sway it doth not, cannot own:
In me no longer let it stay;
O take away this heart of stone!
7 O that I now, from sin released,
Thy word may to the utmost prove,
Enter into the promised rest,
The Canaan of thy perfect love!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 392. L. M. (55)

PART I.

1 FATHER, supply my every need;
Sustain the life thyself hast given;

Call for the never-failing bread,
The manna that comes down from heaven.

2 The gracious fruits of righteousness,
Thy blessings' unexhausted store,
In me abundantly increase;
Nor ever let me hunger more.

3 Let me no more, in deep complaint,
"My leanness, O my leanness!" cry:
Alone consumed with pining want,
Of all my Father's children I.

4 The painful thirst, the fond desire,
Thy joyous presence shall remove;
But my full soul shall still require
A whole eternity of love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 393. L. M. (55)

PART III.

1 HOLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will;
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

2 Open my faith's interior eye;
Display thy glory from above;
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love.

3 Confound, o'erpower me by thy grace;
I would be by myself abhorr'd;
All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory, be to Christ my Lord.

4 Now let me gain perfection's height;
Now let me into nothing fall;
Be less than nothing in thy sight;
And feel that Christ is all in all!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 394. 6-8's. (25,27)

1 O GOD of our forefathers, hear,
And make thy faithful mercies known:
To thee, through Jesus, we draw near,
Thy suffering, well-beloved Son,
In whom thy smiling face we see,
In whom thou art well pleased with me.

2 With solemn faith we offer up,
And spread before thy glorious eyes,
That only ground of all our hope,
That precious, bleeding Sacrifice,
Which brings thy grace on sinners down,
And perfects all our souls in one.

3 Acceptance through his only name,
Forgiveness in his blood, we have;
But more abundant life we claim
Through him, who died our souls to save,
To sanctify us by his blood,
And fill with all the life of God.

4 Father, behold thy dying Son,
And hear the blood that speaks above!
On us let all thy grace be shown:
Peace, Righteousness, and joy, and love,—
Thy kingdom,—come to every heart,
And all thou hast, and all thou art.

WESLEY.] HYMN 395. L. M. (11)

1 O GOD, to whom, in flesh reveal'd,
The helpless all for succour came,
The sick to be relieved and heal'd,
And found salvation in thy name:

2 With publicans and harlots, I,
In these thy Spirit's gospel days,
To thee, the sinner's Friend, draw nigh,
And humbly sue for saving grace.

3 Thou seest me helpless and distrest,
Feeble, and faint, and blind, and poor;
Weary, I come to thee for rest,
And sick of sin, implore a cure.

4 My sin's incurable disease
Thou, Jesus, thou alone, canst heal;
Inspire me with thy power and peace,
And pardon on my conscience seal.

5 A touch, a word, a look from thee,
Can turn my heart, and make it clean;
Purge the foul, inbred leprosy,
And save me from my bosom-sin.

6 Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe
Thou canst the saving grace impart;
Thou canst this instant now forgive,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

7 My heart, which now to thee I raise,
I know thou canst this moment cleanse;
The deepest stains of sin efface,
And drive the evil spirit hence.

8 Be it according to thy word;
Accomplish now thy work in me;
And let my soul, to health restored,
Devote its little all to thee.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 396. L. M. (11)

1 O THOU, whom once they flock'd to hear,
Thy words to hear, thy power to feel;
Suffer the sinners to draw near,
And graciously receive us still.

2 They that be whole, thyself hast said,
No need of a physician have;
But I am sick, and want thine aid,
And want thine utmost power to save.

3 Thy power, and truth, and love divine,
The same from age to age endure;
A word, a gracious word of thine,
The most inveterate plague can cure.

4 Helpless howe'er my spirit lies,
And long hath languish'd at the pool,
A word of thine shall make me rise,
And speak me in a moment whole.

5 Eighteen, or eight and thirty, years,
Or thousands, are alike to thee:
Soon as thy saving grace appears,
My plague is gone, my heart is free.

6 Make this the acceptable hour!
Come, O my soul's Physician, thou!
Display thy sanctifying power,
And show me thy salvation now.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN* 397. L. M. (11'

1 JESU, thy far-extended fame
My drooping soul exults to hear;
Thy name, thy all-restoring name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.

2 Sinners of old thou didst receive,
With comfortable words and kind,
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the deceased, and cure the blind.

3 And art thou not the Saviour still,
In every place and age the same?
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of thy name?

4 Faith in thy changeless name I have;
The good, the kind Physician, thou
Art able now our souls to save,
Art willing to restore them now.

5 Though eighteen hundred years are past
Since thou didst in the flesh appear,
Thy tender mercies ever last;
And still thy healing power is here!

6 Wouldst thou the body's health restore,
And not regard the sin-sick soul?
The sin-sick soul thou lov'st much more,
And surely thou shalt make it whole.

7 All my disease, my every sin,
To thee, O Jesus, I confess;
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
And perfect it in holiness.

8 That token of thine utmost good
Now, Saviour, now on me bestow;
And purge my conscience with thy blood,
And wash my nature white as snow.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 398. 7's. (11)

1 SAVIOUR of the sin-sick soul,
Give me faith to make me whole!
Finish thy great work of grace,
Cut it short in righteousness.

2 Speak the second time, "Be clean!"
Take away my inbred sin;
Every stumbling-block remove;
Cast it out by perfect love.

3 Nothing less will I require,
Nothing more can I desire:
None but Christ to me be given!
None but Christ in earth or heaven.

4 O that I might now decrease!
O that all I am might cease!
Let me into nothing fall,
Let my Lord be all in all!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 399. 7's. (11)

1 LIGHT of Life, seraphic fire,
Love Divine, thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart!
Every mournful sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Son of God, appear, appear!
To thy human temples come.

2 Come, in this accepted hour;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in!
Fill us with the glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin:
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 400. 7's. (11)

1 JESUS comes with all his grace,
Comes to save a fallen race;
Object of our glorious hope,
Jesus comes to lift us up!

2 Let the living stones cry out;
Let the sons of Abraham shout:
Praise we all our lowly King,
Give him thanks, rejoice, and sing.

3 He hath our salvation wrought;
He our captive souls hath bought;
He hath reconcil'd to God;
He hath wash'd us in his blood.

4 We are now his lawful right,
Walk as children of the light:
We shall soon obtain the grace,
Pure in heart, to see his face.

5 We shall gain our calling's prize;
After God we all shall rise,
Fill'd with joy, and love, and peace,
Perfected in holiness.

6 Let us then rejoice in hope,
Steadily to Christ look up;
Trust to be redeem'd from sin,
Wait till he appear within.

7 Fools and madmen let us be,
Yet is our sure trust in thee:
Faithful is the promised word,
We shall all be as our Lord.

8 Hasten, Lord, the perfect day!
Let thy every servant say,
"I have now obtain'd the power,
Born of God, to sin no more."

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 401. 6-8's (11)

Mark ix. 23.

1 ALL things are possible to him
That can in Jesu's name believe:
Lord, I no more thy truth blaspheme,
Thy truth I lovingly receive;
I can, I do believe in thee;
All things are possible to me.

2 The most impossible of all
Is, that I e'er from sin should cease;
Yet shall it be, I know it shall;
Jesus, look to thy faithfulness!
If nothing is too hard for thee
All things are possible to me.

3 Though earth and hell the word gainsay,
The word of God can never fail;
The Lamb shall take my sins away
'Tis certain, though impossible:
The thing impossible shall be:
All things are possible to me.

4 When thou the work of faith hast wrought,
I here shall in thine image shine,
Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought;
Let men exclaim, and fiends repine,
They cannot break the firm decree;
All things are possible to me.

5 Thy mouth, O Lord, hath spoke, hath sworn,
That I shall serve thee without fear,
Shall find the pearl which others spurn,
Holy, and pure, and perfect here:
The servant as his Lord shall be;
All things are possible to me.

6 All things are possible to God,
To Christ, the power of God in man,
To me when I am all renew'd,
When I in Christ am form'd again,
And witness, from all sin set free,
All things are possible to me.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 402. 7's & 6's. (55)

1 O MIGHT I this moment cease
From every work of mine;
Find the perfect holiness,
The righteousness divine!
Let me thy salvation see;
Let me do thy perfect will;
Live in glorious liberty,
And all thy fulness feel.

2 O cut short the work, and make
Me now a creature new;
For thy truth and mercy's sake,
The gracious wonder show:
Call me forth thy witness, Lord;
Let my life declare thy power;
To thy perfect love restored,
O let me sin no more!

3 Fain I would the truth proclaim,
That makes me free indeed,
Glorify my Saviour's Name,
And all its virtues spread:
Jesus all our wants relieves,
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
Saves, and to the utmost saves,
All those that come to him.

4 Perfect then thy mighty power
In a weak, sinful worm;
All my sins destroy, devour,
And all my soul transform!
Now apply thy Spirit's seal;
O come quickly from above!
Empty me of sin, and fill
With all the life of love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 403. C. M. (9)

1 LORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known,
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone:

2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fix'd on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.

5 I would be thine, thou know'st I would,
And have thee all my own;
Thee, O my all-sufficient Good!
I want, and thee alone.

6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant;
This, only this be given;
Nothing beside my God I want;
Nothing in earth or heaven.

7 Come, O my Saviour, come away!
Into my soul descend;
No longer from thy creature stay,
My Author, and my End!

8 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode!
Let all I am in thee be lost;
Let all be lost in God.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 404. 8's & 6's. (55)

1 O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesu's priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up!
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess:
This moment end my legal years;
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness.

5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in!
Cast out thy foes; the inbred sin,
The carnal mind, remove;
The purchase of thy death divide!
And O! with all the sanctified
Give me a lot of love!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 405. C. M. (55)

1 O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace!
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see his face;
I shall be holy here.

2 This heart shall be his constant home;
I hear his Spirit's cry:
"Surely," he saith, "I quickly come:"
He saith who cannot lie.

3 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reach'd out I view;
Conqu'ror through him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.

4 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see;
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.

5 He visits now the house of clay;
He shakes his future home;
O would'st thou, Lord, on this glad day,
Into thy temple come!

6 With me I know, I feel thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

7 My earth thou waterest from on high;
But make it all a pool:
Spring up, O Well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my soul!

8 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void;
Thou only canst my Spirit fill:
Come, O my God, my God!

9 Fulfil, fulfil my large desires,
Large as infinity;
Give, give me all my soul requires,
All, all that is in thee!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 406. C. M. (55)

1 WHAT is our calling's glorious hope,
But inward holiness?
For this to Jesus I look up,
I calmly wait for this.

2 I wait, till he shall touch me clean,
Shall life and power impart,

Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.

3 This is the dear redeeming grace,
For every sinner free;
Surely it shall on me take place,
The chief of sinners me.

4 From all inquity, from all,
He shall my soul redeem;
In Jesus I believe, and shall
Believe myself to him.

5 When Jesus makes my heart his home,
My sins shall all depart;
And lo! he saith, "I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart!"

6 Be it according to thy word!
Redeem me from all sin:
My heart would now receive thee, Lord;
Come in, my Lord, come in!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 407. 7's & 6's. (55)

Deut. xxxiii. 26—29.

1 NONE is like Jeshurun's God,
So great, so strong, so high:
Lo! he spreads his wings abroad,
He rides upon the sky:
Israel is his first-born son:
God, the' Almighty God, is thine;
See him to thy help come down,
The excellence divine.

2 Thee the great Jehovah deigns
To succour and defend;
Thee the' eternal God sustains,
Thy Maker and thy Friend:
Israel, what hast thou to dread?
Safe from all impending harms,

Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

3 God is thine; disdain to fear
The enemy within:
God shall in thy flesh appear,
And make an end of sin:
God the man of sin shall slay,
Fill thee with triumphant joy;
God shall thrust him out, and say,
"Destroy them all, destroy!"

4 All the struggle then is o'er,
And wars and fightings cease;
Israel then shall sin no more,
But dwell in perfect peace:
All his enemies are gone;
Sin shall have in him no part;
Israel now shall dwell alone,
With Jesus in his heart.

5 In a land of corn and wine
His lot shall be below;
Comforts there, and blessings join,
And milk and honey flow:
Jacob's well is in his soul;
Gracious dew his heavens distil,
Fill his soul, already full,
And shall for ever fill.

6 Blest, O Israel, art thou:
What people is like thee?
Saved from sin, by Jesus, now
Thou art, and still shalt be:
Jesus is thy seven-fold shield;
Jesus is thy flaming sword;
Earth, and hell, and sin shall yield
To God's almighty Word.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 408. L. M. (11)

Matt. xiv. 36; 1 Thess. iv. 3; Deut. xxx. 6; Ps. cxliii. 10.

1 HE wills that I should holy be;
That holiness I long to feel;
That full divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will.

2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul
Accomplish'd in the change of mine;
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine.

3 On thee, O God, my soul is stay'd,
And waits to prove thine utmost will;
The promise, by thy mercy made,
Thou canst, thou wilt, in me fulfil.

4 No more I stagger at thy power,
Or doubt thy truth, which cannot move
Hasten the long-expected hour,
And bless me with thy perfect love.

5 Jesus, thy loving Spirit alone
Can lead me forth, and make me free;
Burst every bond through which I groan,
And set my heart at liberty.

6 Now let thy Spirit bring me in;
And give thy servant to possess
The land of rest from inbred sin,
The land of perfect holiness.

7 Lord, I believe thy power the same;
The same thy truth and grace endure;
And in thy blessed hands I am,
And trust thee for a perfect cure.

8 Come, Saviour, come, and make me whole
Entirely all my sins remove;
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 409. C. M. (18)

Deut. xxxii. 39; Isa. xxvii. 3; Mark ix. 25.

1 JESUS, my Lord, I cry to thee
Against the spirit unclean:
I want a constant liberty
A perfect rest from sin.

2 Expel the fiend out of my heart,
By love's almighty power;
Now, now command him to depart,
And never enter more.

3 Thy killing and thy quick'ning power,
Jesus, in me display;
The life of nature from this hour,
My pride and passion, slay.

4 Then, then, my utmost Saviour, raise
My soul, with saints above,
To serve thy will, and spread thy praise,
And sing thy perfect love.

5 This moment I thy truth confess;
This moment I receive
The heavenly gift, the dew of grace,
And by thy mercy live.

6 The next, and every moment, Lord,
On me thy Spirit pour;
And bless me, who believe thy word,
With that last glorious shower.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 410. S. M. (18)

Ps. cxxx. 8; Jer. iv. 1; 14.

1 FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true:
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.

Come, then, for Jesu's sake,
And bid my heart be clean;
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin.

2 I will, through grace, I will,
I do, return to thee;
Take, empty it, O Lord, and fill
My heart with purity!
For power I feebly pray:
Thy kingdom now restore,
To-day, while it is call'd to-day,
And I shall sin no more.

3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood to' impart
The spotless purity:
While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, thy grace bestow,
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 411. 6-7's. (18)

Psalm ci. 2.

1 WHY not now, my God, my God!
Ready if thou always art,
Make in me thy mean abode,
Take possession of my heart:
If thou canst so greatly bow,
Friend of sinners, why not now?

2 God of love, in this my day,
For thyself to thee I cry;
Dying,—if thou still delay,
Must I not for ever die?
Enter now thy poorest home,
Now, my utmost Saviour, come!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 412. L. M. (18)

1 Kings xviii.

1 THOU God that answerest by fire,
On thee in Jesu's name we call;
Fulfil our faithful hearts' desire,
And let on us thy Spirit fall.

2 Bound on the altar of thy cross,
Our old offending nature lies;
Now, for the honour of thy cause,
Come, and consume the sacrifice!

3 Consume our lusts as rotten wood;
Consume our stony hearts within!
Consume the dust, the serpent's food,
And dry up all the streams of sin.

4 Its body totally destroy!
Thyself *The Lord*, *The God*, approve:
And fill our hearts with holy joy,
And fervent zeal, and perfect love.

5 O that the fire from heaven might fall!
Our sins its ready victims find,
Seize on our sins, and burn up all,
Nor leave the least remains behind!

6 Then shall our prostrate souls adore,
The Lord, *He is the God*, confess:
He is the God of saving power!
He is the God of hallowing grace!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 413. 7's & 6's. (18)

1 ONCE thou didst on earth appear,
For all mankind to' atone;
Now be manifested here,
And bid our sin be gone!
Come, and by thy presence chase
Its nature with its guilt and power;
Jesus, show thy open face,
And sin shall be no more.

2 Thou who didst so greatly stoop
To a poor virgin's womb,
Here thy mean abode take up;
To me, my Saviour, come!
Come, and Satan's works destroy,
And let me all thy Godhead prove,
Fill'd with peace and heavenly joy,
And pure eternal love.

3 Then my soul with strange delight,
Shall comprehend and feel
What the length, and breadth, and height
Of love unspeakable;
Then I shall the secret know,
Which angels would search out in vain;—
God was man, and served below,
That man with God might reign!

4 Father, Son, and Spirit, come,
And with thine own abide:
Holy Ghost, to make thee room,
Our hearts we open wide;
Thee, and only thee request,
To every asking sinner given;
Come, our life, and peace, and rest,
Our all in earth and heaven.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 414. 7's & 6's. (18)

Jer. xiii. 27; xx. 29.

1 NOW, even now, I yield, I yield,
With all my sins to part,
Jesus, speak my pardon seal'd,
And purify my heart;
Purge the love of sin away;
Then I into nothing fall;
Then I see the perfect day,
And Christ is all in all.

2 Jesus, now our hearts inspire
With that pure love of thine;
Kindle now the heavenly fire,
To brighten and refine;
Purify our faith like gold;
All the dross of sin remove;
Melt our spirits down, and mould
Into thy perfect love.

WESLEY.] HYMN 415. C. M. (15)

1 JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable!
And wait with arms of faith to' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me thyself; from every boast,
From every wish set free:
Let all I am in thee be lost;
But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas, cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 416. C. M. (13)

1 I ASK the gift of righteousness,
The sin-subduing power,
Power to believe, and go in peace,
And never grieve thee more.

2 I ask the blood-bought pardon seal'd,
The liberty from sin,
The grace infused, the love reveal'd,
The kingdom fix'd within.

3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray;
Thou seest my heart's desire;
Made ready in thy powerful day,
Thy fulness I require.

4 My vehement soul cries out opprest,
Impatient to be freed;
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am saved indeed.

5 Art thou not able to convert?
Art thou not willing too?
To change this old rebellious heart,
To conquer and renew?

6 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with thy power,
That I to sin shall never cleave,
Shall never feel it more.

WESLEY.] HYMN 417. C. M. (18)

Mark xi. 24.

1 COME, O my God, the promise seal,
This mountain, sin, remove:
Now in my gasping soul reveal
The virtue of thy love.

2 I want thy life, thy purity,
Thy righteousness, brought in
I ask, desire, and trust in thee,
To be redeem'd from sin.

3 For this, as taught by thee, I pray,
And can no longer doubt;
Remove from hence! to sin I say;
Be cast this moment out!

4 Anger and sloth, desire and pride,
This moment be subdued;
Be cast into the crimson tide
Of my Redeemer's blood.

5 Saviour, to thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour thou!
In all the confidence of hope,
I claim the blessing now.

6 'Tis done: thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.

SECTION VIII.

FOR BELIEVERS SAVED.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 418. 7's & 6's. (18)

1 Cor. vi. 20; Rev. i. 4, 5.

1 GOD! who didst so dearly buy
These wretched souls of ours,
Help us thee to glorify
With all our ransom'd powers:
Ours they are not, Lord, but thine:
O let the vessels of thy grace,
Body, soul, and spirit, join
In our Redeemer's praise!

2 True and faithful witness, thee,
O Jesus, we receive;
Fulness of the Deity,
In all thy people live!

First-begotten from the dead,
Call forth thy living witnesses;
King of saints, thine empire spread
O'er all the ransom'd race.

3 Grace, the fountain of all good,
Ye happy saints, receive,
With the streams of peace o'erflow'd,
With all that God can give;
He who is, and was, in peace,
And grace, and plenitude of power,
Comes, your favour'd souls to bless,
And never leave you more.

4 Let the Spirit before his throne,
Mysterious One and Seven,
In his various gifts sent down,
Be to the churches given;
Let the pure seraphic joy
From Jesus Christ, the Just, descend;
Holiness without alloy,
And bliss that ne'er shall end.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 419. L. M. (18)

2 Tim. i. 7.

1 QUICKEN'D with our immortal Head,
Who daily, Lord, ascend with thee,
Redeem'd from sin, and free indeed,
We taste our glorious liberty.

2 Saved from the fear of hell and death,
With joy we seek the things above;
And all thy saints the spirit breathe
Of power, sobriety, and love.

3 Power o'er the world, the fiend, and sin,
We through thy gracious Spirit feel;
Full power the victory to win,
And answer all thy righteous will

4 Pure love to God thy members find,
Pure love to every soul of man;
And in thy sober, spotless mind,
Saviour, our heaven on earth we gain.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 420. L. M. (18)

Resurrection.

Col. iii. 1—4.

1 YE faithful souls, who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiven!
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your head, to heaven.

3 There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting pomp, to reign.

4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place
And emulate the angel-choir,
And only live to love and praise.

5 For who by faith your Lord receive,
Ye nothing seek or want beside;
Dead to the world and sin ye live;
Your creature-love is crucified.

6 Your real life, with Christ conceal'd,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies;
And, glorious as your Head reveal'd,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 421. S. M. (18)

1 "I THE good fight have fought,"
O when shall I declare?
The victory by my Saviour got,
I long with Paul to share.
O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past;
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last!

2 This blessed word be mine,
Just as the port is gain'd,
"Kept by the power of grace divine,
I have the faith maintain'd."
The' Apostles of my Lord,
To whom it first was given,
They could not speak a greater word,
Nor all the saints in heaven.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 422. L. M. (18)

1 LET not the wise his wisdom boast;
The mighty glory in his might;
The rich in flattering riches trust,
Which take their everlasting flight.
The rush of numerous years bears down
The most gigantic strength of man;
And where is all his wisdom gone,
When dust he turns to dust again!

2 One only gift can justify
The boasting soul that knows his God;
When Jesus doth his blood apply,
I glory in his sprinkled blood.
The Lord my Righteousness I praise;
I triumph in the love divine,
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,
In Christ to endless ages mine.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 423. 7's & 6's. (18)

Rev. i. 5, 6.

1 WHO can worthily commend
Thy love unsearchable!
Love that made thee condescend
Our curse and death to feel:
Thou, the great, eternal God,
Who didst thyself our ransom pay,
Hast, with thine own precious blood,
Wash'd all our sins away.

2 By the Spirit of our Head
Anointed priests and kings,
Conquerors of the world, we tread
On all created things;
Sit in heavenly places down,
While yet we in the flesh remain:
Now, partakers of thy throne,
Before thy Father reign.

3 In thy members here beneath
The Intercessor prays;
Here we in the Spirit breathe
The quintessence of praise;
Offer up our all to God;
God beholds, with gracious eyes,
First the purchase of thy blood,
And then our sacrifice.

4 Jesus, let thy kingdom come,
(Inspired by thee we pray,)
Previous to the general doom,
The everlasting day:
Take possession of thine own,
And let us then our Saviour see
Glorious on thy heavenly throne
To all eternity.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 424. 7's & 6's. (18)

Ezek. xxxiv. 26, 27.

1 US who climb thy holy hill,
A general blessing make:
Let the world our influence feel,
Our gospel grace partake:
Grace, to help in time of need,
Pour out on sinners from above;
All thy Spirit's fulness shed,
In showers of heavenly love.

2 Make our earthly souls a field
Which God delights to bless;
Let us in due season yield
The fruits of righteousness:
Make us trees of paradise,
Which more and more thy praise may show,
Deeper sink, and higher rise,
And to perfection grow.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 425. L. M. (18)

1 Kings xix. 13.

1 THE voice that speaks Jehovah near,
The still small voice I long to hear;
O may it now my Lord proclaim,
And fill my soul with holy shame!

2 Ashamed I must for ever be,
Afraid the God of love to see,
If saints and prophets hide their face,
And angels tremble while they gaze!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 426. S. M. (18)

1 Chron. xxix. 5.

1 LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

2 Thy ransom'd servant, I
Restore to thee thine own;
And, from this moment, live or die
To serve my God alone.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 427. 7's. (25,27)

1 GOD of all-redeeming grace,
By thy pardoning love compell'd,
Up to thee our souls we raise,
Up to thee our bodies yield:
Thou our sacrifice receive,
Acceptable through thy Son,
While to thee alone we live,
While we die to thee alone.

2 Meet it is, and just, and right,
That we should be wholly thine,
In thy only will delight,
In thy blessed service join:
O that every work and word
Might proclaim how good thou art;
"Holiness unto the Lord"
Still be written on our heart.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 428. C. M. (25,27)

1 LET Him to whom we now belong
His sovereign right assert,
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price;
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies!

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive,
Fulfil our hearts' desire,
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 429. 6-8's. (11)

1 BEHOLD the servant of the Lord!
I wait thy guiding eye to feel,
To hear and keep thy every word,
To prove and do thy perfect will;
Joyful from my own works to cease,
Glad to fulfil all righteousness.

2 Me if thy grace vouchsafe to use,
Meanest of all thy creatures, me,
The deed, the time, the manner, choose;
Let all my fruit be found of thee;
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
By thee to full perfection brought.

3 My every weak, though good design,
O'er-rule, or change, as seems thee meet
Jesus, let all my work be thine!
Thy work, O Lord, is all complete,
And pleasing in thy Father's sight;
Thou only hast done all things right.

4 Here then to thee thy own I leave;
Mould as thou wilt thy passive clay;
But let me all thy stamp receive,
But let me all thy words obey;
Serve with a single heart and eye,
And to thy glory live and die.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 430. 6-7's. (25,27)

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

2 Vilest of the sinful race,
Lo! I answer to thy call;
Meanest vessel of thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all,
Lo! I come to do thy will,
All thy counsel to fulfil.

3 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

4 Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my memory, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart;—but make it new!

5 Now, O God, thine own I am;
Now I give thee back thine own,
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame
Consecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy
Happier still if thine I die.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

J. WESLEY.] HYMN 431. 6-8's. (1)

FROM THE GERMAN OF J. V. STEGEN.

1 O GOD, what offering shall I give
To thee, the Lord of earth and skies?
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
A holy, living sacrifice;
Small as it is, 'tis all my store;
More should'st thou have, if I had more.

2 Now then, my God, thou hast my soul;
No longer mine, but thine I am;
Guard thou thine own, possess it whole;
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame:
Thou hast my spirit; there display
Thy glory to the perfect day.

3 Thou hast my flesh, thy hallow'd shrine,
Devoted solely to thy will;
Here let thy light for ever shine;
This house still let thy presence fill;
O Source of Life,—live, dwell, and move
In me, till all my life be love!

4 O never in these veils of shame,
Sad fruits of sin, my glorying be!
Clothe with salvation, through thy name,
My soul, and let me put on thee!
Be living faith my costly dress,
And my best robe thy righteousness.

5 Send down thy likeness from above,
And let this my adorning be;
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
With lowliness and purity,
Than gold and pearls more precious far,
And brighter than the morning star.

6 Lord, arm me with thy Spirit's might,
Since I am call'd by thy great name;
In thee let all my thoughts unite,
Of all my works be thou the aim;
Thy love attend me all my days,
And my sole business be thy praise!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 432. C. M. (25)

1 FATHER, into thy hands alone
I have my whole restored;
My all, thy property I own,
The steward of the Lord.

2 Hereafter, none can take away
My life, or goods, or fame;
Ready at thy demand to lay
Them down I always am.

3 Confiding in thy only love,
Through Jesus strengthning me,
I wait thy faithfulness to prove,
And give back all to thee.

4 Take when thou wilt into thine hands,
And as thou wilt require;
Resume by the Chaldean bands,
Or the devouring fire.

5 Determined all thy will to' obey,
Thy blessings I restore;
Give, Lord, or take thy gifts away
I praise thee evermore!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 433. 6-8's. (11

1 GIVE me the faith which can remove
And sink the mountain to a plain;
Give me the child-like praying love,
Which longs to build thy house again;
Thy love let it my heart o'erpower,
And all my simple soul devour.

2 I want an even, strong desire,
I want a calmly-fervent zeal,
To save poor souls out of the fire,
To snatch them from the verge of hell,
And turn them to a pardoning God,
And quench the brands in Jesu's blood.

3 I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend, and to be spent, for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known;
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe, to breathe thy love.

4 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into thy blessed hands receive;
And let me live to preach thy word;
And let me to thy glory live;
My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the Sinners' Friend.

5 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine!
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like thine;
And lead them to thy open side,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 434. 7's. (11)

1 JESUS, all-atoning Lamb,
Thine, and only thine, I am;
Take my body, spirit, soul;
Only thou possess the whole.

2 Thou my one thing needful be;
Let me ever cleave to thee;
Let me choose the better part;
Let me give thee all my heart.

3 Fairer than the sons of men,
Do not let me turn again,
Leave the fountain-head of bliss,
Stoop to creature-happiness.

4 Whom have I on earth below?
Thee, and only Thee I know;
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Thou art all in all to me.

5 All my treasure is above;
All my riches is thy love:
Who the worth of love can tell?
Infinite, unsearchable!

6 Thou, O love, my portion art:
Lord, thou know'st my simple heart!
Other comforts I despise;
Love be all my paradise.

7 Nothing else can I require;
Love fills up my whole desire;
All thy other gifts remove,
Still thou giv'st me all in love!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 435. C. M. (11)

1 FATHER, to thee my soul I lift;
My soul on thee depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too;
Without the Spirit of thy Son,
We nothing good can do.

3 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.

4 His blood demands the purchased grace:
His blood's availing plea
Obtain'd the help for all our race,
And sends it down to me.

5 Thou all our works in us hast wrought
Our good is all divine;
The praise of every virtuous thought,
And righteous word, is thine.

6 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live;
Our God is all in all!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 436. S. M. (11)

1 JESU, my Truth, my Way,
My sure, unerring Light,
On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.

2 My Wisdom and my Guide,
My Counsellor thou art;
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart!

3 I lift my eyes to thee,
Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlighten'd be,
And never put to shame.

4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.

5 Teach me the happy art
In all things to depend
On thee; O never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end!

6 Still stir me up to strive
With thee in strength divine;
And every moment, Lord, revive
This fainting soul of mine.

7 Persist to save my soul
Throughout the fiery hour,
Till I am every whit made whole,
And show forth all thy power.

8 Through fire and water bring
Into the wealthy place;
And teach me the new song to sing,
When perfected in grace!

9 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove!
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,
And build me up in love.

10 Let me thy witness live,
When sin is all destroy'd:
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

J. WESLEY.] HYMN 437. L. M. (1,27)

FROM THE SPANISH.

1 O GOD, my God, my all thou art!
Ere shines the dawn of rising day,
Thy sovereign light within my heart,
Thy all-enlivening power display.

2 For thee my thirsty soul doth pant,
While in this desert land I live;
And hungry as I am, and faint,
Thy love alone can comfort give.

3 In a dry land, behold I place
My whole desire on thee, O Lord;
And more I joy to gain thy grace,
Than all earth's treasures can afford.

4 More dear than life itself, thy Love
My heart and tongue shall still employ;
And to declare thy praise will prove
My peace, my glory, and my joy.

5 In blessing thee with grateful songs
My happy life shall glide away:
The praise that to thy name belongs
Hourly with lifted hands I'll pay.

6 Abundant sweetness, while I sing
Thy love, my ravish'd heart o'erflows;
Secure in thee, my God and King,
Of glory that no period knows.

7 Thy name, O God, upon my bed
Dwells on my lips, and fires my thought;
With trembling awe, in midnight shade,
I muse on all thy hands have wrought.

8 In all I do, I feel thine aid;
Therefore thy greatness will I sing,
O God, thou bidd'st my heart be glad,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing!

9 My soul draws nigh and cleaves to thee:
Then let or earth or hell assail,
Thy mighty hand shall set me free;
For whom thou sav'st, he ne'er shall fail.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 438. 12-8's. (18)

Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

1 O GOD of peace and pardoning love,
Whose bowels of compassion move
To every sinful child of man;
Jesus, our Shepherd, great and good,
Who dying bought us with his blood,
Thou hast brought back to life again.
His blood to all our souls apply;
(His blood alone can sanctify,
Which first did for our sins atone;)
The covenant of redemption seal;
The depth of love, of God, reveal;
And speak us perfected in one.

2 O might our every work and word
Express the tempers of our Lord,
The nature of our Head above:
His Spirit send into our hearts,
Engraving on our inmost parts
The living law of holiest love.
Then shall we do, with pure delight,
Whate'er is pleasing in thy sight,
As vessels of thy richest grace;
And, having thy whole counsel done,
To thee and thy co-equal Son
Ascribe the everlasting praise.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 439. 12-8's. (11)

1 THY power and saving truth to show,
A warfare at thy charge I go,
Strong in the Lord, and thy great might;

Gladly take up the hallow'd cross;
And, suffering all things for thy cause,
Beneath thy bloody banner fight.
A spectacle to fiends and men,
To all their fierce and cool disdain
With calmest pity I submit:
Determined nought to know, beside
My Jesus and him crucified,
I tread the world beneath my feet.

2 Superior to their smile or frown,
On all their goods my soul looks down,
Their pleasures, wealth, and power, and state
The man that dares their god despise,
The Christian,—he alone is wise;
The Christian, he alone is great.
O God, let all my life declare
How happy all thy servants are;
How far above these earthly things;
How pure, when wash'd in Jesu's blood;
How intimately one with God,
A heaven-born race of Priests and Kings.

3 For this alone I live below,
The power of godliness to show,
The wonders wrought by Jesu's name.
O that I might but faithful prove;
Witness to all thy pardoning love,
And point them to the' atoning Lamb!
Let me to every creature cry,
The poor and rich, the low and high,
"Believe, and feel thy sins forgiven!
Damn'd, till by Jesus saved, thou art!
Till Jesu's blood hath wash'd thy heart,
Thou can'st not find the gate of heaven."

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 440. 12-8's. (11)

1 THOU, Jesu, thou my breast inspire,
And touch my lips with hallow'd fire,
And loose a stammering infant's tongue:
Prepare the vessel of thy grace;
Adorn me with the robes of praise,
And mercy shall be all my song;
Mercy for all who know not God;
Mercy for all in Jesu's blood;
Mercy, that earth and heaven transcends;
Love, that o'erwhelms the saints in light;
The length, and breadth, and depth, and height
Of love divine, which never ends!

2 A faithful witness of thy grace,
Well may I fill the' allotted space,
And answer all thy great design;
Walk in the works by thee prepared;
And find annex'd the vast reward,
The crown of righteousness divine.
When I have lived to thee alone,
Pronounce the welcome word, "Well done!"
And let me take my place above:
Enter into my Master's joy;
And all eternity employ,
In praise, and ecstasy, and love.

SECTION IX.

FOR BELIEVERS INTERCEDING.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 441. 6-8's. (17,19)

1 LET God, who comforts the distrest,
Let Israel's Consolation hear!
Hear, Holy Ghost. our joint request,
And show thyself the Comforter;
And swell the' unutterable groan,
And breathe our wishes to the throne!

2 We weep for those that weep below,
And burden'd for the' afflicted, sigh;
The various forms of human woe
Excite our softest sympathy,
Fill every heart with mournful care,
And draw out all our souls in prayer.

3 We wrestle for the ruin'd race,
By sin eternally undone,—
Unless thou magnify thy grace,
And make thy richest mercy known,
And make thy vanquish'd rebels find
Pardon in Christ for all mankind.

Father of everlasting love,
To every soul thy Son reveal,
Our guilt and sufferings to remove,
Our deep, original wound to heal
And bid the fallen race arise,
And turn our earth to Paradise.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 442. 6-8's. (17,19)

1 OUR earth we now lament to see
With floods of wickedness o'erflow'd,
With violence, wrong, and cruelty,—
One wide-extended field of blood,
Where men like fiends each other tear,
In all the hellish rage of war.

2 As 'listed on Abaddon's side,
They mangle their own flesh, and slay:
Tophet is moved, and opens wide
Its mouth for its enormous prey;
And myriads sink beneath the grave,
And plunge into the flaming wave.

3 O might the universal Friend
This havoc of his creatures see!

Bid our unnatural discord end;
Declare us reconciled in thee;
Write kindness on our inward parts,
And chase the murderer from our hearts!

4 Who now against each other rise,
The nations of the earth, constrain
To follow after peace, and prize
The blessings of thy righteous reign,
The joys of unity to prove,
The paradise of perfect love!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 443. 6-8's. (17)

For the Mahometans.

1 SUN of unclouded Righteousness,
With healing in thy wings arise,
A sad benighted world to bless,
Which now in sin and error lies,
Wrapt in Egyptian night profound;
With chains of hellish darkness bound.

2 The smoke of the infernal cave,
Which half the Christian world o'erspread,
Disperse, thou heavenly Light, and save
The souls by that Impostor led,
That Arab-thief, as Satan bold,
Who quite destroy'd thy Asian fold.

3 O might the blood of sprinkling cry
For those who spurn the sprinkled blood!
Assert thy glorious Deity,
Stretch out thine arm, thou triune God!
The Unitarian fiend expel,
And chase his doctrine back to hell.

4 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thou Three in One, and One in Three!
Resume thy own, for ages lost,
Finish the dire apostasy;
Thy universal claim maintain,
And Lord of the creation reign!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 444. 6-8's. (17)

For the Heathen.

1 LORD over all, if thou hast made,
Hast ransom'd, every soul of man,—
Why is the grace so long delay'd?
Why unfulfill'd the saving plan?
The bliss, for Adam's race design'd,
When will it reach to all mankind?

2 Art thou the God of Jews alone,
And not the God of Gentiles too?
To Gentiles make thy goodness known;
Thy judgments to the nations show;
Awake them by the gospel call:
Light of the world, illumine all!

3 The servile progeny of Ham
Seize, as the purchase of thy blood;
Let all the Heathen know thy name;
From idols to the living God
The dark American convert;
And shine in every Pagan heart!

4 As lightning launch'd from east to west,
The coming of thy kingdom be;
To thee, by angel-hosts confest,
Bow every soul and every knee;
Thy glory let all flesh behold!
And then fill up thy heavenly fold.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 445. 6-8's. (18)

Numb. xxiv. 17, 18.

1 O COME, thou radiant Morning-Star
Again in human darkness shine!
Arise resplendent from afar!
Assert thy royalty divine!
Thy sway o'er all the earth maintain,
And now begin thy glorious reign.

2 Thy kingdom, Lord, we long to see:
Thy sceptre o'er the nations shake!
To' erect that final monarchy,
Edom for thy possession take;
Take (for thou didst their ransom find)
The purchased souls of all mankind.

3 Now let thy chosen ones appear,
And valiantly the truth maintain!
Dispread thy gracious kingdom here;
Fly on the rebel sons of men!
Seize them with faith divinely bold,
And draw the world into thy fold!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 446. C. M. (18)

2 Chron. vi. 41; Judges v. 31.

1 JESU, the word of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run;
And let the priests themselves believe,
And put salvation on.

2 Clothed with the Spirit of Holiness,
May all thy people prove
The plentitude of gospel grace,
The joy of perfect love.

3 Jesus, let all thy lovers shine
Illustrious as the sun;
And, bright with borrow'd rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run:

4 Beyond the reach of mortals spread
Their light where'er they go;
And heavenly influences shed
On all the world below.

As giants may they run their race,
Exulting in their might;
As burning luminaries, chase
The gloom of hellish night.

6 As the bright Sun of Righteousness,
Their healing wings display;
And let their lustre still increase
Unto the perfect day.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 447. D. S. M. (18)

Isa. ii. 4.

1 MESSIAH, Prince of Peace!
Where men each other tear,
Where war is learn'd they must confess,
Thy kingdom is not there.
Who prompted by thy foe,
Delight in human blood,
Apollyon is their king, we know,
And Satan is their god.

2 But shall he still devour
The souls redeem'd by thee?
Jesus stir up thy glorious power,
And end the' apostasy!
Come, Saviour, from above,
O'er all our hearts to reign;
And plant the kingdom of thy love
In every heart of man!

3 Then shall we exercise
The hellish art no more,
While thou our long-lost paradise
Dost with thyself restore.
Fightings and wars shall cease,
And in thy Spirit given,
Pure joy and everlasting peace
Shall turn our earth to heaven.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 448. 7's & 6's. (18)

1 PRINCE of universal peace,
Destroy the enmity;
Bid our jars and discords cease;
Unite us all in thee:
Cruel as wild beasts we are,
Till vanquish'd by thy mercy's power;
Men, like wolves, each other tear,
And their own flesh devour.

2 But if thou pronounce the word
That forms our souls again,
Love and harmony restored
Throughout our earth shall reign;
When thy wondrous love they feel,
The human savages are tame;
Ravenous wolves and leopards dwell
And stable with the lamb.

3 O that now, with pardon blest,
We each might each embrace;
Quietly together rest,
And feed upon thy grace;
Like our sinless parents live;
Great Shepherd! make thy goodness known;
All into thy fold receive,
And keep us ever one.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 449. 7's & 6's. (18)

1 HAPPY day of union sweet!
O when shall it appear!
When shall all thy people meet
In amity sincere!
Tear each other's flesh no more,
But kindly think and speak the same
All express the meekening power
And spirit of the Lamb!

2 Visit us, bright Morning Star,
And bring the perfect day!
Urged by faith's incessant prayer,
No longer, Lord, delay:
Now destroy the envious root;
The ground of nature's feuds remove;
Fill the earth with golden fruit,
With ripe, millennial love.

C. WESLEY.[HYMN 450. S. M. (18)

For the Jews.

1 MESSIAH, full of grace,
Redeem'd by thee, we plead,
The promise made to Abraham's race,
To souls for ages dead.

2 Their bones, as quite dried up,
Throughout the vale appear:
Cut off and lost their last faint hope
To see thy kingdom here.

3 Open their graves, and bring
The outcasts forth, to own
Thou art their Lord, their God, their King,
Their true Anointed One.

4 To save the race forlorn,
Thy glorious arm display!
And show the world a nation born,
A nation in a day!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 451. 6-8's. (17)

1 FATHER of faithful Abraham, hear
Our earnest suit for Abraham's seed!
Justly they claim the softest prayer
From us, adopted in their stead,
Who mercy through their fall obtain,
And Christ by their rejection gain.

2 Outcasts from thee, and scatter'd wide
Through every nation under heaven,
Blaspheming whom they crucified,
Unsaved, unpitied, unforgiven;
Branded like Cain, they bear their load,
Abhorr'd of men, and cursed of God.
3 But hast thou finally forsook,
For ever cast thy own away?
Wilt thou not bid the murd'rers look
On him they pierced, and weep, and pray?
Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is past;
All Israel shall be saved at last.
4 Come, then, thou great Deliverer, come!
The veil from Jacob's heart remove;
Receive thy ancient people home!
That, quicken'd by thy dying love,
The world may their reception find
Life from the dead for all mankind.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 452. D. S. M. (18)

Isa. lxvi. 19, 20.

1 ALMIGHTY God of Love,
Set up the' attracting sign,
And summon whom thou dost approve
For messengers divine:
From favour'd Abraham's seed
The new Apostles choose,
In isles and continents to spread
The dead-reviving news.
2 Them snatch'd out of the flame,
Through every nation send,
The true Messiah to proclaim,
The universal Friend;
That all the God unknown
May learn of Jews to' adore,
And see thy glory in thy Son,
Till time shall be no more.

3 O that the chosen band
Might now their brethren bring,
And, gather'd out of every land,
Present to Sion's King!
Of all the ancient race,
Not one be left behind;
But each, impell'd by secret grace,
His way to Canaan find.

4 We know it must be done,
For God hath spoke the word;
All Israel shall the Saviour own,
To their first state restored:
Rebuilt by his command,
Jerusalem shall rise;
Her temple on *Moriah* stand
Again, and touch the skies.

5 Send then thy servants forth,
To call the Hebrews home;
From East, and West, and South, and North,
Let all the wanderers come:
Where'er in lands unknown
The fugitives remain,
Bid every creature help them on,
Thy Holy Mount to gain.

6 An offering to their Lord,
There let them all be seen,
Sprinkled with water and with blood,
In soul and body clean.
With Israel's myriads seal'd,
Let all the nations meet,
And show the mystery fulfill'd
Thy family complete!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 453. D. S. M. (5)

For England.

1 SINNERS, the call obey,
The latest call of grace;
The day is come, the vengeful day
Of a devoted race;
Devils and men combine
To plague the faithless seed,
And phials, full of wrath divine,
Are bursting on your head.

2 Enter into the Rock,
Ye trembling slaves of sin,
The Rock of your salvation, struck
And cleft to take you in:
To shelter the distrest,
He did the cross endure;
Enter into the clefts, and rest
In Jesu's wounds secure.

3 Jesus, to thee we fly
From the devouring sword;
Our city of defence is nigh;
Our help is in the Lord.
—Or, if the scourge o'erflow,
And laugh at innocence,
Thine everlasting arms, we know,
Shall be our souls' defence.

4 We in thy word believe,
And on thy promise stay;
Our life, which still to thee we give,
Shall be to us a prey:
Our life with thee we hide,
Above the furious blast,
And shelter'd in thy wounds abide,
Till all the storms are past.

5 Believing against hope,
We hang upon thy grace,
Through every lowering cloud look up,
And wait for happy days;
The days when all shall know
Their sins in Christ forgiven,
And walk awhile with God below,
And then fly up to heaven.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 454. L. M. (55)

Against Lukewarmness.

Rev. iii. 14—19.

PART I.

1 GOD of unspotted purity,
Us and our works canst thou behold!
Justly we are abhorr'd by thee,
For we are neither hot nor cold.
2 We call thee Lord, thy faith profess,
But do not from our hearts obey;
In soft *Laodicean* ease
We sleep our useless lives away.
3 We live in pleasure, and are dead,
In search of fame and wealth we live:
Commanded in thy steps to tread,
We seek sometimes, but never strive.
4 A lifeless form we still retain;
Of this we make our empty boast,
Nor know the name we take in vain;
The power of godliness is lost.
5 How long, great God, have we appear'd
Abominable in thy sight!
Better that we had never heard
Thy word, or seen the gospel light.
6 Better that we had never known
The way to heaven through saving grace,
Than basely in our lives disown,
And slight and mock thee to thy face.

7 Thou rather would'st that we were cold,
Than seem to serve thee without zeal;
Less guilty if, with those of old,
We worshipp'd *Thor* and *Woden* still.
8 Less grievous will the judgment-day
To *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* prove,
Than us, who cast our faith away,
And trample on thy richer love.

WESLEY.] HYMN 455. L. M.

PART II.

1 O LET us our own works forsake,
Ourselves, and all we have deny;
Thy condescending counsel take,
And come to thee, pure gold to buy.
2 O might we, through thy grace, attain
The faith thou never wilt reprove;
The faith that purges every stain,
The faith that always works by love!
3 O might we see, in this our day,
The things belonging to our peace,
And timely meet thee in thy way
Of judgments, and our sins confess!
4 Thy fatherly chastisements own;
With filial awe revere thy rod;
And turn, with zealous haste, and run
Into the outstretch'd arms of God.

DR. H. MOORE.] HYMN 456. L. M. (1,27,41)

For the Promise of the Spirit.

PART I.

1 FATHER, if justly still we claim
To us and ours the promise made,
To us be graciously the same,
And crown with living fire our head.

2 Our claim admit, and from above
Of holiness the Spirit shower,
Of wise descernment, humble love,
And zeal, and unity, and power.

3 The Spirit of convincing speech,
Of power demonstrative, impart;
Such as may every conscience reach,
And sound the unbelieving heart:

4 The Spirit of refining fire,
Searching the inmost of the mind,
To purge all fierce and foul desire,
And kindle life more pure and kind:

5 The Spirit of faith, in this thy day,
To break the power of cancell'd sin;
Tread down its strength, o'erturn its sway,
And still the conquest more than win.

6 The Spirit breathe of inward life,
Which in our hearts thy laws may write;
Then grief expires, and pain, and strife;
'Tis nature all, and all delight.

DR. H. MOORE.] HYMN 457. L. M. (1,27,41)

PART II.

1 ON all the earth thy Spirit shower;
The earth in righteousness renew;
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
And to thy sceptre all subdue.

2 Like mighty winds, or torrents fierce,
Let it opposers all o'errun;
And every law of sin reverse,
That faith and love may make all one.

3 Yea, let thy Spirit in every place
Its richer energy declare;
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.

4 Grant this, O holy God and true!
The ancient Seers thou didst inspire;
To us perform the promise due;
Descend, and crown us now with fire!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 458. L. M. (11)

1 AUTHOR of faith, we seek thy face
For all who feel thy work begun;
Confirm and strengthen them in grace,
And bring thy feeblest children on.

2 Thou seest their wants, thou know'st their names,
Be mindful of thy youngest care;
Be tender of thy new-born lambs,
And gently in thy bosom bear.

3 The lion roaring for his prey,
With ravening wolves on every side,
Watch over them to tear and slay,
If found one moment from their guide.

4 Satan his thousand arts essays,
His agents all their powers employ,
To blast the blooming work of grace,
The heavenly offspring to destroy.

5 Baffle the crooked Serpent's skill,
And turn his sharpest dart aside;
Hide from their eyes the devilish ill,
O save them from the demon, Pride!

6 In safety lead thy little flock,
From hell, the world, and sin secure;
And set their feet upon the Rock,
And make in thee their goings sure.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 459. S. M. (11)

For the Fallen.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, hear
Our supplicating cry;
And gather in the souls sincere,
That from their brethren fly.

2 Scatter'd through devious ways,
Collect thy feeble flock;
And join by thine atoning grace,
And hide them in the Rock.

3 O would'st thou end the storm,
That keeps us still apart!
The thing impossible perform,
And make us of one heart,—

4 One spirit and one mind,
The same that was in thee:
O might we all again be join'd
In perfect harmony!

5 Jesus, at thy command,
We know it shall be done;
Take the two sticks into thy hand,
The two shall then be one.

6 One body and one fold,
We then shall sweetly prove,
And live in thee, like them of old,
The life of spotless love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 460. D. S. M. (11)

1 GOD of all power and grace,
Set up thy bloody sign;
And gather those that seek thy face,
And by thy Spirit join.
The few remaining sheep,
In Britain's pastures bred,
United to each other keep,
United to their Head.

2 The soul-transforming word
In us, even us, fulfil;
Join to thyself, our common Lord,
And all thy servants seal.

Confer the grace unknown,
The mystic charity;
As thou art with the Father One,
Unite us all in thee.

3 So shall the world believe
Our record, Lord, and thine;
And all with thankful hearts receive
The Messenger divine,
Sent from his throne above,
To Adam's offspring given,
To join and perfect us in love,
And take us up to heaven.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 461. 6-8's. (11

1 SAVIOUR, to thee we humbly cry!
The brethren we have lost restore;
Re-call them by thy pitying eye;
Retrieve them from the Tempter's power
By thy victorious blood cast down,
Nor suffer him to take their crown.

2 Beguiled, alas! by Satan's art,
We see them now far off removed,
The burden of our bleeding heart,
The souls whom once in thee we loved;
Whom still we love with grief and pain,
And weep for their return in vain.

3 In vain, till thou the power bestow,
The double power of quick'ning grace,
And make the *happy* sinners know
Their Tempter, with his angel-face,
Who leads them captive at his will,
Captive, but *happy* sinners still!

4 O would'st thou break the fatal snare
Of carnal self-security;
And let them feel the wrath they bear,
And let them groan their want of thee,

Robb'd of their false, pernicious peace,
Stripp'd of their fancied righteousness.

5 The men of careless lives, who deem
Thy righteousness accounted theirs,
Awake out of the soothing dream;
Alarm their souls with humble fears:
Thou jealous God, stir up thy power,
And let them sleep in sin no more!

6 Long as the guilt of sin shall last,
Them in its misery detain;
Hold their licentious spirits fast,
Bind them with their own nature's chain,
Nor ever let the wand'rers rest,—
Till lodged again in Jesu's breast.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 462. L. M. (11)

1 O LET the prison'rs mournful cries
As incense in thy sight appear!
Their humble wailings pierce the skies,
If haply they may feel thee near.

2 The captive exiles make their moans,
From sin impatient to be free:
Call home, call home thy banished ones,
Lead captive their captivity!

3 Show them the blood that bought their peace,
The anchor of their steadfast hope;
And bid their guilty terrors cease,
And bring the ransom'd prisoners up.

4 Out of the deep regard their cries,
The fallen raise, the mourners cheer;
O Sun of Righteousness, arise,
And scatter all their doubt and fear!

5 Pity the day of feeble things;
O gather every halting soul!
And drop salvation from thy wings,
And make the contrite sinner whole.

6 Stand by them in the fiery hour,
Their feebleness of mind defend;
And in their weakness show thy power,
And make them patient to the end.

7 O satisfy their soul in drought!
Give them thy saving health to see:
And let thy mercy find them out;
And let thy mercy reach to me.

8 Hast thou the work of grace begun,
And brought them to the birth, in vain?
O let thy children see the sun!
Let all their souls be born again!

9 Relieve the souls whose cross we bear,
For whom thy suff'ring members mourn:
Answer our faith's effectual prayer;
Bid every struggling child be born!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 463. 6-7's. (5)

1 LAMB of God, who bear'st away
All the sins of all mankind,
Bow a nation to thy sway;—
While we may acceptance find,
Let us thankfully embrace
The last offers of thy grace.

2 Thou thy messengers hast sent,
Joyful tidings to proclaim,
Willing we should all repent,
Know salvation in thy name,
Feel our sins by grace forgiven,
Find in thee the way to heaven.

3 Jesus, roll away the stone;
Good Physician show thy art!
Make thy healing virtue known;
Break the unbelieving heart:

By thy bloody cross subdue;
Tell them "I have died for you!"

4 Let thy dying love constrain
Those who disregard thy frown;
Sink the mountain to a plain.
Bring the pride of sinners down;
Soften the obdurate crowd;
Melt the rebels with thy blood!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 464. 7's & 6's. (18)

Isa. xxxiii. 5, 6.

1 JESUS, from thy heavenly place,
Thy dwelling in the sky,
Fill our church with righteousness,
Our want of faith supply:
Faith our strong protection be;
And godliness, with all its power,
'Stablish our posterity,
Till time shall be no more.

2 Let the Spirit of grace o'erflow
Our re-converted land:
Let the least and greatest know
And bow to thy command:
Wisdom, pure religious fear,
Our King's peculiar treasure prove,
Blest with piety sincere,
Inspired with humble love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 465 C. M. (6)

For the King.

1 SOVEREIGN of all! whose will ordains
The powers on earth that be,
By whom our rightful Monarch reigns,
Subject to none but thee·

2 Stir up thy power, appear, appear,
And for thy servant fight;
Support thy great vicegerent here,
And vindicate his right.

3 Lo! in the arms of faith and prayer
We bear him to thy throne;
Receive thy own peculiar care,
The Lord's anointed one.

4 With favour look upon his face;
Thy love's pavilion spread,
And watchful troops of angel's place
Around his sacred head.

5 Guard him from all who dare oppose
Thy delegate and thee;
From open and from secret foes,
From force and perfidy!

6 Confound whoe'er his ruin seek,
Or into friends convert:
Give him his adversaries' neck;
Give him his people's heart.

7 Let us, for concience' sake, revere
The man of thy right hand;
Honour and love thine image here,
And bless his mild command.

8 Thou only didst the blessing give;
The glory, Lord, be thine:
Let all with thankful joy receive
The benefit divine.

9 To those, who thee in him obey,
The Spirit of grace impart:
His dear, his sacred burden lay
On every loyal heart.

10 Still let us pray and never cease,
"Defend him, Lord, defend:
'Stablish his throne in glorious peace,
And save him to the end!"

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 466. 8's & 6's. (18)

Job. xxxiv. 29.

1 A NATION God delights to bless,
Can all our raging foes distress,
Or hurt whom they surround?
Hid from the general scourge we are,
Nor see the bloody waste of war,
Nor hear the trumpet's sound.

2 O might we, Lord! the grace improve,
By labouring for the rest of love,
The soul-composing power!
Bless us with that internal peace,
And all the fruits of righteousness,
Till time shall be no more.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 467. L. M. (19)

For Parents.

1 FATHER of all, by whom we are,
For whom was made whatever is
Who hast entrusted to our care
A candidate for glorious bliss:

2 Poor worms of earth, for help we cry,
For grace to guide what grace has given
We ask for wisdom from on high,
To train our infant up for heaven.

3 We tremble at the danger near,
And crowds of wretched parents see,
Who, blindly fond, their children rear
In tempers far as hell from thee:

4 Themselves the slaves of sense and praise,
Their babes who pamper and admire;
And make the helpless infants pass
To murderer Moloch through the fire.

5 O let us not the demon please;
Our offspring to destruction doom!
Strengthen a sin-sick soul's disease,
Or damn him from his mother's womb!

6 Rather this hour resume his breath,
From selfishness and pride to save;
By death prevent the second death,
And hide him in the silent grave!

7 Or, if thou grant a longer date,
With resolute wisdom us endue,
To point him out his lost estate,
His dire apostasy to show:

8 To time our every smile or frown,
To mark the bounds of good and ill;
And beat the pride of nature down,
And bend or break his rising will.

9 Him let us tend, severely kind,
As guardians of his giddy youth
As set to form his tender mind,
By principles of virtuous truth:

10 To fit his soul for heavenly grace;
Discharge the Christian parent's part;
And keep him, till thy love takes place,
And Jesus rises in his heart.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 468. C. M. (19)

1 GOD only wise, almighty, good,
Send forth thy truth and light,
To point us out the narrow road,
And guide our steps aright:

2 To steer our dangerous course between
The rocks on either hand;
And fix us in the golden mean,
And bring our charge to land.

3 Made apt, by thy sufficient grace,
To teach as taught by thee,
We come to train in all thy ways
Our rising progeny;

4 Their selfish will in time subdue,
And mortify their pride;
And lend their youth a sacred clew
To find the Crucified.

5 We would in every step look up;
By thy example taught
To' alarm their fear, excite their hope,
And rectify their thought.

6 We would persuade their hearts to' obey;
With mildest zeal proceed;
And never take the harsher way,
When love will do the deed.

7 For this we ask, in faith sincere,
The wisdom from above,
To touch their hearts with filial fear,
And pure, ingenuous love:

8 To watch their will, to sense inclined;
Withhold their hurtful food;
And gently bend their tender mind,
And draw their souls to God.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 469. C. M. (19)

1 FATHER of Lights! thy needful aid
To us that ask impart;
Mistrustful of ourselves, afraid
Of our own treacherous heart.

2 O'erwhelm'd with justest fear, again
To thee for help we call:
Where many mightier have been slain,
By thee unsaved, we fall.

3 Unless restrain'd by grace we are,
In vain the snare we see;
We see, and rush into the snare
Of blind idolatry.

4 We plunge ourselves in endless woes,
Our helpless infant sell;
Resist the light, and side with those
Who send their babes to hell.

5 Ah! what avails superior light,
Without superior love?
We see the truth, we judge aright,
And wisdom's ways approve:

6 We mark the idolizing throng,
Their cruel fondness blame;
Their children's souls we know they wrong;—
And we shall do the same.

7 In spite of our resolves, we fear
Our own infirmity;
And tremble at the trial near,
And cry, O God, to thee!

8 We soon shall do what we condemn,
And, down the torrent borne,
With shame confess our nature's stream.
Too strong for us to turn.

9 Our only help in danger's hour,
Our only strength, thou art!
Above the world, and Satan's power,
And greater than our heart!

10 Us from ourselves thou canst secure,
In nature's slippery ways;
And make our feeble footsteps sure,
By thy sufficient grace.

11 If on thy promised grace alone
We faithfully depend,
Thou surely wilt preserve thy own,
And keep them to the end:

12 Wilt make us tenderly discreet
To guard what thou hast given;
And bring our child with us to meet
At thy right hand in heaven.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 470. L. M. (19)

For Masters.

1 MASTER supreme, I look to thee
For grace and wisdom from above
Vested with thy authority,
Endue me with thy patient love;

2 That, taught according to thy will,
To rule my family aright,
I may the' appointed charge fulfil,
With all my heart, and all my might.

3 Inferiors, as a sacred trust,
I from the Sovereign Lord receive,
That what is suitable and just,
Impartial I to all may give:

4 O'erlook them with a guardian eye;
From vice and wickedness restrain;
Mistakes and lesser faults pass by,
And govern with a looser rein.

5 The servant faithfully discreet,
Gentle to him, and good, and mild,
Him I would tenderly entreat,
And scarce distinguish from a child.

6 Yet let me not my place forsake,
The' occasion of his stumbling prove;
The servant to my bosom take,
Or mar him by familiar love.

7 Order if some invert, confound,
Their Lord's authority betray,—
I hearken to the gospel sound,
And trace the providential way.

8 As far from abjectness as pride,
With condescending dignity,
Jesus, I make thy word my guide,
And keep the post assign'd by thee.

9 O could I emulate the zeal
Thou dost to thy poor servants bear!
The troubles, griefs, and burdens feel
Of souls entrusted to my care:

10 In daily prayer to God commend
The souls whom Christ expired to save
And think how soon my sway may end,
And all be equal in the grave!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 471. 8's & 6's. (19)

1 HOW shall I walk my God to please,
And spread content and happiness
O'er all beneath my care?
A pattern to my household give,
And as a guardian angel live,
As Jesu's messenger?

2 The opposite extremes I see,—
Remissness and severity,—
And know not how to shun
The precipice on either hand,
While in the narrow path I stand,
And dread to venture on.

3 Shall I, through indolence supine,
Neglect, betray, my charge divine,
My delegated power?

The souls I from my Lord receive,
Of each I an account must give,
At that tremendous hour!

4 Lord over all, and God most high!
Jesus, to thee for help I fly,
For constant power and grace;
That, taught by thy good Spirit and led,
I may with confidence proceed,
And all thy footsteps trace.

5 O teach me my first lesson now!
And, while to thy sweet yoke I bow,
Thy easy service prove,
Lowly and meek in heart, I see
The art of governing like thee
Is governing by love.

2. WESLEY.] HYMN 472. 8's & 6's. (19)

1 I AND my house will serve the Lord
But first obedient to his word
I must myself appear;
By actions, words, and tempers show,
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.

2 I must the fair example set;
From those that on my pleasure wait
The stumbling-block remove;
Their duty by my life explain;
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.

3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeased and reconciled,
A follower of my God.

A saint indeed, I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.

4 Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use
Into thy hands receive!
Work in me both to will and do;
And show them how believers true
And real Christians live.

5 With all-sufficient grace supply;
And, lo! I come to testify
The wonders of thy name,
Which saves from sin, the world, and hell;
Whose virtue every heart may feel,
And every tongue proclaim.

6 A sinner, saved myself from sin,
I come, my family to win,
To preach their sins forgiven,
Children, and wife, and servants seize,
And through the paths of pleasantness
Conduct them all to heaven.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 473. 6-8's. (22)

For Children.

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom we for our children cry;
The good desired and wanted most,
Out of thy richest grace supply;
The sacred discipline be given,
To train and bring them up for heaven.

2 Answer on them the end of all
Our cares, and pains, and studies here;
On them, recover'd from their fall,
Stamp'd with the humble character,

Raised by the nurture of the Lord,
To all their paradise restored.

3 Error and ignorance remove,
Their blindness both of heart and mind;
Give them the wisdom from above,
Spotless, and peaceable, and kind;
In knowledge pure their minds renew,
And store with thoughts divinely true.

4 Learning's redundant part and vain
Be here cut off, and cast aside;
But let them, Lord, the substance gain,
In every solid truth abide;
Swiftly acquire, and ne'er forego,
The knowledge fit for man to know.

5 Unite the pair so long disjoin'd,
Knowledge and vital Piety:
Learning and Holiness combined,
And Truth and Love let all men see,
In those whom up to thee we give,
Thine, wholly thine, to die and live.

6 Father, accept them through thy Son,
And ever by thy Spirit guide!
Thy wisdom in their lives be shown,
Thy name confess'd and glorified;
Thy power and love diffused abroad,
Till all the earth is fill'd with God.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 474. 6-8's. (22)

1 CAPTAIN of our salvation, take
The souls we here present to thee,
And fit for thy great service make
These heirs of immortality;

And let them in thine image rise,
And then transplant to Paradise.

2 Unspotted from the world and pure,
Preserve them for thy glorious cause,
Accustom'd daily to endure
The welcome burden of thy cross;
Inured to toil and patient pain,
Till all thy perfect mind they gain.

3 Our sons henceforth be wholly thine,
And serve and love thee all their days;
Infuse the principle divine
In all who here expect thy grace;
Let each improve the grace bestow'd;
Rise every child a man of God!

4 Train up thy hardy soldiers, Lord,
In all their Captain's steps to tread!
Or send them to proclaim thy word,
Thy gospel through the world to spread,
Freely as they receive to give,
And preach the death by which we live!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 475. 6-8's. (22)

1 BUT who sufficient is to lead
And execute the vast design?
How can our arduous toil succeed,
When earth and hell their forces join
The meanest instruments to o'erthrow
Which thou hast ever used below?

2 Mountains, alas! on mountains rise,
To make our utmost efforts vain;

The work our feeble strength defies,
And all the helps and hopes of man;
Our utter impotence we see;
But nothing is too hard for thee.

3 The things impossible to men
Thou canst for thine own people do:
Thy strength be in our weakness seen·
Thy wisdom in our folly show!
Prevent, accompany, and bless,
And crown the whole with full success.

4 Unless the power of heavenly grace,
The wisdom of the Deity,
Direct and govern all our ways,
And all our works be wrought in thee,—
Our blasted works we know shall fail,
And earth and hell at last prevail.

5 But, O almighty God of love,
Into thy hands the matter take;
The mountain obstacles remove,
For thine own truth and mercy's sake;
Fulfil in ours thy own design,
And prove the work entirely thine.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 476. L. M. (11)

At the Baptism of Adults.

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honour the means ordain'd by thee
Make good our apostolic boast,
And own thy glorious ministry.

2 We now thy promised presence claim,
Sent to disciple all mankind,
Sent to baptize into thy name,
We now thy promised presence find.

3 Father! in these reveal thy Son:
In these for whom we seek thy face,
The hidden mystery make known,
The inward, pure, baptizing grace.

4 Jesus! with us thou always art:
Effectuate now the sacred sign;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless the ordinance divine.

5 Eternal Spirit! descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now!

6 O that the souls baptized therein
May now thy truth and mercy feel;
May rise and wash away their sin!
Come, Holy Ghost, their pardon seal

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 477. 7's & 6's. (11)

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In solemn power come down!
Present with thy heavenly host,
Thine ordinance to crown:
See a sinful worm of earth;
Bless to *him* the cleansing flood!
Plunge *him*, by a second birth,
Into the depths of God.

2 Let the promised inward grace
Accompany the sign;
On *his* new-born soul impress
The character divine!
Father, all thy name reveal!
Jesus, all thy name impart!
Holy Ghost, renew and dwell
For ever in *his* heart!

PART V.

SECTION I.

FOR THE SOCIETY ON MEETING.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 478. S. M. (11)

1 AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For his redeeming grace!
Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesu's praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

2 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we past,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

3 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 479. 7's. (55)

1 PEACE be on this house bestow'd,
Peace on all that here reside!
Let the unknown peace of God
With the man of peace abide.

Let the Spirit now come down;
Let the blessing now take place!
Son of Peace, receive thy crown,
Fulness of the gospel grace.

2 Christ, my Master and my Lord,
Let me thy forerunner be;
O be mindful of thy word;
Visit them, and visit me!
To this house, and all herein,
Now let thy salvation come:
Save our souls from inbred sin;
Make us thy eternal home!

3 Let us never, never rest,
Till the promise is fulfill'd;
Till we are of thee possess'd,
Pardon'd, sanctified, and seal'd;
Till we all, in love renew'd,
Find the pearl that Adam lost,
Temples of the living God,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 480. 7's. (55)

1 GLORY be to God above,
God from whom all blessings flow;
Make we mention of his love,
Publish we his praise below:
Call'd together by his grace,
We are met in Jesu's Name;
See with joy each other's face,
Followers of the bleeding Lamb.

2 Let us then sweet counsel take,
How to make our calling sure;
Our election how to make
Past the reach of hell secure.

Build we each the other up;
Pray we for our faith's increase,
Solid comfort, settled hope,
Constant joy, and lasting peace.

3 More and more let love abound:
Let us never, never rest,
Till we are in Jesus found,
Of our paradise possest:
He removes the flaming sword,
Calls us back from Eden driven;
To his image here restored,
Soon he takes us up to heaven.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 481. 10's & 11's (11,27)

1 ALL thanks to the Lamb, Who gives us to meet:
His love we proclaim, His praises repeat:
We own him our Jesus, Continually near
To pardon and bless us, And perfect us here.

2 In him we have peace, In him we have power,
Preserved by his grace, Throughout the dark hour;
In all our temptation, He keeps us to prove
His utmost salvation, His fulness of love.

3 Through pride and desire Unhurt we have gone;
Through water and fire In him we went on;
The world and the devil, Thro' him we o'ercame,
Our Jesus from evil, For ever the same.

4 When we would have spurn'd His mercy and grace,
To Egypt return'd, And fled from his face,
He hinder'd our flying, (His goodness to show,)
And stopp'd us by crying, "Will ye also go?"

5 O what shall we do Our Saviour to love?
To make us anew, Come, Lord, from above!

The fruit of thy passion, Thy holiness, give:
Give us the salvation Of all that believe.

6 Come, Jesus, and loose The stammerer's tongue,
And teach even us The spiritual song:
Let us without ceasing Give thanks for thy grace,
And glory, and blessing, And honour, and [praise.

7 Pronounce the glad word, And bid us be free:
Ah! hast thou not, Lord, A blessing for me?
The peace thou hast given This moment impart,
And open thy heaven, O Love, in my heart.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 482. S. M. (11)

1 SAVIOUR of sinful men,
Thy goodness we proclaim,
Which brings us here to meet again,
And triumph in thy name:
Thy mighty name hath been
Our safeguard and our tower;
Hath saved us from the world, and sin,
And all the' Accuser's power.

2 Jesus, take all the praise,
That still on earth we live,
Unspotted in so foul a place,
And innocently grieve!
We shall from *Sodom* flee,
When perfected in love;
And haste to better company,
Who wait for us above.

3 Awhile in flesh disjoin'd,
Our friends that went before
We soon in paradise shall find,
And meet to part no more

In yon thrice happy seat,
Waiting for us they are;
And thou shalt there a husband meet!
And I a parent there!

4 O! what a mighty change
Shall Jesu's suff'rers know,
While o'er the happy plains they range,
Incapable of woe!
No ill-requited love
Shall there our spirits wound;
No base ingratitude above,
No sin in heaven is found.

5 There all our griefs are spent!
There all our sorrows end!
We cannot there the fall lament
Of a departed friend,—
A brother dead to God,
By sin, alas! undone:—
No father there, in passion loud,
Cries, "O my son, my son!"
No slightest touch of pain,
No sorrow's least alloy,
Can violate our rest, or stain
Our purity of joy:
In that eternal day
No clouds nor tempests rise:
There gushing tears are wiped away
For ever from our eyes.

WESLEY.] HYMN 483. 6-8s. (11)

1 JESU, to thee our hearts we lift,
(May all our hearts with love o'erflow!)
With thanks for thy continued gift,—
That still thy precious name we know,
Retain our sense of sin forgiven,
And wait for all our inward heaven.

2 What mighty troubles hast thou shown
Thy feeble, tempted followers here!
We have through fire and water gone,
But saw thee on the floods appear,
But felt thee present in the flame,
And shouted our Deliverer's name.

3 When stronger souls their faith forsook,
And, lull'd in worldly, hellish peace,
Leap'd desperate from their Guardian-rock,
And headlong plunged in sin's abyss;
Thy strength was in our weakness shown,
And still it guards and keeps thine own.

4 All are not lost, or wander'd back;
All have not left thy church and Thee;
There are who suffer for thy sake,
Enjoy thy glorious infamy,
Esteem the scandal of the cross,
And only seek divine applause.

5 Thou who hast kept us to this hour,
O keep us faithful to the end!
When, robed with majesty and power,
Our Jesus shall from heaven descend,
His friends and confessors to own,
And seat us on his glorious throne.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 484. 10's & 11's. (11)

1 APPOINTED by thee, We meet in thy name,
And meekly agree To follow the Lamb,
To trace thy example, The world to disdain,
And constantly trample On pleasure and pain.

2 Rejoicing in hope, We humbly go on,
And daily take up The pledge of our crown;
In doing and bearing the will of our Lord,
We still are preparing To meet our reward.

3 O Jesus, appear! No longer delay
To sanctify here, And bear us away:
The end of our meeting On earth let us see,
Triumphantly sitting In glory with thee!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 485. S. M. (11)

1 JESU, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim!
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name:
Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

2 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.
We meet, the grace to take
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

3 Present we know thou art;
But, O, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel!
O may thy quick'ning voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 486. C. M. (11)

1 SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see,
The promised blessing give!
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are join'd;
We wait, according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us thou art assembled here;
But, O, thyself reveal!
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy presence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
"The Holy Ghost receive!"

5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet!
Jesus, the Crucified,
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died.

6 Cause us the record to receive:
Speak, and the tokens show;
"O be not faithless, but believe
In me, who died for you!"

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 487. 7's & 6's. (11)

1 TWO are better far than one
For counsel or for fight;
How can one be warm alone,
Or serve his God aright?
Join we then our hearts and hands;
Each to love provoke his friend;
Run the way of his commands,
And keep it to the end.

2 Woe to him whose spirits droop,
To him who falls alone!
He has none to lift him up,
To help his weakness on;
Happier we each other keep;
We each other's burdens bear;

Never need our footsteps slip,
Upheld by mutual prayer.

3 Who of twain hath made us one,
Maintains our unity;
Jesus is the Corner-Stone,
In whom we all agree;
Servants of one common Lord,
Sweetly of one heart and mind,
Who can break a three-fold cord,
Or part whom God hath join'd?

4 O that all with us might prove
The fellowship of saints!
Find supplied in Jesu's love,
What every member wants:
Grasp we our high calling's prize,
Feel our sins on earth forgiven,
Rise, in his whole image rise,
And meet our Head in heaven!

SECTION II.

FOR THE SOCITEY GIVING THANKS.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 488. P. M. (19)

1 HOW happy are we, Who in Jesus agree
To expect his return from above!
We sit under his vine, And delightfully join
In the praise of his excellent love.

2 How pleasant and sweet, In his name when we meet,
Is his fruit to our spiritual taste!
We are banqueting here On angelical cheer,
And the joys that eternally last.

3 Invited by him, We drink of the stream
Ever flowing in bliss from the throne:
Who in Jesus believe, We the Spirit receive
That proceeds from the Father and Son.

4 The unspeakable grace He obtain'd for our race,
And the spirit of faith he imparts:
Then, then we conceive How in heaven they live,
By the kingdom of God in our hearts.

5 True believers have seen The Saviour of men,
As his head he on Calvary bow'd:
We shall see him again, When, with all his bright train,
He descends on the luminous cloud.

6 We remember the word Of our crucified Lord,
When he went to prepare us a place;
"I will come in that day, And transport you away,
And admit to a sight of my face."

7 With earnest desire After thee we aspire,
And long thy appearing to see;
Till our souls thou receive In thy presence to live.
And be perfectly happy in thee.

8 Come, Lord, from the skies, And command us to rise,
Ready made for the mansions above;
With our Head to ascend, And eternity spend
In a rapture of heavenly love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 489. 12-8's. (19)

1 HOW good and pleasant 'tis to see,
When brethren cordially agree,
And kindly think and speak the same;
A family of faith and love,
Combined to seek the things above,
And spread the common Saviour's fame.
The God of grace who all invites,
Who in our unity delights.

Vouchsafes our intercourse to bless:
Revives us with the refreshing showers,
The fulness of his blessing pours,
And keeps our mind in perfect peace.

2 Jesus, thou precious Corner-Stone,
Preserve inseparably one,
Whom thou didst by thy Spirit join:
Still let us in thy Spirit live,
And to thy church the pattern give
Of unanimity divine!
Still let us to each other cleave,
And from thy plentitude receive
Constant supplies of hallowing grace;
Till to a perfect man we rise,
O'ertake our kindred in the skies,
And find prepared our heavenly place.

C. WESLEY.] * HYMN 490. 4-6's & 2-8's. (8)

1 BEHOLD, how good a thing
It is to dwell in peace;
How pleasing to our King,
This fruit of righteousness:
When brethren all in one agree,
Who knows the joys of unity!

2 When all are sweetly join'd,
(True followers of the Lamb,)
The same in heart and mind,
And think and speak the same;
And all in love together dwell;
The comfort is unspeakable.

3 Where unity takes place,
The joys of heaven we prove;
This is the gospel grace,
The unction from above,
The Spirit on all believers shed,
Descending swift from Christ our Head

4 Where unity is found,
The sweet anointing grace
Extends to all around,
And consecrates the place;
To every waiting soul it comes,
And fills it with divine perfumes.

5 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
For us the gift received;
For us and all the rest,
Who have in him believed:
Forth from our Head the blessing goes,
And all his seamless coat o'erflows.

6 On all his chosen ones
The precious oil comes down:
It runs, and as it runs,
It ever will run on;
Even to his skirts (the meanest name
That longs to love the bleeding Lamb.)

7 From Aaron's beard it rolls,
(Those nearest to his face,)
The humble, trembling souls
Who feebly sue for grace:
I know the grace for all is free,
For, lo! it reaches now to me.

8 Grace every morning new,
And every night, we feel;
The soft, refreshing dew
That falls on Hermon's hill!
On Sion it doth sweetly fall;
The grace of one descends on all.

9 Even now our Lord doth pour
The blessing from above,
A kindly gracious shower
Of heart reviving love;
The former and the latter rain,
The love of God and love of man.

10 In him, when brethren join,
And follow after peace,
The fellowship divine
He promises to bless;
His choicest graces to bestow,
Where two or three are met below.

11 The riches of his grace
In fellowship are given
To Sion's chosen race,
The citizens of heaven:
He fills them with the choicest store,
He gives them life for evermore.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 491. P. M. (19)

1 COME away to the skies, My beloved, arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born;
On this festival day, Come exulting away,
And with singing to Sion return.

2 We have laid up our love And treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below;
The redeem'd of the Lord, We remember his word,
And with singing to Paradise go.

3 With singing we praise The original grace,
By our heavenly Father bestow'd;
Our being receive From his bounty, and live
To the honour and glory of God.

4 For thy glory we are, Created to share
Both the nature and kingdom divine;
Created again, That our souls may remain
In time and eternity thine.

5 With thanks we approve The design of thy love
Which hath join'd us in Jesus's name;
So united in heart, That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.
6 There, there at his feet We shall suddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more!
We shall sing to our lyres, With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.
7 Hallelujah we sing, To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat:
To the Lamb that was slain, Hallelujah again,
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet!
8 In assurance of hope, We to Jesus look up,
Till his banner unfurl'd in the air
From our graves we shall see, And cry out, "It is he!"
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

J. WESLEY.] HYMN 492. L. M.

FROM THE GERMAN OF J. V. STEGEN.

1 WHAT shall we offer our good Lord,
Poor nothings, for his boundless grace?
Fain would we his great name record,
And worthily set forth his praise.
2 Great Object of our growing love,
To whom our more than all we owe,
Open the fountain from above,
And let it our full souls o'erflow.
3 So shall our lives thy power proclaim,
Thy grace for every sinner free;
Till all mankind shall learn thy name,
Shall all stretch out their hands to thee.
4 Open a door which earth and hell
May strive to shut, but strive in vain;
Let thy word richly in us dwell,
And let our gracious fruit remain.

5 O multiply the sower's seed!
And fruit we every hour shall bear,
Throughout the world thy gospel spread,
Thy everlasting truth declare.

6 We all, in perfect love renew'd,
Shall know the greatness of thy power;
Stand in the temple of our God
As pillars, and go out no more.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 493. 6-8's. (18,10)

Isa. ix. 3, 4, 5.

1 THE people that in darkness lay,
The confines of eternal night,
We, we have seen a gospel day,
The glorious beams of heavenly light;
His Spirit in our hearts hath shone,
And show'd the Father in the Son.

2 Father of everlasting grace,
Thou hast in us thy arm reveal'd,
Hast multiplied the faithful race,
Who, conscious of their pardon seal'd,
Of joy unspeakable possest,
Anticipate their heavenly rest.

3 In tears who sow'd, in joy we reap,
And praise thy goodness all day long:
Him in our eye of faith we keep,
Who gives us our triumphal song,
And doth his spoils to all divide,
A lot among the sanctified.

4 Thou hast our bonds in sunder broke,
Took all our load of guilt away;
From sin, the world, and Satan's yoke,
(Like Israel saved in Midian's day,)
Redeem'd us by our conquering Lord,
Our Gideon, and his Spirit's sword.

5 Not like the warring sons of men,
With shouts, and garments roll'd in blood.
Our Captain doth the fight maintain;
But, lo! the burning Spirit of God
Kindles in each a secret fire;
And all our sins as smoke expire!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 494. 6-8s. (1,27)

Gen. xxviii. 16, 17.

FROM THE GERMAN OF J. V. STEGEN.

1 LO! God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face;
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with reverence love.

2 Lo! God is here! him day and night
The' united choirs of angels sing;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.

3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone:
To thee our will, soul, flesh, we give;
O take, O seal them for thine own!
Thou art the God, thou art the Lord:
Be thou by all thy works adored:

4 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will:
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

5 In thee we move:—all things of thee
Are full, thou Source and Life of all;
Thou vast unfathomable Sea!
(Fall prostrate, lost in wonder, fall,
Ye sons of men, for God is man!)
All may we lose, so thee we gain.

6 As flowers their op'ning leaves display,
And glad drink in the solar fire,
So may we catch thy every ray,
So may thy influence us inspire;
Thou Beam of the eternal Beam,
Thou purging Fire, thou quick'ning Flame.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 495. 5's & 11's. (11)

1 COME, let us arise, And press to the skies;
The summons obey,
My friends, my beloved, and hasten away.
2 The Master of all For our service doth call,
And deigns to approve,
With smiles of acceptance, our labour of love.
3 His burden who bear, We alone can declare
How easy his yoke,
While to love and good works we each other
provoke;—
4 By word and by deed, The bodies in need,
The souls to relieve,
And freely as Jesus hath given to give.
5 Then let us attend Our heavenly Friend,
In his members distrest,
By want, or affliction, or sickness opprest:
6 The prisoner relieve, The stranger receive;
Supply all their wants,
And spend and be spent in assisting his saints.
7 Thus while we bestow Our moments below,
Ourselves we forsake,
And refuge in Jesus's righteousness take:

8 His passion alone The foundation we own;
And pardon we claim,
And eternal redemption, in Jesus's name.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 496. 10's. (11)

1 THE earth is the Lord's, And all it contains,
The truth of his words For ever remains;
The saints have a mountain Of blessings in him;
His grace is the fountain, His peace is the stream.

2 To him our request We now have made known,
Who sees what is best For each of his own:
Our heathenish care, We cast it aside;
He heareth the prayer, And he will provide.

3 The modest and meek The earth shall possess·
The kingdom who seek Of Jesus's grace,
The power of his Spirit Shall joyfully own,
And all things inherit, In virtue of one.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 497. 4-6's & 2-8's. (11)

1 COME, all whoe'er have set
Your faces Sion-ward,
In Jesus let us meet,
And praise our common Lord;
In Jesus let us still go on,
Till all appear before his throne.

2 Nearer, and nearer still,
We to our country come:
To that celestial hill,
The weary pilgrim's home.
The New Jerusalem above,
The seat of everlasting love.

3 The ransom'd sons of God,
All earthly things we scorn;
And to our high abode
With songs of praise return:
From strength to strength we still proceed,
With crowns of joy upon our head.

4 The peace and joy of faith
Each moment may we feel:
Redeem'd from sin and wrath,
From earth, and death, and hell,
We to our Father's house repair,
To meet our elder brother there.

5 Our Brother, Saviour, Head,
Our all in all, is he;
And in his steps who tread,
We soon his face shall see;
Shall see him with our glorious friends,
And then in heaven our journey ends.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 498. 5's & 11's. (11)

1 COME, let us anew Our journey pursue,
With vigour arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies.

2 Of heavenly birth, Though wand'ring on earth,
This is not our place;
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

3 At Jesus's call, We gave up our all;
And still we forego,
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below.

4 No longing we find For the country behind;
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above:

5 A country of joy, Without any alloy,
We thither repair:
Our hearts and our treasure already are there.

6 We march hand in hand To Immanuel's land
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth; for eternity's near

7 The rougher our way, The shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.

8 The fiercer the blast, The sooner 'tis past:
The troubles that come
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 499. P. M. (11)

1 COME, let us ascend, My companion and friend,
To a taste of the banquet above;
If thy heart be as mine, If for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide, We are bold to outride
The storms of affliction beneath;
With the prophet we soar To the heavenly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come To our permanent home
By hope we the rapture improve:
By love we still rise, And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive How happy we live,
In the palace of God, the great King?
What a concert of praise, When our Jesu's grace
The whole heavenly company sing!

5 What a rapturous song, When the glorified throng
In the spirit of harmony join:
Join all the glad choirs, Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is, "Mercy divine!"

6 Hallelujah, they cry, To the King of the sky,
To the great everlasting I AM;
To the Lamb that was slain, And liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

7 The Lamb on the throne, Lo! he dwells with his own,
And to rivers of pleasure he leads!
With his mercy's full blaze, With the sight of his face,
Our beatified spirits he feeds.

8 Our foreheads proclaim His ineffable name;
Our bodies his glory display:
A day without night, We feast in his sight,
And eternity seems as a day!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 500. C. M. (15)

1 ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restored
Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up,
And gather'd into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove:
The grace through every vessel flows
In purest streams of love.

4 Ev'n now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree;
Concentred all, through Jesu's name,
In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one,
The common peace we feel;
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round his throne we meet!

SECTION III.

FOR THE SOCIETY PRAYING.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 501. C. M. (11)

1 JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly;
Thy little flock in safety keep;
For, O! the wolf is nigh.

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul,
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thy arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side:
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee!

6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 502. C. M. (11

1 COME, thou omniscient Son of Man,
Display thy sifting power;
Come with thy Spirit's winnowing fan,
And throughly purge thy floor.

2 The chaff of sin, the' accursed thing,
Far from our souls be driven!
The wheat into thy garner bring,
And lay us up for heaven.

3 Look through us with thy eyes of flame,
The clouds and darkness chase;
And tell me what by sin I am,
And what I am by grace

4 Whate'er offends thy glorious eyes,
Far from our hearts remove;
As dust before the whirlwind flies,
Disperse it by thy love.

5 Then let us all thy fulness know,
From every sin set free;
Saved, to the utmost—saved below,
And perfectly like thee.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 503. C. M. (55,59)

1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart:
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart!

2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 504. C. M. (55)

1 JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke;
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak, the same.

4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever tow'rds each other move,
And ever move tow'rds thee.

5 To thee inseparably join'd,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive!

6 This is the bond of perfectness,
Thy spotless charity;
O let us (still we pray) possess
The mind that was in thee!

7 Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove;
Our souls their change shall scarcely know
Made perfect first in love!

8 With ease our souls through death shall glide
Into their paradise;
And thence, on wings of angels, ride
Triumphant through the skies.

9 Yet when the fullest joy is given,
The same delight we prove;
In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
Our all in all is love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 505. L. M. (11)

1 UNCHANGEABLE, almighty Lord,
Our souls upon thy truth we stay;
Accomplish now thy faithful word,
And give, O give us all one way!

2 O let us all join hand in hand,
Who seek redemption in thy blood;
Fast in one mind and spirit stand,
And build the temple of our God!

3 Thou only canst our wills control,
Our wild unruly passions bind;
Tame the old Adam in our soul,
And make us of one heart and mind.

4 Speak but the reconciling word,
The winds shall cease, the waves subside
We all shall praise our common Lord,
Our Jesus, and him crucified.

5 Giver of peace and unity,
Send down thy mild, pacific Dove:
We all shall then in one agree,
And breathe the spirit of thy love.

6 We all shall think and speak the same
Delightful lesson of thy grace;
One undivided Christ proclaim,
And jointly glory in thy praise.

7 O let us take a softer mold,
Blended and gather'd into thee;
Under one Shepherd make one fold,
Where all is love and harmony!

8 Regard thine own eternal prayer,
And send a peaceful answer down;
To us thy Father's name declare;
Unite and perfect us in one!

9 So shall the world believe and know,
That God hath sent thee from above,
When thou art seen in us below,
And every soul displays thy love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 506. 7's & 6's. (43)

John xiv. 16, 17.

1 FATHER of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good;
O fulfil his faithful word,
And hear his speaking blood!
Give us that for which he prays:
Father, glorify thy Son!
Show his truth, and power, and grace,
And send the Promise down.

2 True and faithful Witness, thou,
O Christ, thy Spirit give!
Hast thou not received him now,
That we might now receive?
Art thou not our living Head?
Life to all thy limbs impart:
Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed
In every waiting heart.

3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
The gift of Jesus, come;
Glows our heart to find thee near,
And swells to make thee room:
Present with us thee we feel,
Come, O come, and in us be!
With us, in us, live and dwell,
To all eternity.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 507. L. M. (55)

1 SAVIOUR of all, to thee we bow,
And own thee faithful to thy word;
We hear thy voice, and open now
Our hearts to entertain our Lord.

2 Come in, come in, thou heavenly Guest,
Delight in what thyself hast given;
On thine own gifts and graces feast,
And make the contrite heart thy heaven.

3 Smell the sweet odour of our prayers,
Our sacrifice of praise approve;
And treasure up our gracious tears,
Who rest in thy redeeming love.

4 Beneath thy shadow let us sit,
Call us thy friends, and love, and bride;
And bid us freely drink and eat
Thy dainties, and be satisfied.

5 O let us on thy fulness feed,
And eat thy flesh, and drink thy blood!
Jesus, thy blood is drink indeed,
Jesus, thy flesh is angels' food.

6 The heavenly manna faith imparts;
Faith makes thy fulness all our own,
We feed upon thee in our hearts,
And find that heaven and thou are one.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 508. 7's. (15)

1 GOD of love, that hear'st the prayer,
Kindly for thy people care,
Who on thee alone depend:
Love us, save us to the end.

2 Save us, in the prosperous hour,
From the flatt'ring Tempter's power
From his unsuspected wiles,
From the world's pernicious smiles.

3 Cut off our dependence vain
On the help of feeble man:
Every arm of flesh remove;
Stay us on thy only love!

4 Men of worldly, low design,
Let not these thy people join,
Poison our simplicity,
Drag us from our trust in thee.

5 Save us from the great and wise,
Till they sink in their own eyes,
Tamely to thy yoke submit,
Lay their honours at thy feet.

6 Never let the world break in
Fix a mighty gulf between:
Keep us little and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.

7 Let us still to thee look up,
Thee, thy Israel's Strength and Hope;
Nothing know, or seek, beside
Jesus, and him crucified.

8 Far above all earthly things,
Look we down on earthly kings;
Taste our glorious liberty;
Find our happy all in thee!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 509. 7's. (11,59)

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree:
Show thyself the Prince of Peace;
Bid our jars for ever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear:
Come, and spread thy banner here!

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear,
To thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.
5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness!
6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 510. 4-6's & 2-8's. (11,27)

1 THOU God of truth and love,
We seek thy perfect way,
Ready thy choice to' approve,
Thy providence to' obey;
Enter into thy wise design,
And sweetly lose our will in thine.
2 Why hast thou cast our lot
In the same age and place?
And why together brought
To see each other's face?
To join with softest sympathy,
And mix our friendly souls in thee?
3 Didst thou not make us one,
That we might one remain,
Together travel on,
And bear each other's pain;
Till all thy utmost goodness prove,
And rise renew'd in perfect love?

4 Surely thou didst unite
Our kindred spirits here,
That all hereafter might
Before thy throne appear;
Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
And all thy glorious love proclaim.

5 Then let us ever bear
The blessed end in view,
And join, with mutual care,
To fight our passage through;
And kindly help each other on,
Till all receive the starry crown

6 O may thy Spirit seal
Our souls unto that day,
With all thy fulness fill,
And then transport away!
Away to our eternal rest,
Away to our Redeemer's breast!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 511. 6-8's. (11)

1 FORGIVE us, for thy mercy's sake,
Our multitude of sins forgive!
And for thy own possession take,
And bid us to thy glory live;
Live in thy sight, and gladly prove
Our faith, by our obedient love.

2 The cov'nant of forgiveness seal,
And all thy mighty wonders show!
Our inbred enemies expel;
And conquering them to conquer go,
Till all or pride and wrath be slain,
And not one evil thought remain!

3 O put it in our inward parts,
The living law of perfect love!
Write the new precept in our hearts:
We shall not then from thee remove.
Who in thy glorious image shine,
Thy people, and for ever thine

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 512. 6-7's. (11)

1 CENTRE of our hopes thou art,
End of our enlarged desires;
Stamp thine image on our heart;
Fill us now with heavenly fires;
Cemented by love divine,
Seal our souls for ever thine.

2 All our works in thee be wrought,
Levell'd at one common aim;
Every word, and every thought,
Purge in the refining flame:
Lead us, through the paths of peace,
On to perfect holiness.

3 Let us altogether rise,
To thy glorious life restored;
Here regain our paradise,
Here prepare to meet our Lord;
Here enjoy the earnest given,
Travel hand in hand to heaven!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 513. 6-8's. (11)

1 JESUS, with kindest pity see
The souls that would be one in thee,
If now accepted in thy sight,
Thou dost our upright hearts unite,
Allow us even on earth to prove
The noblest joys of heavenly love.

2 Before thy glorious eyes we spread
The wish which doth from thee proceed;
Our love from earthly dross refine;
Holy, angelical, divine,
Thee its great Author let it show,
And back to the pure fountain flow.

3 A drop of that unbounded sea,
O Lord, resorb it into thee!
While all our souls, with restless strife,
Spring up into eternal life,
And, lost in endless raptures, prove
Thy whole immensity of love.
4 A spark of that ethereal fire,
Still let it to its source aspire.
To thee in every wish return,
Intensely for thy glory burn;
While all our souls fly up to thee,
And blaze through all eternity.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 514. 7's. (11)

1 FATHER, at thy footstool see,
Those who now are one in thee:
Draw us by thy grace alone;
Give, O give us to thy Son!
2 Jesus, friend of human kind,
Let us in thy name be join'd;
Each to each unite and bless;
Keep us still in perfect peace.
3 Heavenly, all-alluring Dove,
Shed thy over-shadowing love;
Love, the sealing grace, impart,
Dwell within our single heart.
4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be to us what Adam lost:
Let us in thine image rise;
Give us back our paradise.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 515. 7's. (9,59)

The Communion of Saints.

PART I.

1 FATHER, Son, and Spirit, hear
Faith's effectual fervent prayer;
Hear, and our petitions seal,
Let us now the answer feel.

Still our fellowship increase;
Knit us in the bond of peace;
Join our new-born spirits, join
Each to each, and all to thine.

2 Build us in one body up,
Call'd in one high calling's hope
One the Spirit whom we claim;
One the pure baptismal flame;
One the faith, and common Lord
One the Father lives adored,
Over, through, and in us all,
God incomprehensible.

3 One with God, the source of bliss,
Ground of our communion this:
Life of all that live below,
Let thine emanations flow;
Rise eternal in our heart:
Thou our long-sought Eden art;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be to us what Adam lost.

C WESLEY.] HYMN 516. 7's. (9)

PART II.

1 OTHER ground can no man lay;
Jesus takes our sins away;
Jesus the foundation is,
This shall stand, and only this:
Fitly framed in him we are,
All the building rises fair;
Let it to a temple rise,
Worthy him who fills the skies.

2 Husband of thy church below,
Christ, if thee our Lord we know,
Unto thee, betrothed in love,
Always let us faithful prove;
Never rob thee of our heart,
Never give the creature part:

Only thou possess the whole;
Take our body, spirit, soul.

3 Steadfast let us cleave to thee;
Love the mystic union be;
Union to the world unknown,
Join'd to God in spirit one:
Wait we till the Spouse shall come,
Till the Lamb shall take us home;
For his heaven the Bride prepare,
Solemnize our nuptials there.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 517. 7's. (9)

PART III.

1 CHRIST, our Head, gone up on high,
Be thou in thy Spirit nigh:
Advocate with God, give ear
To thine own effectual prayer!

2 One the Father is with thee;
Knit us in like unity;
Make us, O uniting Son!
One,—as Thou and He are one.

3 Still, O Lord, (for thine we are,)
Still to us his name declare:
Thy revealing Spirit give,
Whom the world cannot receive.

4 Fill us with the Father's love;
Never from our souls remove:
Dwell in us, and we shall be
Thine through all eternity.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 518. 7's. (9,59)

PART IV.

1 CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below.
Hear us, who thy nature share,
Who thy mystic body are.

2 Join us, in one spirit join,
Let us still receive of thine:
Still for more on thee we call,
Thou who fillest all in all!

3 Closer knit to thee, our Head;
Nourish us, O Christ, and feed;
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jesus live.

4 Jesus, we thy members are;
Cherish us with kindest care;
Of thy flesh, and of thy bone,
Love, for ever love thine own!

5 Move, and actuate, and guide;
Divers gifts to each divide:
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil;

6 Never from our office move,
Needful to each other prove;
Use the grace on each bestow'd,
Temper'd by the art of God,

7 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy;
Kindly for each other care;
Every member feel its share.

8 Wounded by the grief of one,
Now let all the members groan;
Honour'd if one member is,
All partake the common bliss.

9 Many are we now and one,
We who Jesus have put on:
There is neither bond nor free,
Male nor female, Lord, in thee!

10 Love, like death, hath all destroy'
Render'd all distinctions void;
Names, and sects, and parties fall:
Thou, O Christ, art all in all!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 519. 7's. (9,27,59

The Love-Feast.

PART I.

1 COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine!
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord;
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise;
Sing as in the ancient days;
Antedate the joys above;
Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Strive we, in affection strive;
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions for their God:
We, like them, may live and love;
Call'd we are their joys to prove,
Saved with them from future wrath,
Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we then in Jesu's name,
Now as yesterday the same;
One in every time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace:
We for Christ, our Master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land:
We our dying Lord confess,
We are Jesu's witnesses.

4 Witnesses that Christ hath died,
We with him are crucified;
Christ hath burst the bands of death:
We his quick'ning Spirit breathe
Christ is now gone up on high;
Thither all our wishes fly:
Sits at God's right hand above;
There with him we reign in love

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 520. 7's (9,27)

PART II.

1 COME, thou high and lofty Lord!
Lowly, meek, incarnate Word!
Humbly stoop to earth again;
Come and visit abject man!
Jesus, dear expected guest,
Thou art bidden to the feast;
For thyself our hearts prepare:
Come, and sit, and banquet there!

2 Jesus, we thy promise claim:
We are met in thy great name;
In the midst do thou appear,
Manifest thy presence here!
Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace;
Thou thyself within us move;
Make our feast a Feast of Love.

3 Let the fruits of grace abound;
Let us in thy bowels sound;
Faith, and love, and joy increase,
Temperance and gentleness;
Plant in us thy humble mind;
Patient, pitiful, and kind,
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of thee.

4 Make us all in thee complete,
Make us all for glory meet,
Meet to' appear before thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.
Call, O call us each, by name,
To the marriage of the Lamb!
Let us lean upon thy breast;
Love be there our endless feast!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 521. 7's. (9

PART III.

1 LET us join, ('tis God commands,)
Let us join our hearts and hands;
Help to gain our calling's hope;
Build we each the other up:
God his blessings shall dispense;
God shall crown his ordinance;
Meet in his appointed ways;
Nourish us with social grace.

2 Let us then as brethren love,
Faithfully his gifts improve,
Carry on the earnest strife,
Walk in holiness of life;
Still forget the things behind,
Follow Christ in heart and mind.
Tow'rd the mark unwearied press,
Seize the crown of righteousness.

3 Plead we thus for faith alone,
Faith which by our works is shown:
God it is who justifies;
Only faith the grace applies;—
Active faith that lives within,
Conquers earth, and hell, and sin,
Sanctifies, and makes us whole,
Forms the Saviour in the soul.

4 Let us for this faith contend;
Sure salvation is its end:
Heaven already is begun,
Everlasting life is won.
Only let us persevere,
Till we see our Lord appear;
Never from the Rock remove,
Saved by faith which works by love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 522. 7's. (9,53)

PART IV.

1 PARTNERS of a glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up:
Jointly let us rise and sing
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King:
Monuments of Jesu's grace,
Speak we by our lives his praise;
Walk in him we have received;
Show we not in vain believed.

2 While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite;
Dearest fellowship we prove,
Fellowship in Jesu's love;
Sweetly each, with each combined,
In the bonds of duty join'd,
Feels the cleansing blood applied,
Daily feels that Christ hath died.

3 Still, O Lord, our faith increase;
Cleanse from all unrighteousness;
Thee the' unholy cannot see;
Make, O make us meet for thee!
Every vile affection kill;
Root out every seed of ill;
Utterly abolish sin;
Write thy law of love within.

4 Hence may all our actions flow;
Love the proof that Christ we know;
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee:
Love, thine image, love impart!
Stamp it on our face and heart!
Only love to us be given!
Lord, we ask no other heaven.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 523. L. M. (11)

1 O THOU, our Husband, Brother, Friend,
Behold a cloud of incense rise!
The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,
Grateful, accepted sacrifice!

2 Regard our prayers for Sion's peace;
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad;
Thy gifts abundantly increase;
Enlarge, and fill us all with God.

3 Before thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,
And guide into thy perfect will,
Cause us thy hallow'd name to know,
The work of faith in us fulfil.

4 Help us to make our calling sure;
O let us all be saints indeed,
And pure as thou thyself art pure,
Conform'd in all things to our Head.

5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood:
Thy blood shall wash us white as snow,
Present us sanctified to God,
And perfected in love below.

6 That blood which cleanses from all sin,
That efficacious blood apply;
And wash, and make us wholly clean.
And change, and throughly sanctify.

7 From all iniquity redeem;
Cleanse by the water and the word;
And free from every spot of blame,
And make the servant as his Lord!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 524. 12-8's. (11)

1 OUR friendship sanctify and guide:
Unmix'd with selfishness and pride,
Thy glory be our single aim

In all our intercourse below,
Still let us in thy footsteps go,
And never meet but in thy name.
Fix on thyself our single eye;
Still let us on thyself rely,
For all the help that each conveys;
The help as from thy hand receive,
And still to thee all glory give,
All thanks, all might, all love, all praise.

2 Whate'er thou dost on one bestow,
Let each the double blessing know:
Let each the common burden bear;
In comforts and in griefs agree,
And wrestle for his friends with thee,
In all the' omnipotence of prayer.
Our mutual prayer accept and seal;
In all thy glorious self reveal;
All with the fire of love baptize:
Thy kingdom in our souls restore;
And keep till we can sin no more,
Till all in thy whole image rise.

3 Witnesses of the' all-cleansing blood,
Long may we work the works of God,
And do thy will like those above:
Together spread the gospel sound,
And scatter peace on all around,
And joy, and happiness, and love.
True yoke-fellows, by love compell'd,
To labour in the gospel field,
Our all let us delight to spend,
In gathering in thy lambs and sheep;
Assured that thou our souls wilt keep,
Wilt keep us faithful to the end.

J. WESLEY.] HYMN 525. 6-8's. (18)

1 JESUS, thou great redeeming Lord,
The kingdom of thy peace restored;

Let all thy followers perceive,
And happy in thy Spirit live;
Retain the grace through thee bestow'd,
The favour and the peace of God.

2 Give all thy saints to find in thee
The fulness of the Deity;
His nature, life, and mind to prove,
In perfect holiness and love:
Fountain of Grace! thyself make known,
With God and man for ever one.

3 Still with and in thy people dwell;
Thy gracious plenitude reveal;
Till coming with thy heavenly train,
We eye to eye "behold the Man,"
And share thy majesty divine,
And mount our thrones encircling thine.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 526. 8's & 6's. (19)

1 EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed;
We spend our wretched strength for nought!
But if our works in thee be wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.

2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire
Thy goodness to proclaim,—
Thy glory if we now intend,—
O let our deed begin and end
Complete in Jesu's name!

3 In Jesu's name behold we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways;
One only thing resolved to know,
And square our useful lives below,
By reason and by grace.

4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark monastic cell,
By vows and grates confined;
Freely to all ourselves we give,
Constrain'd by Jesu's love to live
The servants of mankind.

5 Now, Jesus, now thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will:
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy rising Church, and place
The city on the hill.

6 O let our faith and love abound!
O let our lives to all around
With purest lustre shine;
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly Light Divine.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 527. 8's & 6's. (19)

1 COME, Wisdom, Power, and Grace Divine;
Come, Jesus, in thy name to join
A happy, chosen band;
Who fain would prove thine utmost will,
And all thy righteous laws fulfil,
In love's benign command.

2 If pure, essential Love thou art,
Thy nature into every heart,
Thy loving self, inspire:
Bid all our simple souls be one,
United in a bond unknown,
Baptized with heavenly fire.

3 Still may we to our centre tend,—
To spread thy praise our common end,
To help each other on:

Companions through the wilderness,
To share a moment's pain, and seize
An everlasting crown.

4 Jesus, our tender'd souls prepare!
Infuse the softest social care,
The warmest charity,
The bowels of our bleeding Lamb,
The virtues of thy wondrous name,
The heart that was in thee.

5 Supply what every member wants;
To found the fellowship of saints,
Thy Spirit, Lord, supply;
So shall we all thy love receive,
Together to thy glory live,
And to thy glory die.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 528. 8's & 6's. (19)

1 O SAVIOUR, cast a gracious smile!
Our gloomy guilt, and selfish guile,
And shy distrust remove:
The true simplicity impart,
To fashion every passive heart,
And mould it into love.

2 Our naked hearts to thee we raise;
Whate'er obstructs thy work of grace,
For ever drive it hence:
Exert thy all-subduing power,
And each regenerate soul restore
To child-like innocence.

3 Soon as in thee we gain a part,
Our spirit purged from nature's art
Appears, by grace forgiven:

We then pursue our sole design,
To lose our melting will in thine,
And want no other heaven.

4 O that we now the power might feel,
To do on earth thy blessed will,
As angels do above!
In thee, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
To walk, and perfectly to' obey
Thy sweet constraining love!

5 Jesus, fulfil our one desire,
And spread the spark of living fire
Through every hallow'd breast;
Bless with divine conformity,
And give us now to find in thee
Our everlasting rest.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 529. 7's. (19)

1 HOLY Lamb, who thee confess,
Followers of thy holiness,
Thee they ever keep in view,
Ever ask, "What shall we do?"
Govern'd by thy only will,
All thy words we would fulfil,
Would in all thy footsteps go,
Walk as Jesus walk'd below.

2 While thou didst on earth appear,
Servant to thy servants here,
Mindful of thy place above,
All thy life was prayer and love.
Such our whole employment be,
Works of faith and charity;
Works of love on man bestow'd,
Secret intercourse with God.

3 Early in the temple meet,
Let us still our Saviour greet;
Nightly to the mount repair,
Join our praying Pattern there.
There by wrestling faith obtain
Power to work for God again;
Power his image to retrieve,
Power, like thee, our Lord, to live.

4 Vessels, instruments of grace,
Pass we thus our happy days
'Twixt the mount and multitude,
Doing or receiving good;
Glad to pray and labour on,
Till our earthly course is run,
Till we, on the sacred tree,
Bow the head and die like thee.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 530. 8's & 7's. (19)

1 COME, thou all-inspiring Spirit,
Into every longing heart!
Bought for us by Jesu's merit,
Now thy blissful self impart:
Sign our uncontested pardon;
Wash us in the' atoning blood!
Make our hearts a water'd garden;
Fill our spotless souls with God.

2 If thou gav'st the' enlarged desire
Which for thee we ever feel,
Now our panting souls inspire,
Now our cancell'd sin reveal:
Claim us for thy habitation;
Dwell within our hallow'd breast;
Seal us heirs of full salvation,
Fitted for our heavenly rest.

3 Give us quietly to tarry,
Till for all thy glory meet,
Waiting, like attentive Mary,
Happy at the Saviour's feet;
Keep us from the world unspotted,
From all earthly passions free,
Wholly to thyself devoted,
Fix'd to live and die for thee.

4 Wrestling on in mighty prayer,
Lord, we will not let thee go,
Till thou all thy mind declare,
All thy grace on us bestow;
Peace, the seal of sin forgiven,
Joy, and perfect love, impart,
Present, everlasting heaven,
All thou hast, and all thou art!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 531. 7's & 6's. (18,59)

Exod. xxxiv. 29, 30.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
That famous Plant thou art:
Tree of Life eternal, rise
In every longing heart!
Bid us find the food in thee,
For which our deathless spirits pine,
Fed with immortality,
And fill'd with love divine.

2 Long we have our burden borne,
Our own unfaithfulness,
Object of the Heathens' scorn,
Who mock'd our scanty grace:
Jesus, our reproach remove;
Let sin no more thy people shame!
Show us rooted in thy love,
In life and death the same.

3 In thy spotless people show
Thy power and constancy;
Give us thus to feel and know
Our fellowship with thee:
Give us all thy mind to' express,
And blameless in our Lord to' abide,
Transcripts of thy holiness,
Thy fair unspotted bride.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 532. C. M. (18)

Jer. l. 5.

1 COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual *Covenant* join
Ourselves to CHRIST the LORD:

2 Give up ourselves, through Jesu's power,
His name to glorify;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For GOD to live and die.

3 The Covenant we this moment make,
Be ever kept in mind:—
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow:—
And if thou art well-pleased to hear,
Come down and meet us now!

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give!

6 To each the covenant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day

SECTION IV.

FOR THE SOCIETY AT PARTING.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 533. 4-6's & 2-8's. (11)

1 LORD, we thy will obey,
And in thy pleasure rest;
We, only we, can say,
"Whatever is, is best;"
Joyful to meet, willing to part,
Convinced we still are one in heart.

2 Hereby we sweetly know
Our love proceeds from thee,—
We let each other go,
From every creature free,
And cry, in answer to thy call,
"Thou art, O Christ, our all in all!"

3 Our Husband, Brother, Friend,
Our Counsellor Divine!
Thy chosen ones depend
On no support but thine:
Our everlasting Comforter!
We cannot want, if thou art here.

4 Still let us, gracious Lord,
Sit loose to all below;
And to thy love restored,
No other portion know;
Stand fast in glorious liberty,
And live and die wrapt up in thee!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 534. C. M. (55,59)

1 BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove,—
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus Crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

6 But let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 535. D. S. M. (11)

1 AND let our bodies part,
To different climes repair,—
Inseparably join'd in heart
The friends of Jesus are.
Jesus, the Corner-stone,
Did first our hearts unite,
And still he keeps our spirits one,
Who walk with him in white.

2 O let us still proceed
In Jesu's work below;
And, following our triumphant Head,
To farther conquests go!

The vineyard of the Lord
Before his labourers lies;
And, lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

3 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find
Where all our labours end;
Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain:—
Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again.

4 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.
The Church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest,
And, crown'd with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.

5 With joy we shall behold,
In yonder blest abode,
The patriarchs and prophets old,
And all the saints of God.
Abraham and Isaac there,
And Jacob shall receive
The followers of their faith and prayer,
Who now in bodies live.

6 We shall our time beneath
Live out in cheerful hope,
And fearless pass the vale of death,
And gain the mountain-top.
To gather home his own
God shall his angels send,

And bid our bliss, on earth begun,
In deathless triumph end.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 536. 4-6's & 2 8's. (15)

1 JESUS, accept the praise
That to thy Name belongs;
Matter of all our lays,
Subject of all our songs:
Through thee we now together came,
And part exulting in thy Name.

2 In flesh we part awhile,
But still in spirit join'd,
To' embrace the happy toil,
Thou hast to each assign'd;
And while we do thy blessed will,
We bear our heaven about us still.

3 O let us thus go on
In all thy pleasant ways,
And, arm'd with patience, run
With joy the' appointed race:
Keep us, and every seeking soul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal.

4 There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more:
We shall with all our brethren rise,
And grasp thee in the flaming skies.

5 O happy, happy day,
That calls thy exiles home!
The heavens shall pass away,
The earth receive its doom:
Earth we shall view, and heaven destroy'd
And shout above the fiery void.

6 These eyes shall see them fall,
Mountains, and stars, and skies
These eyes shall see them all —
Out of their ashes rise!
These lips his praises shall rehearse,
Whose nod restores the universe.

7 According to his word,
His oath to sinners given,
We look to see restored
The ruin'd earth and heaven;
In a new world his truth to prove,
A world of righteousness and love.

8 Then let us wait the sound,
That shall our souls release;
And labour to be found
Of him in spotless peace,
In perfect holiness renew'd,
Adorn'd with Christ, and meet for God.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 537. C. M. (15)

1 GOD of all consolation, take
The glory of thy grace!
Thy gifts to thee we render back
In ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Through thee we now together came
In singleness of heart;
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.

3 We part in body, not in mind;
Our minds continue one;
And, each to each in Jesus join'd,
We hand in hand go on.

4 Subsists as in us all one soul,
No power can make us twain;

And mountains rise, and oceans roll,
To sever us in vain.

5 Present we still in spirit are,
And intimately nigh,
While on the wings of faith and prayer
We each to other fly.

6 In Jesus Christ together we
In heavenly places sit;
Clothed with the sun, we smile to see
The moon beneath our feet.

7 Our life is hid with Christ in God;
Our Life shall soon appear,
And shed his glory all abroad
In all his members here.

8 The heavenly treasure now we have
In a vile house of clay;
But he shall to the utmost save.
And keep it to that day.

9 Our souls are in his mighty hand,
And he shall keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Sion's hill!

10 Him eye to eye we there shall see;
Our face like his shall shine:
O what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!

11 O what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white array'd,
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.

12 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through;
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

13 Then let us hasten to the day,
When all shall be brought home;
Come, O Redeemer, come away,
O Jesus, quickly come!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 538. 7's. (31)

1 JESUS, soft harmonious Name,
Every faithful heart's desire;
See thy followers, O Lamb!
All at once to thee aspire:
Drawn by thy uniting grace,
After thee we swiftly run;
Hand in hand we seek thy face:
Come, and perfect us in one.

2 Mollify our harsher will;
Each to each our tempers suit,
By thy modulating skill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute:
Sweetly on our spirits move;
Gently touch the trembling strings;
Make the harmony of love,
Music for the King of kings!

3 See the souls that hang on thee!
Sever'd though in flesh we are,
Join'd in spirit all agree;
All thy only love declare;
Spread thy love to all around:
Hark! we now our voices raise!—
Joyful consentaneous sound,
Sweetest symphony of praise.

4 Jesu's praise be all our song;
While we Jesu's praise repeat,
Glide our happy hours along,
Glide with down upon their feet!

Far from sorrow, sin, and fear,
Till we take our seats above,
Live we all as angels here,
Only sing, and praise, and love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 539. D. C. M. (11)

1 LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name:
To Jesu's Name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King;
The King is now our Friend!

2 We, for his sake, count all things loss;
On earthly good look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.
O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to' approve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love!

3 Love us, though far in flesh disjoin'd,
Ye lovers of the Lamb;
And ever bear us on your mind,
Who think and speak the same:
You on our minds we ever bear,
Whoe'er to Jesus bow;
Stretch out the arms of faith and prayer,
And, lo! we reach you now.

4 The blessings all on you be shed,
Which God in Christ imparts;
We pray the Spirit of our Head
Into your faithful hearts.

Mercy and peace your portion be,
To carnal minds unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.

5 Let all who for the Promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive;
And, raised to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live!
Live till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heaven to share:
He now is fitting up your home;
Go on;—we'll meet you there.

DISMISSION HYMN. P. M.

1 LORD! dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
Let the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound,
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found.

3 So whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever—
Reign with Christ in endless day

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

Not in the Editions published during the Life of Mr. Wesley.

On Divine Worship.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 540. L. M. (29)

Psalm c.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise,
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 541. 4 6's & 2 8's. (29)

Psalm lxxxiv.

1 LORD of the worlds above!
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!
To thine abode My heart aspires,
With warm desires To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God delights to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; And happy they
Who love the way To Zion's hill!

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each o'ercomes at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat! Thou God, our King,
Shalt thither bring Our willing feet,

4 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence!
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow Upon our race
His saving grace, And glory too.

5 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From holy, humble souls:
Thrice happy he, O Lord of Hosts,
Whose spirit trusts Alone in thee!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 542. 7's. (1,27,59)

1 LORD and God of heavenly powers!
Theirs,—yet, O! benignly ours;
Glorious King! let earth proclaim,
Worms attempt to chant thy name.

2 Thee to laud in songs divine
Angels and archangels join:
We with them our voices raise,
Echoing thine eternal praise.

3 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Live by heaven and earth adored!
Full of thee, they ever cry,
"Glory be to God Most High!"

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 543. C. M. (1)

1 BEING of Beings, God of Love!
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, only thine, we pant to be;
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Heavenward our every wish aspires;
For all thy mercies' store,
The sole return thy love requires
Is, that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask; we open then
Our hearts to' embrace thy will;
Turn, and beget us, Lord, again,
With all thy fulness fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad!
So shall we ever live, and move,
And be with Christ in God.

C. WESLEY, JUN.] HYMN 544. C. M. (2,10)

On the Sabbath.

1 THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful, in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.

Thus, Lord, while we remember Thee,
We blest and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

2 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By God, the' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.
He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak a world from nought;
'Twas greater to redeem!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 545. 6-8's. (25)

On the Death of Christ.

1 O THOU eternal Victim, slain
A sacrifice for guilty man,
By the eternal Spirit made
An offering in the sinner's stead;
Our everlasting Priest art thou,
And plead'st thy death for sinners now.

2 Thy offering still continues new;
Thy vesture keeps its bloody hue;
Thou stand'st the ever-slaughter'd Lamb;
Thy priesthood still remains the same;
Thy years, O God, can never fail;
Thy goodness is unchangeable.

3 O that our faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as thy love!
Sure evidence of things unseen,
Now let it pass the years between,
And view thee bleeding on the tree,
My God, who dies for me, for me!

WESLEY.] HYMN 546. S. M. (25)

For the Lord's Supper.

1 COME, all who truly bear
The Name of Christ your Lord.
His last mysterious supper share,
And keep his kindest word.
Hereby your faith approve
In Jesus crucified:
"In memory of my dying love,
Do this,"—he said,—and died.

2 The badge and token this,
The sure confirming seal,
That he is ours, and we are his,
The servants of his will;
His dear peculiar ones,
The purchase of his blood;
His blood which once for all atones,
And brings us now to God.

3 Then let us still profess
Our Master's honour'd name;
Stand forth his faithful witnesses,
True followers of the Lamb.
In proof that such we are,
His saying we receive,
And thus to all mankind declare
We do in Christ believe.

4 Part of his church below,
We thus our right maintain;
Our living membership we show,
And in the fold remain,—
The sheep of Israel's fold,
In England's pastures fed;
And fellowship with all we hold,
Who hold it with our Head.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 547. 8's & 7's. (25)

1 COME, thou everlasting Spirit,
Bring to every thankful mind
All the Saviour's dying merit,
All his sufferings for mankind!
True Recorder of his passion,
Now the living faith impart;
Now reveal his great salvation;
Preach his gospel to our heart.

2 Come, thou Witness of his dying;
Come, Remembrancer divine!
Let us feel thy power, applying
Christ to every soul,—and mine!
Let us groan thine inward groaning;
Look on him we pierced, and grieve;
All receive the grace atoning,
All the sprinkled blood receive,

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 548. 7's & 6's. (25,27)

1 LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us who think on thee;
And every struggling soul release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

2 By thy agonizing pain
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away:
Burst our bonds, and set us free;
From all iniquity release;
O remember Calvary, &c.

3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal;
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
O remember Calvary, &c.

4 Never will we hence depart,
Till thou our wants relieve,
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all thine image give!
Still our souls shall cry to thee,
Till perfected in holiness;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 549. C. M (25)

1 JESU, at whose supreme command,
We now approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipp'd in blood!
Obedient to thy gracious word,
We break the hallow'd bread,
Commem'rate thee, our dying Lord,
And trust on thee to feed.

2 Now, Saviour, now thyself reveal,
And make thy nature known;
Affix thy blessed Spirit's seal,
And stamp us for thine own.
The tokens of thy dying love
O let us all receive;
And feel the quick'ning Spirit move,
And sensibly believe!

3 The cup of blessing, bless'd by thee,
Let it thy blood impart;
The bread thy mystic body be,
And cheer each languid heart.

The grace which sure salvation brings
Let us herewith receive;
Satiate the hungry with good things,
The hidden manna give.

4 The living bread, sent down from heaven,
In us vouchsafe to be:
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.
Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,
And let us drink thy blood,
Till all our souls are fill'd below
With all the life of God.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 550. C. M. (25)

1 COME, Holy Ghost, thine influence shed,
And realize the sign;
Thy life infuse into the bread,
Thy power into the wine.

2 Effectual let the tokens prove,
And made, by heavenly art,
Fit channels to convey thy love
To every faithful heart.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 551. 6-8's. (25)

1 VICTIM Divine, thy grace we claim,
While thus thy precious death we show;
Once offer'd up, a spotless Lamb,
In thy great temple here below,
Thou didst for all mankind atone,
And standest now before the throne.

2 Thou standest in the holy place,
As now for guilty sinners slain;
The blood of sprinkling speaks, and prays,
All prevalent for helpless man;
Thy blood is still our ransom found,
And speaks salvation all around.

The smoke of thy atonement here
Darken'd the sun, and rent the veil,
Made the new way to heaven appear,
And show'd the great Invisible:
Well-pleased in thee, our God look'd down,
And calls his rebels to a crown.

4 He still respects thy Sacrifice;
Its savour sweet doth always please;
The Offering smokes through earth and sk
Diffusing life, and joy, and peace;
To these, thy lower courts, it comes,
And fills them with divine perfumes.

5 We need not now go up to heaven,
To bring the long-sought Saviour down;
Thou art to all already given,
Thou dost even now thy banquet crown;
To every faithful soul appear,
And show thy real presence here!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 552. 7's & 6's. (25,27)

1 JESUS drinks the bitter cup,
The wine-press treads alone;
Tears the graves and mountains up,
By his expiring groan;
Lo! the powers of heaven he shakes;
Nature in convulsions lies;
Earth's profoundest centre quakes·
The great JEHOVAH dies!

2 Dies the glorious cause of all!
The true eternal *Pan*
Falls, to raise us from our fall,
To ransom sinful man!
Well may *Sol* withdraw his light,
With the Sufferer sympathize,
Leave the world in sudden night,
While the Creator dies!

3 Well may heaven be clothed in black,
And solemn sackcloth wear,
Jesu's agonies partake,
The hour of darkness share:
Mourn the' astonish'd hosts above;
Silence saddens all the skies;
Kindler of seraphic love,
The God of Angels dies!

4 O my God, he dies for me,
I feel the mortal smart!
See him hanging on the tree,—
A sight that breaks my heart!
O that all to thee might turn!
Sinners, ye may love him too;
Look on him ye pierced, and mourn
For one who bled for you!

5 Weep o'er your desire and hope,
With tears of humblest love:
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
And reigns enthroned above:
Lives our Head, to die no more;
Power is all to Jesus given,—
Worshipp'd, as he was before,
The' Immortal King of Heaven,

6 Lord, we bless thee for thy grace
And truth, which never fail:
Hastening to behold thy face,
Without a dimming veil,
We shall see our heavenly King,
All thy glorious love proclaim;
Help the angel-choirs to sing
The dear triumphant Lamb.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 553. 8's. (38)

On the Resurrection of Christ.

1 HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground:
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
On the dear bosom of your God:
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But, lo! what sudden joys I see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb;
The tomb in vain forbids his rise!
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.
Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
And, "Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 554. L. M. (8,27)

On the Ascension of Christ.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high!
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky;
There his triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of Glory in!
Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

3 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors give way!
Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord, of glorious power possess'd;
The King of saints, and angels too,
God over all, for ever bless'd!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 555. 7's. (27,37)

On the Second Coming of Christ.

1 COME, Desire of nations, come!
Hasten, Lord, the general doom!
Hear the Spirit and the Bride;
Come, and take us to thy side.

2 Thou, who hast our place prepared,
Make us meet for our reward;
Then with all thy saints descend;
Then our earthly trials end.

3 Mindful of thy chosen race,
Shorten these vindictive days;
Who for full redemption groan,
Hear us now, and save thine own.

4 Now destroy the man of sin;
Now thine ancient flock bring in!
Fill'd with righteousness divine,
Claim a ransom'd world for thine.

5 Plant thy heavenly kingdom here;
Glorious in thy saints appear;
Speak the sacred number seal'd;
Speak the mystery reveal'd.

6 Take to thee thy royal power;
Reign, when sin shall be no more;
Reign, when death no more shall be;
Reign to all eternity.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 556. 7's & 6's. (6)

1 TO the hills I lift mine eyes,
The everlasting hills;
Streaming thence, in fresh supplies,
My soul the Spirit feels:
Will he not his help afford?
Help, while yet I ask, is given;
God comes down; the God and Lord
That made both earth and heaven.

2 Faithful soul, pray always; pray,
And still in God confide;
He thy feeble steps shall stay,
Nor suffer thee to slide:
Lean on thy Redeemer's breast;
He thy quiet spirit keeps;
Rest in him, securely rest;
Thy Watchman never sleeps.

3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell
Thy Keeper can surprise;
Careless slumbers cannot steal
On his all-seeing eyes;
He is Israel's sure defence;
Israel all his care shall prove,
Kept by watchful providence,
And ever-waking love.

4 See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand
Omnipotently near;
Lo! he holds thee by the hand,
And banishes thy fear;
Shadows with his wings thy head;
Guards from all impending harms:—
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

5 Christ shall bless thy going out,
Shall bless thy coming in;
Kindly compass thee about,
Till thou art saved from sin:
Like thy spotless Master, thou,
Fill'd with wisdom, love, and power,
Holy, pure, and perfect,—now,
Henceforth and evermore.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 557. 10's. (6,27,58,59)

1 YE servants of God, Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all-victorious Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, And rules over all.

2 The waves of the sea Have lift up their voice,
Sore troubled that we In Jesus rejoice;
The floods they are roaring, But Jesus is here
While we are adoring, He always is near.

3 God ruleth on high, Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh, His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation To Jesus our King.

4 "Salvation to God Who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, And honour the Son;
Our Jesus's praises The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, And worship the Lamb.

5 Then let us adore, And give him his right,
All glory and power, All wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing, With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, And infinite love.
6 Come, Lord, and display Thy sign in the sky,
And bear us away To mansions on high;
The kingdom be given, The purchase divine,
And crown us in heaven Eternally thine.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 558. 5's & 11's. (15)

1 COME, Lord, from above, the mountains remove; [love.
Overturn all that hinders the course of thy
My bosom inspire, Inkindle the fire,
And wrap my whole soul in the flames of desire.
2 I languish and pine For the comfort divine;
O when shall I say, My Beloved is mine!
I have chos'n the good part; My portion thou art,
O Love; let me find thee, O God, in my heart.
3 For this my heart sighs: Nothing else can suffice; [price?
How, Lord, can I purchase the pearl of great
It cannot be bought, And thou know'st I have nought,
Not an action, a word, or a truly good thought.
4 But I hear a voice say, "Without money ye may
Receive it, whoever have nothing to pay:
Who on Jesus relies, Without money or price,
The pearl of forgiveness and holiness buys:
5 The blessing is free;"—So, Lord, let it be;
I yield that thy love should be given to me.
I freely receive What thou freely dost give,
And consent in thy love, in thy Eden, to live.
6 The gift I embrace; The Giver I praise;
And ascribe my salvation to Jesus's grace:
It comes from above; The foretaste I prove;
And I soon shall receive all the fulness of love.

W. COWPER.] HYMN 559. C. M. (30

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

3 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own Interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

DISMISSION HYMN. 560 P. M.

IN A "COLLECTION" USED BY THE REV. JOHN FLETCHER, OF MADELEY, 1774.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing!
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase:
Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to thee our hearts we raise:
When we reach yon blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise!
Hallelujah!

J. MONTGOMERY.] HYMN 561. 7's & 6's. (35, 71)

Psalm lxxii.

1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed!
Great David's greater Son!
Hail! in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth.
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 Arabia's desert-ranger
To him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see:
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

4 Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend:

His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end.
The mountain dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

6 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove:
His name shall stand for ever;
His great, best name of LOVE.

PERRONETT.] HYMN 562. C.M. (63,66)

1 ALL hail the power of Jesu's name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
There join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all!

MONTGOMERY.] HYMN 563. L. M. (35)

1 WHERE ARE THE DEAD?—In heaven or hell
Their disembodied spirits dwell;
Their lifeless forms, in bonds of clay,
Reserv'd until the judgment-day.

2 WHO WERE THE DEAD?—The sons of time
In every age, and state, and clime;
Renown'd, dishonour'd, or forgot,
The place that knew them, knows them not.

3 WHERE ARE THE LIVING?—On the ground,
Where prayer is heard, and mercy found:—
There, in the compass of a span,
The mortal makes the' immortal man.

4 WHO ARE THE LIVING?—They, whose breath
Draws every moment nigh to death:—
Of endless bliss or woe the heirs;
O what an awful lot is theirs!

5 Then, timely warn'd, let us begin
To follow Christ and flee from sin,
Daily grow up in Him our head;
LORD of the LIVING and the DEAD.

ANON.] HYMN 564. C. M. (63)

1 JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end.

4 Why should I shrink at pain or woe?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

R. BERNARD.] HYMN 565. L. M. (74)

1 SWEET is the scene when Virtue dies,
When sinks a righteous soul to rest;
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale, when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Triumphant smiles the victor-brow,
Fann'd by some angel's purple wing
O Grave! where is thy victory now?
Invidious death! where is thy sting?

4 A holy quiet reigns around;
A calm, which nothing can destroy;
Nought can disturb that peace profound
Which their unfetter'd souls enjoy.

5 Farewell! conflicting hopes and fears,
Whose lights and shades, alternate, dwell!
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell! inconstant world! Farewell!

Its duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
Sweet is the scene when Virtue dies.

S. WESLEY, JUN.] HYMN 566. C. M. (2,69)

1 HAIL, Father, whose creating call
Unnumber'd worlds attend;
Jehovah, comprehending all,
Whom none can comprehend!

2 In light unsearchable enthroned,
Whom angels dimly see;
The fountain of the Godhead own'd,
And foremost of the Three.

3 From whom, through an eternal now,
The Son, thine offspring, flow'd;
An everlasting Father, thou,
An everlasting God.

4 Nor quite display'd to worlds above,
Nor quite on earth conceal'd;
By wondrous, unexhausted love,
To mortal man reveal'd.

5 Supreme and all-sufficient God,
When nature shall expire;

When worlds created by thy nod
Shall perish by thy fire.

6 Thy name, Jehovah, be adored
By creatures without end;
Whom none but thy essential Word
And Spirit comprehend.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 567. 8's & 6's. (11)

1 IN steadfast faith on thee I call,
Saviour, and Sovereign LORD of all,
My Brother, and my Friend;
Lead me my few remaining days,
And finish thy great work of grace,
And love me to the end.

2 Till I from all my sins am freed,
O may I lean my languid head,
On thy dear, loving breast:
Thou, JESU, catch my parting breath,
And let me smoothly glide through death,
To my eternal rest.

3 Saviour, bring near the joyful hour,
The fulness of thy Spirit pour,
And while I here remain,
CHRIST let it be that lives, not I:
Or now, permit me now to die;
To die is greatest gain.

4 Come, then, my health, my hope, my home,
My love, my life eternal, come,
Me to thyself receive;
Soul, flesh, and spirit sanctify,
And bid me live in thee to die,
And die in thee to live.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 568. 7' & 6's. (33)

1 GREAT is our Redeeming Lord.
In power, and truth, and grace;
Him, by highest heaven adored,
His church on earth doth praise;
In the city of our God,
In his holy mount below,
Publish, spread his name abroad,
And all his greatness show.

2 For thy loving-kindness, Lord,
We in thy temple stay;
Here thy faithful love record,
Thy saving power display:
With thy name thy praise is known,
Glorious thy perfections shine;
Earth's remotest bounds shall own
Thy works are all divine.

3 See the gospel church secure,
And founded on a rock:
All her promises are sure;
Her bulwarks who can shock?
Count her every precious shrine;
Tell, to after-ages tell,
Fortified by power divine,
The church can never fail.

4 Sion's God is all our own,
Who on his love rely;
We his pardoning love have known,
And live to Christ, and die:
To the New Jerusalem
He our faithful guide shall be;
Him we claim, and rest in him,
Through all eternity.

J. DRYDEN.] HYMN 569. 6-8's. (15,52)

PART I.

1 INFINITE God, to Thee we raise
Our hearts in solemn songs of praise;
By all thy works on earth adored,
We worship Thee, the common Lord;
The everlasting Father own,
And bow our souls before thy throne.

2 Thee all the choir of angels sings,
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings;
Cherubs proclaim thy praise aloud,
And Seraphs shout the triune God;
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Thy glory fills both earth and sky!"

3 God of the patriarchal race,
The ancient seers record thy praise;
The goodly apostolic band
In highest joy and glory stand;
And all the saints and prophets join
To' extol the majesty divine.

4 Head of the martyrs' noble host,
Of thee they justly make their boast;
The church, to earth's remotest bounds,
Her heavenly Founder's praise resounds;
And strives with those around thy throne,
To hymn the mystic Three in One.

5 Father of endless majesty,
All might and love they render Thee;
Thy true and only Son adore,
The same in dignity and power;
And God the Holy Ghost declare,
The saints' eternal Comforter.

J. DRYDEN.] HYMN 570. 6-8's. (15,52)

PART II.

1 MESSIAH, joy of every heart,
Thou, thou the King of Glory art;
The Father's everlasting Son,
Thee, thee we most delight to own;
For all our hopes on thee depend,
Whose glorious mercies never end.

2 Bent to redeem a sinful race,
Thou, Lord, with unexampled grace,
Into our lower world didst come,
And stoop to a poor virgin's womb;
Whom all the heavens cannot contain,
Our God appeared a child of man!

3 When thou hadst render'd up thy breath,
And dying drawn the sting of death,
Thou didst from earth triumphant rise,
And ope the portals of the skies,
That all who trust in thee alone
Might follow and partake thy throne.

4 Seated at God's right hand again,
Thou dost in all his glory reign;
Thou dost, thy Father's image, shine
In all the attributes divine;
And thou in vengeance clad shalt come,
To seal our everlasting doom.

5 Wherefore we now for mercy pray,
O Saviour, take our sins away!
Before thou as our Judge appear,
In dreadful majesty severe,
Appear our Advocate with God,
And save the purchase of thy blood.

6 Hallow, and make thy servants meet,
And with thy saints in glory seat

Sustain and bless us by thy sway,
And keep to that tremendous day,
When all thy church shall chant above
The new eternal song of love.

DRYDEN.] HYMN 571. 6-8's. (15,52)

PART III.

1 SAVIOUR, we now rejoice in hope,
That thou at last wilt take us up;
With daily triumph we proclaim,
And bless and magnify thy name;
And wait thy greatness to adore
When time and death shall be no more.

2 Till then with us vouchsafe to stay,
And keep us pure from sin to-day;
Thy great confirming grace bestow,
And guard us all our days below;
And ever mightily defend,
And save, O save us, to the end.

3 Still let us, Lord, with grace be blest,
Who in thy guardian mercy rest:
Extend thy mercy's arms to me,
The weakest soul that trusts in thee;
And never let me lose thy love,
Till I, ev'n I, am crown'd above.

J. ADDISON.] HYMN 572. L. M. (27,10)

Psalm xix.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 The' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth.

4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What, though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What, though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 573. L. M. (38)

1 GOD is a name my soul adores,
The' almighty Three, the' eternal One;
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the Infinite unknown.

2 Thy voice produced the sea and spheres,
Bade the waves roar and planets shine:
But nothing like Thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of thine.

3 Still restless nature dies and grows,
From change to change the creatures run
Thy Being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

4 A glance of thine runs through the globes,
Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame;
Broad sheets of light compose thy robes,
Thy guards are formed of living flame.

5 How shall polluted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of thy face.

6 Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy Wisdom knows thy might,
None but thy Word can speak thy name.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 574. 4-6's & 2-8's. (29)

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all his mighty works
Surprising wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their dark designs;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees, his sovereign will.

4 And can this sovereign King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name, I love his word:
Join all my powers and praise the Lord.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 575. L. M. (29)

Psalm xxxvi.

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

TATE AND BRADY.] HYMN 576. L. M. (44,63,69)

Psalm xciii.

1 WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 How sure established is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see!
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art King from all eternity.

3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high:
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure:
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 577. L.M. (8, 69)

1 THE earth and all her fulness owns
Jehovah for her sovereign Lord;
The countless myriads of her sons
Rose into being at his word.

2 His word did out of nothing call
The world, and founded all that is:
Launch'd on the floods this solid ball,
And fix'd it in the floating seas.

3 But who shall quit this low abode,
Who shall ascend the heavenly place,
And stand upon the mount of God,
And see his Maker face to face?

4 The man whose hands and heart are clean
That blessed portion shall receive;
Who here by grace is saved from sin,
Hereafter shall in glory live.

5 He shall obtain the starry crown;
And, number'd with the saints above,
The God of his salvation own,
The God of his salvation love.

R. WATTS.] HYMN 578. S. M. (29)

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his works, and not our own;
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, as the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 579. 6-8's. (33)

Psalm lxxxiv.

1 HOW lovely are thy tents, O Lord!
Where'er thou choosest to record
Thy name, or place thy house of prayer,
My soul outflies the angel-choir,
And faints, o'erpower'd with strong desire,
To meet thy special presence there.

2 Happy the men to whom 'tis given,
To dwell within that gate of heaven,
And in thy house record thy praise;
Whose strength and confidence thou art,
Who feel thee, Saviour, in their heart,
The Way, the Truth, the Life of grace:

3 Who, passing through the mournful vale,
Drink comfort from the living well,
That flows replenish'd from above;
From strength to strength advancing here,
Till all before their God appear,
And each receives the crown of love.

4 Better a day thy courts within,
Than thousands in the tents of sin;
How base the noblest pleasures there!
How great the weakest child of thine!
His meanest task is all divine,
And kings and priests thy servants are.

5 The Lord protects and cheers his own,
Their light and strength, their shield and sun;
He shall both grace and glory give:
Unlimited his bounteous grant;
No real good they e'er shall want;
All, all is theirs, who righteous live.

ANON.] HYMN 580 S. M. (49,64)

1 LORD God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power;
We meet with one accord,
In this thy holy place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

2 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe:—
The young, the old inspire,
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love

3 Spirit of Light! explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day:
Spirit of Truth! be Thou
In life and death our guide;
O Spirit of adoption! Now
May we be sanctified.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 581. 6-8's. (33)

Psalm cxlvi.

1 MY soul, inspired with sacred love,
The Lord thy God delight to praise;
His gifts I will for him improve,
To him devote my happy days;
To him my thanks and praises give,
And only for his glory live.

2 Long as my God shall lend me breath,
My every pulse shall beat for him,
And when my voice is lost in death,
My spirit shall resume the theme;
The gracious theme, for ever new,
Through all eternity pursue.

3 Trust in the Lord ye saints of His,
All human confidence is vain;
Cease ye from man, for ever cease;
No help is found in faithless man;
The great ones of the earth look through;
They cannot help themselves or you.

He, then, is blest, and only he,
Whose hope is in the Lord his God;
Who can to Him for succour flee,
That spread the earth and heaven abroad:
That still the universe sustains,
And Lord of his creation reigns.

5 True to his everlasting word,
He loves the injured to redress;
Poor helpless souls the bounteous Lord
Relieves, and fills with plenteousness:
He sets the mournful prisoners free,
He bids the blind their Saviour see.

6 The Lord thy God, O Sion, reigns,
Supreme in mercy as in power,
The endless theme of heavenly strains,
When time and death shall be no more:
And all eternity shall prove
Too short to utter all his love.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 582. L. M. (29

1 GREAT God, attend, while Sion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thine house, O God of grace;
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all the' assaults of hell and sin;
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 583. L. M. (29)

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares distract my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Sweeps them to everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired and wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 584. S. M. (29)

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Sion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

MISS A. STEEL.] HYMN 585. 6-8's. (45)

1 GREAT God, this hallow'd day of thine
Demands our souls' collected powers;
May we employ in works divine
These solemn and devoted hours:
O may our souls adoring own
The grace which calls us to thy throne!

2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly!
Where God resides, appear no more:
Omniscient Lord, thy piercing eye
Doth every secret thought explore:
O may thy grace our thoughts refine,
And fix our hearts on things divine!

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 586. S. M. (29)

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where thou, my Lord, hast been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

DR. DODDRIDGE.] HYMN 587. L. M. (31,63)

Heb. iv. 9.

1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

J. STENNETT.] HYMN 588. L. M. (46,72)

1 AGAIN our weekly labours end,
And we the Sabbath's call attend;
Improve, our souls, the sacred rest,
And seek to be for ever blest.

2 This day let our devotions rise
To heaven, a grateful sacrifice;
And God that peace divine bestow,
Which none but they who feel it know.

3 This holy calm within the breast
Prepares for that eternal rest,
Which for the sons of God remains;
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet the Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of that which ne'er shall end!

TATE AND BRADY.] HYMN 589. L. M. (44)

Psalm cvi.

1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Hath stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford:
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

4 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity;
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine.

5 Let Israel's God be ever bless'd,
His name eternally confess'd;
Let all his saints with full accord
In solemn hymns proclaim their Lord.

J. MERRICK.] HYMN 590. 6-8's. (47,65)

1 FAR as creation's bounds extend,
Thy mercies, heavenly Lord, descend;
One chorus of perpetual praise,
To Thee thy various works shall raise;
Thy saints to Thee in hymns impart
The transports of a grateful heart.

2 The splendours of thy kingdom tell,
Delighted on thy wonders dwell;
And bid the world's wide realms admire
The glories of the' Almighty Sire,
Whose throne shall nature's wreck survive,
Whose power through endless ages live.

3 From thee, great God, while every eye
Expectant waits the wish'd supply,
Their bread proportion'd to the day
Thy opening hands to each convey;
In every sorrow of the heart,
Eternal mercy bears a part.

4 Who ask thine aid with heart sincere,
Shall find thy succours ever near;
To Thee their prayer in each distress,
Thy suffering servants, Lord, address;
And prove thee (verging on the grave)
Nor slow to hear, nor weak to save.

J. WESLEY.] HYMN 591. L. M. (1,27)

FROM THE GERMAN OF P. GERHARD.

1 ETERNAL depth of love divine,
In Jesus, God with us, display'd;
How bright thy beaming glories shine!
How wide thy healing streams are spread!

2 With whom dost thou delight to dwell?
Sinners, a vile and thankless race;
O God, what tongue aright can tell
How vast thy love, how great thy grace!

3 The dictates of thy sovereign will
With joy our grateful hearts receive:
All thy delight in us fulfil;
Lo! all we are to thee we give.

4 To thy sure love, thy tender care,
Our flesh, soul, spirit, we resign;
O fix thy sacred presence there,
And seal the' abode for ever thine.

5 O King of glory, thy rich grace
Our short desire surpasses far;
Yea, even our crimes, though numberless,
Less numerous than thy mercies are.

6 Still, Lord, thy saving health display,
And arm our souls with heavenly zeal;
So fearless shall we urge our way
Through all the powers of earth and hell.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 592. C. M. (29,27)

Psal. cxlv.

1 LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distress'd
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 The Lord supports our infant days,
And guides our giddy youth;
Holy and just are all thy ways,
And all thy words are truth.

4 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children cry;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

5 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

6 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad:
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God!

J. HART.] HYMN 593. P. M. (48)

Psalm xlviii. 14.

1 THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 594. C. M. (29)

Psalm cxlv.

1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;

Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies:
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes the creatures wait
On thee, for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides them meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pard'ning word,
To cheer the soul he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But we, who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 595. C. M. (29)

Psalm cxxxix.

1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're form'd within;
And, ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

T. OLIVERS.] HYMN 596. P. M. (69)

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong deliverer,
Be thou still my help and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

ADDISON.] HYMN 597. C. M. (37,40,58)

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
While in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.

4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flow'd.

5 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

6 Through hidden dangers, toils, and dea
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

7 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

8 Through all eternity, to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 598. L. M. (29)

Psalm ciii.

1 THE Lord, how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his word, how large his grace!
Goodness and Truth surround his throne,
And thence he makes his mercy known.

2 High as his mighty arm hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
His bounteous love exceeds our praise,—
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Nor half so far hath nature placed
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies;
And if he bids his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!

5 The mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust
And will no load on us impose
Beyond the strength that he bestows.

6 For his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure:
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 599. 2-6's & 4-7's. (8, 18)

Matt. vi. 9-13.

1 FATHER of earth and sky,
Thy name we magnify:
O that earth and heaven might join,
Thy perfections to proclaim;
Praise the attributes divine,
Fear and love thy awful name.

2 When shall thy Spirit reign
In every heart of man?
Father, bring the kingdom near,
Honour thy triumphant Son;
God of heaven, on earth appear,
Fix with us thy glorious throne.

3 Thy good and holy will,
Let all on earth fulfil;
Men with minds angelic vie,
Saints below with saints above,
Thee to praise and glorify,
Thee to serve with perfect love.

This day with this day's bread
Thy hungry children feed;
Fountain of all blessings, grant
Now the manna from above;
Now supply our bodies' want,
Now sustain our souls with love.

5 Our trespasses forgive:
And when absolved we live,
Thou our life of grace maintain;
Lest we from our God depart,
Lose thy pardoning grace again,
Grant us a forgiving heart.

6 In every fiery hour
Display thy guardian power;
Near in our temptation stay,
With sufficient grace defend;
Bring us through the evil day,
Make us faithful to the end.

7 Father, by right divine
Assert the kingdom thine;
Jesus, Power of God, subdue
Thy own universe to thee;
Spirit of grace and glory too,
Reign through all eternity.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 600. C. M. (29)

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,

Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and—O amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 601. L. M. (29)

1 WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born!

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The contrite soul he forms anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 602. L. M. (29)

Psalm lxiii.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest:
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me bless'd.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine, by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 Should I from thee, my God, remove,
Life could no lasting joy afford:
My peace, the sense of pard'ning love;
My guard, the presence of my Lord.

5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the remnant of my days.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 603. 6-8's. (8)

1 MY heart is fix'd, O God, my heart,
Is fix'd to triumph in thy grace:
(Awake, my lute, and bear a part:)
My glory is to sing thy praise,
Till of thy nature I partake,
And bright in all thine image wake.

2 Thee will I praise among thine own;
Thee will I to the world extol,
And make thy truth and goodness known,
Thy goodness, Lord, is over all:

Thy truth and grace the heavens transcend;
Thy faithful mercies never end.

3 Be thou exalted, Lord, above
The highest name in earth or heaven;
Let angels sing thy glorious love,
And bless the Name to sinners given;
All earth and heaven their King proclaim;
Bow every knee to Jesu's name!

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 604. C. M. (29)

1 BEGIN, my soul, some heavenly theme,
And wake my voice to sing
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men:
His hand hath writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.

5 His every word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

6 How would my fainting heart rejoice,
To know thy favour sure:
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 605. L. M. (29)

1 JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept thy well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like that blest hour when from above
We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Our hope decline, our love grow cold.

4 Each following moment as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

S. WESLEY, JUN.] HYMN 606. C. M. (2)

1 HAIL, God the Son, in glory crown'd,
Ere time began to be;
Throned with thy Sire, through half the round
Of vast eternity.

2 Let heaven and earth's stupendous frame
Display their Author's power;
And each exalted seraph-flame,
Creator, thee adore.

3 Thy wondrous grace the Godhead show'd
In love's redeeming plan,
The co-eternal Son of God,
The mortal son of man.

4 To save us from our lost estate,
Behold his life-blood stream:
Hail, Lord, almighty to create,
Almighty to redeem!

5 The Mediator's God-like sway
His church on earth sustains;
Till nature shall her Judge survey,
The King Messiah reigns.

6 Hail, with essential glory crown'd,
When time shall cease to be;
Throned with thy Father through the round
Of whole eternity.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 607. 7's. (1,58,59)

1 HARK, the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb,

3 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the' incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to' appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

4 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace,
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

5 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

6 Come, Desire of Nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the Serpent's head.

7 Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place:
Second Adam from above,
Re-instate us in thy love.

DODDRIDGE.] HYMN 608. C. M. (69,31

Luke iv. 18, 19.

1 HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes opprest with night,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
To' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

J. MONTGOMERY.] HYMN 609. 7's. (64)

Isa. ix. 6—7.

1 BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For unto us a Child is born;
From the highest realms of heaven,
Unto us a Son is given.

2 On his shoulders He shall bear
Power and majesty;—and wear
On his vesture, and his thigh,
Names most awful, names most high.

3 Wonderful in counsel He;
The Incarnate Deity,
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of Kings, and Prince of Peace.

4 Come and worship at his feet,
Yield to Christ the homage meet,
From his manger to his throne,
Homage due to God alone.

ASCRIBED TO MEDLEY.] HYMN 610. C. M. (70)

Luke ii. 7—14.

1 MORTALS awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail the' auspicious day.

2 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious, heavenly throng.

3 With joy the chorus we repeat,
"Glory to God on high!"
Good will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die.

Hail! Prince of Life! for ever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 611. 8's & 7's. (7)

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and by thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eye-sight on our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart:
Come, and manifest the favour
God hath for our ransom'd race;
Come, thou universal Saviour;
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince;
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins:
By thy all-restoring merit,
Every burden'd soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 612. 7's & 6's. (7)

1 GLORY be to God on high,
And peace on earth descend;
God comes down, he bows the sky,
And shows himself our Friend:
God, the' Invisible appears!
God, the blest, the great I AM,
Sojourns in this vale of tears,
And Jesus is his Name.

2 Him the angels all adored,
Their Maker and their King;
Tidings of their humble Lord
They now to mortals bring.
Emptied of his majesty,
Of his dazzling glories shorn,
Being's Source begins to be,
And God himself is born.

3 See the' eternal Son of God
A mortal Son of man;
Dwelling in an earthly clod,
Whom heaven cannot contain!
Stand amazed, ye heavens, at this;
See the Lord of earth and skies;
Humbled to the dust he is,
And in a manger lies.

4 We, the sons of men, rejoice,
The Prince of Peace proclaim;
With heaven's host lift up our voice,
And shout Immanuel's name:
Knees and hearts to him we bow·
Of our flesh and of our bone,
Jesus is our Brother now,
And God is all our own

ROBINSON OR BATTY.] HYMN 613. 8-7's. (63,65)

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend:
Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before the cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye:
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze:
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace!

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant, still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

MONTGOMERY.] HYMN 614. P. M. (6)

1 ANGELS from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar,
Seek the great Desire of Nations,
Ye have seen his natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Waiting long with hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doom'd for guilt to endless pain,
Justice now repeals the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

J. WESLEY.] HYMN 615. 6-8's. (1)

FROM THE GERMAN OF P. GERHARD.

1 O GOD of gods, in whom combine
The heights and depths of love divine.
With thankful hearts to thee we sing;
To thee our longing souls aspire,
In fervent flames of strong desire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring.

2 All things in earth, and air, and sea,
Exist, and live, and move in thee:
All nature trembles at thy voice:
With awe even we thy children prove
Thy power: O let us taste thy love!
So evermore shall we rejoice.

3 O powerful Love! to thee we bow;
Object of all our wishes thou,
Our hearts are naked to thine eye:
For thee, who from the' eternal throne
Cam'st emptied of thy glory down,
For us to groan, to bleed, to die.

4 Grace we implore when billows roll;
Grace is the anchor of the soul;
Grace every sickness knows to heal;
Grace can subdue each fond desire,
And patience in all pain inspire,
Howe'er rebellious nature swell.

5 O Love! our stubborn wills subdue,
Create our ruin'd frame anew,
Dispel our darkness by thy light;
Into all truth our spirit guide,
And from our eyes for ever hide
All things displeasing in thy sight.

6 Be heaven, even now, our souls' abode;
Hid be our life with Christ in God;
Our spirit, Lord, be one with thine:
Let all our works in thee be wrought,
And fill'd with thee be all our thought,
Till in us thy full likeness shine.

COWPER.] HYMN 616. C. M. (30,63)

Zech. xiii. 1.

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;

And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord I believe thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!

7 'Tis strung, and tuned, for endless years,
And form'd by power divine;
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other Name but thine.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 617. C. M. (11)

1 FAIN would we love the God we fear,
The Lord of earth and heaven,
And feel the grace of which we hear,
And know our sins forgiven.

2 Our sins, though great and numberless,
We now at last believe,
O Son of Man, O Prince of Peace,
Thou canst on earth forgive.

3 Come, then, the saving grace impart,
Remove the mountain-load,
Inspeak thy peace into our heart
Which pants to feel thy blood.

4 Thy Spirit let us now receive,
And Abba, Father, cry,
And happy in thy service live,
And in thy service die.

S. WESLEY, JUN.] HYMN 618. C. M. (2)

1 FROM whence these dire portents around,
That heaven and earth amaze?
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground?
Why hides the sun his rays?

2 Not thus did Sinai's trembling head
With sacred horror nod,
Beneath the dark pavilion spread
Of legislative God.

3 Thou Earth, thy lowest centre shake,
With Jesus sympathize!
Thou Sun, as hell's deep gloom be black,
'Tis thy Creator dies!

4 See, streaming from the' accursed tree,
His all-atoning blood!
Is this THE INFINITE?—'Tis he!
My Saviour and my God!

5 For me these pangs his soul assail,
For me the death is borne;
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every thorn.

6 Let sin no more my soul enslave;
Break, Lord, the tyrant's chain;
O save me, whom thou cam'st to save,
Nor bleed nor die in vain!

C WESLEY.] HYMN 619. L. M. (18)

John xix. 30.

1 'TIS finish'd! The Messiah dies,
Cut off for sins, but not his own;
Accomplish'd is the sacrifice,
The great redeeming work is done.

2 'Tis finish'd! all the debt is paid;
Justice divine is satisfied;
The grand and full atonement made;
God for a guilty world hath died.

3 The veil is rent in Christ alone;
The living way to heaven is seen;
The middle wall is broken down,
And all mankind may enter in.

4 The types and figures are fulfill'd;
Exacted is the legal pain;
The precious promises are seal'd;
The spotless Lamb of God is slain.

5 The reign of sin and death is o'er,
And all may live from sin set free;
Satan hath lost his mortal power;
'Tis swallow'd up in victory.

6 Saved from the legal curse I am,
My Saviour hangs on yonder tree:
See there the meek, expiring Lamb!
'Tis finish'd! He expires for me.

7 Accepted in the Well-beloved,
And clothed in righteousness divine
I see the bar to heaven removed;
And all thy merits, Lord, are mine.

8 Death, hell, and sin are now subdued;
All grace is now to sinners given;
And, lo, I plead the' atoning blood,
And in thy right I claim thy heaven.

DR WATTS.] HYMN 620. S. M. (29)

1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away our stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A Sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 Believing, we rejoice
To feel the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 621. P. M. (11,27)

1 ALL ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh:
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
Your ransom and peace,
Your surety he is;
Come see if there ever was sorrow like his.

2 For what you have done.
His blood must atone:
The Father hath punish'd for you his dear Son.
The Lord, in the day
Of his anger, did lay
Your sins on the Lamb; and he bore them away.

3 He answer'd for all;
O come at his call,
And low at his cross with astonishment fall.
But lift up your eyes
At Jesus's cries;
Impassive, he suffers; immortal, he dies.

4 He dies to atone
For sins not his own;
Your debt he hath paid, and your work he hath done.
Ye all may receive
The peace he did leave,
Who made intercession, "My Father, forgive!"

5 For you and for me
He pray'd on the tree:
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.
That sinner am I,
Who on Jesus rely,
And come for the pardon God cannot deny.

6 My pardon I claim,
For a sinner I am:
A sinner believing in Jesus's name.
He purchased the grace
Which now I embrace:
O Father, thou know'st he hath died in my place

7 His death is my plea;
My Advocate see,
And hear the blood speak that hath answer'd for me:
Acquitted I was
When he bled on the cross:
And by losing his life he hath carried my cause.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 622. S. M. (27,37,58)

1 THOU very Paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of Egypt came,
Thy ransom'd people lead.

2 Angel of gospel grace,
Fulfil thy character:
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.

3 Throughout the desert way,
Conduct us by thy light;
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.

4 Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above:
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 623. S. M. (25)

1 THIS, this is He that came
By water and by blood!
Jesus is our atoning Lamb,
Our sanctifying God.

2 See from his wounded side
The mingled current flow!
The water and the blood applied
Shall wash us white as snow.

3 The water cannot cleanse,
Before the blood we feel,
To purge the guilt of all our sins
And our forgiveness seal.

4 But both in Jesus join,
Who speaks our sins forgiven,
And gives the purity divine
That makes us meet for heaven.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 624. L. M. (25)

1 O THOU, whose offering on the tree
The legal offerings all foreshow'd,
Borrow'd their whole effect from thee,
And drew their virtue from thy blood:

2 The blood of goats, and bullocks slain,
Could never for one sin atone:
To purge the guilty offerer's stain,
Thine was the work and thine alone.

3 Vain in themselves their duties were,
Their services could never please,
Till join'd with thine, and made to share
The merit of thy righteousness.

4 Forward they cast a faithful look,
On thy approaching sacrifice;
And thence their pleasing savour took,
And rose accepted in the skies.

5 Those feeble types, and shadows old,
Are all in thee, the Truth, fulfill'd;
And in thy dying love behold
The substance of those rites reveal'd.

6 By faith we see thy sufferings past
In this mysterious rite brought back:
And on thy grand oblation cast,
Its saving benefits partake.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 625. C. M. (29)

Psalm cxviii.

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation-stone
Whiel God in Sion lays,

To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
The saints adore thy name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor can they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 626. 8's & 6's. (11)

1 JESUS, thy Sovereign Name I bless!
Sorrow is joy, and pain is ease
To those that trust in thee:
All things together work for good,
To me, the purchase of thy blood,
The much-loved sinner me.

2 As sure as now thy cross I bear,
I shall the heavenly kingdom share,
And take my seat above;
Celestial joy is in this pain,
It tells me I with thee shall reign,
In everlasting love.

3 The more my sufferings here increase
The greater is my future bliss;
And thou my griefs dost tell:
They in thy book are noted down;
A jewel added to my crown
Is every pain I feel.

4 So be it then, if thou ordain,
Crowd all my happy life with pain,
And let me daily die:
I bow, and bless the sacred sign,
And bear the cross, by grace divine;
Which lifts me to the sky.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 627. C. M. (29)

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 628. L. M. (29)

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown!

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ASCRIBED TO TOPLADY.] HYMN 629. 6-7's. (50)

1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 630. 6-8's. (27,37)

1 SINNERS, rejoice: your peace is made:
Your Saviour on the cross hath bled;

Your God, in Jesus reconciled,
On all his works again hath smiled;
Hath grace through him and blessing given,
To all in earth and all in heaven.

2 Angel's rejoice in Jesu's grace,
And vie with man's more favour'd race;
The blood that did for us atone,
Conferr'd on them some gift unknown;
Their joy through Jesu's pains abounds,
They triumph by his glorious wounds.

3 Or, 'stablish'd and confirm'd by him
Who did our fallen world redeem,
Secure they hold their blest estate,
Firm on an everlasting seat;
Or, raised above themselves aspire,
In bliss improved, in glory higher.

4 Him they beheld our conquering God,
Return'd with garments roll'd in blood!
They saw, and kindled at the sight,
And fill'd with shouts the realms of light;
With loudest hallelujahs met,
And fell, and kiss'd his bleeding feet.

5 They saw him in the courts above,
With all his recent prints of love;
The wounds, the blood! they heard its voice,—
That voice that heightened all their joys;
They felt it sprinkled through the skies,
And shared that better sacrifice.

6 Not angel-tongues can e'er express
The' unutterable happiness;
Nor human hearts can e'er conceive
The bliss wherein through Christ they live;
But all your heaven, ye glorious powers,
And all your God, is doubly ours!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 631. 2-6's & 4-7's. (4)

1 JESUS, to thee we fly,
On thee for help rely:
Thou our only refuge art,
Thou dost all our fears control,
Rest of every troubled heart,
Life of every dying soul.

2 We lift our joyful eyes,
And see the dazzling prize,
See the purchase of thy blood,
Freely now to sinners given;
Thou the living way hast show'd,
Thou to us hast open'd heaven.

3 We now, divinely bold,
Of thy reward lay hold:
All thy glorious joy is ours,
All the treasures of thy love;
Now we taste the heavenly powers,
Now we reign with thee above.

4 Our anchor sure and fast
Within the veil is cast;
Stands our never-failing hope
Grounded in the holy place;
We shall after thee mount up,
See the Godhead face to face.

5 By faith already there,
In thee our Head, we are;
With our great Forerunner we
Now in heavenly places sit,
Banquet with the Deity,
See the world beneath our feet.

Thou art our flesh and bone,
Thou art to heaven gone;
Gone, that we might all pursue,
Closely in thy footsteps tread;
Gone, that we might follow too,
Reign triumphant with our Head.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 632. 6-8's. (18)

Heb. vii. 24, 25.

1 ENTER'D the holy place above,
Cover'd with meritorious scars,
The tokens of his dying love,
Our great High Priest in glory bears;
He pleads his passion on the tree,
He shows himself to God for me.

2 Before the throne my Saviour stands,
My Friend and Advocate appears;
My name is graven on his hands,
And him the Father always hears;
While low at Jesu's cross I bow,
He hears the blood of sprinkling now.

3 This instant now I may receive
The answer of his powerful prayer:
This instant now by him I live,
His prevalence with God declare;
And soon my spirit, in his hands,
Shall stand where my Forerunner stands.

DODDRIDGE.] HYMN 633. C. M. (31,63,65)

Matt. xxviii. 5, 6.

1 YE humble souls that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of Life was brought;
Such wonders love can do:
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbb'd and bled for you.

3 Then raise your eyes, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again:
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqueror could detain.

4 High o'er the' angelic bands he rears
His once dishonour'd head;
And he through endless ages reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

5 With joy like his shall every saint
His vacant tomb survey;
Then rise with his ascending Lord
To realms of endless day.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 634. 7's. (1)

1 "CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say!
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens; thou earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more!

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Dying once, he all doth save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

5 Soar we now, where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross—the grave—the skies.

6 King of glory! Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this;
Thee to know, thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 635. 7's. (1,27,58.59)

1 HAIL the day that sees Him rise
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends his native heaven.

2 There the pompous triumph waits:
"Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radient scene;
Take the King of glory in!"

3 Circled round with angel-powers,
Their triumphant Lord, and ours,
Conqueror over death and sin;
Take the King of glory in!

4 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves:
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

5 See, he lifts his hands above!
See, he shows the prints of love!
Hark, his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his church below!

6 Still for us his death he pleads;
Prevalent he intercedes;
Near himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

7 Master, (will we ever say,)
Taken from our head to-day;
See thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee.

8 Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following thee beyond the skies.

9 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home.

10 There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thy endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in thee.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 636. 7's (1,25)

Psalm xlvii. 1.

1 SONS of God, triumphant, rise,
Shout the accomplish'd sacrifice!
Shout your sins in Christ forgiven,
Sons of God, and heirs of heaven!

2 Ye that round our altars throng,
Listening angels, join the song;
Sing with us, ye heavenly powers,
Pardon, grace, and glory ours!

3 Love's mysterious work is done;
Greet we now the' accepted Son;
Heal'd and quicken'd by his blood,
Join'd to Christ, and one with God.

4 Him by faith we taste below,
Mightier joys ordain'd to know,
Him, when fully ours we prove,
Ours the heaven of perfect love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 637. 7's & 6's. (3)

1 FATHER, God, we glorify
Thy love to Adam's seed;
Love that gave thy Son to die,
And raised him from the dead:
Him for our offences slain,
That we all might pardon find,
Thou hast brought to life again,
The Saviour of mankind.

2 By thy own right hand of power
Thou hast exalted him,
Sent the mighty Conqueror
Thy people to redeem:
King of saints, and Prince of Peace,
Him thou hast for sinners given,
Sinners from their sins to bless,
And lift them up to heaven.

3 Father, God, to us impart
The gift unspeakable;
Now in every waiting heart
Thy glorious Son reveal:
Quicken'd with our living Lord
Let us in thy Spirit rise,
Rise to all thy life restored,
And praise thee in the skies.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 638 8's. & 7's. (49,58)

Isa. liii. 6.

1 HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
Hail thou Galilean King!
Who didst suffer to release us;
Who didst free salvation bring.

Hail thou universal Saviour
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
Every sin may be forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide:
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading,
Spare them yet another year;
Thou for saints art interceding,
Till in glory they appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright, angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing the Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 630. L. M. (29)

1 WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb?
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy Name

2 Worthy is He that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace, that groan'd and died;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his almighty Father's side.

3 Power and dominion are His due
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Though he was charged with madness here.

4 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

5 Blessing for ever to the Lamb,
Who bore our sin, and curse, and pain;
Let angels sound his sacred Name,
And every creature say, AMEN.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 640. 4-6's & 2-8's. (4)

1 GOD is gone up on high,
With a triumphant noise;
The clarions of the sky
Proclaim the' angelic joys!
Join all in earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

2 God in the flesh below,
For us he reigns above:
Let all the nations know
Our Jesu's conquering love!
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

3 All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given;
By angel-hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in heaven

Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

4 High on his holy seat,
He bears the righteous sway;
His foes beneath his feet
Shall sink and die away:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

5 His foes and ours are one,
Satan, the world, and sin;
But he shall tread them down,
And bring his kingdom in:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

6 Till all the earth, renew'd
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God
In one great chorus join,—
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 641. L. M. (29)

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 The sceptre well becomes his hands;
All heaven submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads the' oppressor in the dust:
His worship and his fear shall last
Till the full round of time is past.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down:
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light;
And deserts blossom at the sight.

6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Array'd in robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

BENJ. RHODES.] HYMN 642. P. M. (49,51)

PART I.

1 MY heart and voice I raise,
To spread Messiah's praise;
Messiah's praise let all repeat;
The universal Lord,
By whose almighty word
Creation rose in form complete.

2 A servant's form he wore,
And in his body bore
Our dreadful curse on Calvary:
He like a victim stood,
And pour'd his sacred blood,
To set the guilty captives free.

3 But soon the Victor rose
Triumphant o'er his foes,
And led the vanquish'd host in chains:
He threw their empire down,
His foes compell'd to own,
O'er all the great Messiah reigns.

4 With mercy's mildest grace,
He governs all our race
In wisdom, righteousness, and love:
Who to Messiah fly
Shall find redemption nigh,
And all his great salvation prove.

5 Hail, Saviour, Prince of Peace!
Thy kingdom shall increase,
Till all the world thy glory see;
And righteousness abound,
As the great deep profound,
And fill the earth with purity!

BENJ. RHODES.] HYMN 643. P. M. (51)

PART II.

1 JERUSALEM divine,
When shall I call thee mine?
And to thy holy hill attain,
Where weary pilgrims rest,
And in thy glories blest,
With God Messiah ever reign?

2 There saints and angels join
In fellowship divine,
And rapture swells the solemn lay:
While all with one accord
Adore their glorious Lord,
And shout his praise in endless day.

3 May I but find the grace
To fill an humble place
In that inheritance above;
My tuneful voice I'll raise
In songs of loudest praise,
To spread thy fame, Redeeming Love!

4 Mysterious Deity,
Who ne'er began to be,
To sound thy endless praise be mine!
Reign, true Messiah reign!
Thy kingdom shall remain,
When stars amd sun no more shall shine.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 644. 6-8's. (8)

Psalm. xlv. 1—3.

1 MY heart is full of Christ, and longs
Its glorious matter to declare!
Of him I make my loftier songs,
I cannot from his praise forbear;
My ready tongue makes haste to sing
The honours of my heavenly King.

2 Fairer than all the earth-born race,
Perfect in comeliness thou art;
Replenish'd are thy lips with grace,
And full of love thy tender heart:
God ever blest! we bow the knee,
And own all fulness dwells in Thee.

3 Gird on thy thigh the Spirit's sword,
And take to thee thy power divine;
Stir up thy strength, almighty Lord,
All power and majesty are thine:
Assert thy worship and renown;
O all-redeeming God, come down!

4 Come, and maintain thy righteous cause,
And let thy glorious toil succeed;
Dispread the victory of thy cross,
Ride on, and prosper in thy deed;
Through earth triumphantly ride on,
And reign in every heart alone.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 645. C. M. (29)

Rev. v. 11—13.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts reply;
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine!

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 646. 4-6's & 2-8's. (29,67)

Mal. iii. 1.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set our Saviour forth.

2 But O, what gentle means,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use,
To teach his heavenly grace!
My eyes, with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me!

2 Cloth'd with our mortal flesh
The Cov'nant-Angel stands,

Holds, with the promises,
Our pardon in his hands;
Commissioned from his Father's throne
To make his grace to mortals known.

4 Great Prophet of my God,
My lips shall bless thy name:
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with Heaven.

5 Be thou my Counsellor,
My Pattern, Lord, and Guide;
And through this desert land
Still keep me near thy side:
O let me never run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden way

6 I love my Shepherd's voice;
His watchful eye shall keep
My wand'ring soul among
The thousands of his sheep:
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
Bears in his arms the tender lambs.

7 Jesus my great High-Priest,
Offer'd his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside;
His precious blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

8 O thou almighty Lord,
My Saviour and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy glorious reign, I sing;
Thine is the power; and here, I sit
In willing bonds before thy feet.

9 Now would my soul arise,
And tread the spoiler down:
My Captain leads me on
To conquest and a crown:
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way

10 Should all the hosts of hell,
And powers of death unknown,
Put all their dreadful forms
Of rage and malice on,
I shall be safe; for Christ displays
Transcendant power, and saving grace.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 647. 7's & 6's. (11

1 GOD of my salvation, hear,
In this my time of need;
See the day of battle near,
And screen my naked head;
Send me succour from on high,
And hide me till the storm is o'er;
Save me, save me, or I die,
I fall to rise no more.

2 Thou hast oft my refuge been,
And thou art still the same;
Snatch me from the jaws of sin,
O quench the violent flame;
Bring thy great salvation nigh,
Stir up thine interposing power
Save me, save me, or I die,
I fall to rise no more.

3 Help on Thee, thou Mighty One,
For all mankind is laid;
Let it now on me be shewn
Be thou my present aid,

O come quickly, and stand by
My soul throughout the trying hour;
Save me, save me, or I die,
I fall to rise no more.

4 Help me now, but let me still,
My want of help confess,
Hang upon thy arm, and feel
My utter helplessness;
Only this be all my cry,
Till thou my ruin'd soul restore;
Save me, save me, or I die,
I fall to rise no more.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 648. 6-8's. (3)

1 COME, O thou Prophet of the Lord,
Thou great Interpreter divine,
Explain thine own transmitted word;
To teach and to inspire is thine:
Thou only canst thyself reveal,
Open the book, and loose the seal.

2 Now, Jesus, now the veil remove,
The folly of our darken'd heart;
Unfold the wonders of thy love,
The knowledge of thyself impart;
Our ear, our inmost soul we bow:
Speak, Lord, thy servants hearken now.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 649. 6's & 7's. (18)

Heb. vii. 25.

1 COMING through our great High Priest,
We find a pard'ning God:
Jesu's Spirit in our breast
Bears witness with the blood.

Speaks our Father pacified
Toward every soul that Christ receives;
Tells us, once our Surety died,
And now for ever lives.

2 Christ for ever lives to pray
For all that trust in him;
I my soul on Jesus stay,
Almighty to redeem:
He shall purify my heart,
Who in his blood forgiveness have,
All his hallowing power exert,
And to the utmost save.

3 Basis of our steadfast hope,
Saviour, thy ceaseless prayer
Sanctifies and lifts us up
To meet thee in the air:
Yes, thine interceding grace
Preserves us every moment thine,
Till we rise to see thy face,
And share the throne divine.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 650. 4-6's & 2 8's. (16)

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound:
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
The year, &c.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year, &c.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year, &c.

5 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love:
The year, &c.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year, &c.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 651. C. M. (29)

Heb. iv. 15, 16; v. 7: Matt. xii. 20.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels yearn with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

3 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears;
And in his measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power:
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

PROBABLY C. WESLEY.] HYMN 652*. C.M.(8,9,27,58)

1 O SUN of Righteousness, arise,
With healing in thy wing!
To my diseased, my fainting soul,
Life and salvation bring.

2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel,
By thy all-piercing beam;
Lighten my eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.

3 My mind, by thy all-quick'ning power,
From low desires set free;
Unite my scattered thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.

4 Father, thy long-lost son receive;
Saviour, thy purchase own:
Blest Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown.

5 Eternal, undivided Lord,
Co-equal One and Three,
On Thee, all faith, all hope be placed;
All love be paid to Thee!

* First appeared in the Wesleyan Collections in 1751.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 653. L. M. (29

1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessing in thy word.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair our spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind thy Gospel to my heart.

C. WESLEY, JUN.] HYMN 654. C. M. (2,10)

1 HAIL, Holy Ghost, Jehovah, Third
In order of the Three;
Sprung from the Father and the Word
From all eternity!

2 Thy Godhead brooding o'er the' abyss
Of formless waters lay;
Spoke into order all that is,
And darkness into day.

3 In deepest hell, or heaven's height,
Thy presence who can fly?
Known is the Father to thy sight,
The' abyss of Deity.

4 Thy power through Jesu's life display'd,
Quite from the virgin's womb,
Dying, his soul an offering made,
And raised him from the tomb.

5 God's image, which our sins destroy,
Thy grace restores below;
And truth, and holiness, and joy,
From thee their Fountain flow.

6 Hail, Holy Ghost, Jehovah, Third
In order of the Three;
Thron'd with the Father and the Word
From all eternity!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 655. 7's & 6's. (18,49)

Isa. xi. 1—3.

1 BRANCH of Jesse's stem, arise,
And in our nature grow,
Turn our earth to Paradise,
By flourishing below:
Bless us with the Spirit of Grace
Immeasurably shed on thee;
Pour on all the faithful race
The streaming Deity.

2 Let the Spirit of our Head
On all the members rest;
From thyself to us proceed,
And dwell in every breast:
Teach to judge and act aright,
Inspire with wisdom from above,
Holy faith, and heavenly might,
And reverential love.

3 Lord, of thee we fain would learn
Thy heavenly Father's will;
Give us quickness to discern,
And boldness to fulfil:
All his mind to us explain,
All his name on us impress;
Then our souls in thee obtain
The perfect righteousness.

DR. DODDRIDGE.] HYMN 656. C. M. (31,49,63)

1 SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while a worm would raise its head,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 "My Father God!" how sweet the sound,
How tender and how dear!
Not all the harmony of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come Holy Spirit, seal the grace
On my expanding heart;
And show that in Jehovah's love,
I share a filial part.

4 Cheer'd by a witness so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
And "Abba, Father," humbly cry;
Nor can the sign deceive.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 657. C. M. (27,29)

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

3 And shall we thus for ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And thine to us so great!

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad the Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

R. C. BRACKENBURY.] HYMN 658. L. M. (73)

1 COME, Holy Spirit, raise our songs,
To reach the wonders of the day,
When with thy fiery cloven tongues
Thou didst these glorious scenes display.

2 O 'twas a most auspicious hour,
Season of grace and sweet delight,
When thou didst come with mighty power,
And light of truth divinely bright.

3 By this the blest disciples knew
Their risen Head had enter'd heaven;
Had now obtain'd the promise due,
Fully by God the Father given.

4 Lord, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given;
We wait the Pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

5 Ah! leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for thy return to pine;

Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest divine.

6 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord:
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

7 If every one that asks may find,
If still thou dost on sinners fall,
Come, as a mighty rushing wind;
Great grace be now upon us all.

8 Behold, to thee our souls aspire,
And languish thy descent to meet;
Kindle in each the living fire,
And fix in every heart thy seat.

J. DRYDEN.] HYMN 659. 6-8's. (15,35,52,59)

1 CREATOR, Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every waiting mind,
Come pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

2 O Source of uncreated heat,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy Fount, immortal Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of His almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command.

Refine and purge our earthly parts,
And stamp thine image on our hearts.

4 Create all new; our wills control,
Subdue the rebel in our soul;
Chase from our minds the' infernal foe;
And peace, the fruit of faith, bestow:
And, lest again we go astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

5 Immortal honours, endless fame,
Attend the' Almighty Father's name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to Thee!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 660. L. M. (12)

1 JESUS, we on the words depend,
Spoken by thee while present here,—
"The Father in my name shall send
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter."

2 That promise made to Adam's race,
Now, Lord, in us, even us, fulfil;
And give the Spirit of thy grace,
To teach us all thy perfect will.

3 That heavenly Teacher of mankind,
That Guide infallible impart,
To bring thy sayings to our mind,
And write them on our faithful heart.

4 He only can the words apply,
Through which we endless life possess;
And deal to each his legacy,
Our Lord's unutterable peace.

5 That peace of God, that peace of thine,
Oh might he now to us bring in,

And fill our souls with power divine,
And make an end of fear and sin.

6 The length and breadth of love reveal,
The height and depth of Deity;
And all the sons of glory seal,
And change and make us all like thee.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 661. C. M. (29)

1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
The tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of its part,
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come:
May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
Convey me safely home.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 662. 2-6's & 4-7's. (12)

1 ETERNAL Spirit, come
Into thy meanest home;
From thy high and holy place,
Where thou dost in glory reign,
Stoop, in condescending grace,
Stoop to the poor heart of man

2 For thee our hearts we lift,
And wait the heavenly gift:
Giver, Lord of life divine,
To our dying souls appear,
Grant the grace for which we pine,
Give thyself, the Comforter.

3 Our ruin'd souls repair,
And fix thy mansion there:
Claim us for thy constant shrine,
All thy glorious self reveal;
Life, and power, and love divine,
God in us for ever dwell.

C WESLEY.] HYMN 663. 6-7's. (12)

1 FATHER, glorify thy Son;
Answer his prevailing prayer.
Send that Intercessor down,
Send that other Comforter,
Whom believingly we claim,
Whom we ask in Jesu's name.

2 Then by faith we know and feel
Him, the Spirit of truth and grace:
With us he vouchsafes to dwell,
With us while unseen he stays:
All our help and good, we own,
Freely flows from him alone.

3 Wilt thou not the promise seal,
True and gracious as thou art,
Send the Comforter to dwell
Every moment in our heart?
Yes, thou must the grace bestow:
Jesus saith it shall be so.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 664. L. M. (29)

Psalm li. lxv. 2.

1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse from sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:
Thy holy joys, O Lord, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

6 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

7 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord my strength and righteousness.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 665. C. M. (29)

Mark ix. 24.

1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep its stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord!"

3 My soul obeys the' Almighty's call,
And runs to this relief:
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O help my unbelief!

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood.
Incarnate God, I fly:
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From sins of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Upon thy arm I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour, and my all.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 666. 8's & 6's. (11)

1 O THOU who hast redeem'd of old,
And bidd'st me of thy strength lay hold,
And be at peace with thee;
Help me thy benefits to own,
And hear me tell what thou hast done.
O dying Lamb, for me!

2 Out of myself for help I go,
Thy only love resolved to know;
Thy love my plea I make;
Give me thy love, 'tis all I claim:
Give, for the honour of thy name,
Give, for thy mercy's sake.

3 Canst thou deny that love to me?
Say, thou Incarnate Deity,
Thou Man of Sorrows, say;
Thy glory why didst thou enshrine
In such a clod of earth as mine,
And wrap thee in my clay?

4 Ancient of Days, why didst thou come,
And stoop to a poor virgin's womb,
Who wert ere time began?
Flesh of our flesh why wast thou made,
And humbly in a manger laid,
The new-born Son of Man?

5 Love, only love thy heart inclined,
And brought thee, Saviour of mankind,
Down from thy throne above;
Love made my God a Man of grief,
Distress'd thee sore for my relief:
O mystery of Love!

6 Because thou lov'dst, and diedst for me,
Cause me, my Saviour, to love thee,
And gladly to resign
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am;
My life be all with thine the same,
And all thy death be mine.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 667. 6-8s. (11)

1 REGARDLESS now of things below,
Jesus, to thee my heart aspires,
Determined thee alone to know,
Author and end of my desires:
Fill me with righteousness divine:
To end, as to begin, is thine.

2 What is a worthless worm to thee?
What is in man thy grace to move?
That still thou seekest those who flee
The arms of thy pursuing love?
That still thine inmost bowels cry,
"Why, sinner, wilt thou perish, why?"

3 Ah, show me, Lord, my depth of sin!
Ah, Lord, thy depth of mercy show!
End, Jesus, end this war within!
No rest my spirit e'er shall know,
Till thou thy quick'ning influence give:
Breathe, Lord, and these dry bones shall live.

4 There, there before the throne thou art,
The Lamb ere earth's foundation slain!
Take thou, O take this guilty heart!
Thy blood will wash out every stain:
No cross, no sufferings I decline;
Only let all my heart be thine.

W. COWPER.] HYMN 668. C. M. (30,58)

Gen. v. 22.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light, to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
That drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 669. C. M. (38)

1 INFINITE Power, eternal Lord,
How sovereign is thy hand!
All nature rose to' obey thy word,
And moves at thy command.

2 With steady course the shining sun
Keeps his appointed way;
And all the hours obedient run
The circle of the day.

3 But, ah! how wide my spirit flies,
And wanders from her God!
My soul forgets the heavenly prize,
And treads the downward road.

4 The raging fire and stormy sea
Perform thy awful will;
And every beast and every tree
Thy great designs fulfil.

5 Shall creatures of a meaner frame
Pay all their dues to thee?
Creatures that never knew thy name,
Nor ere were loved like me?

6 Great God! create my soul anew,
Conform my heart to thine;
Melt down my will, and let it flow,
And take the mould divine.

7 Seize my whole frame into thy hand;
Here all my powers I bring;
Manage the wheels by thy command,
And govern every spring.

8 Then shall my feet no more depart,
Nor my affections rove;
Devotion shall be all my heart,
And all my passions, love.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 670. C. M. (29)

1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 My glorious Saviour and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod,
The blessings of thy throne!

3 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

4 Great God! thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation on my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

5 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high,
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 671. C. M. (8,58)

1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thy only Son endure
Before I drew my breath;
What pain, what labour, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
My wants thou would'st at once relieve
In this accepted hour.

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift!
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live!
For here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 How would my anxious soul rejoice,
Could I but see thy face!
O, let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pardoning grace.

J. MONTGOMERY. HYMN 672. 8's & 7's. (64)

Zech. xiii. 1.

1 COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners ruin'd by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,
In a full perpetual tide,—
Open'd when the Saviour died.

2 Come, in poverty and meanness,
Come, defiled without, within;
From infection, from uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,
Wash your robes and make them white;—
Ye shall walk with God in light.

3 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind,
Here the guilty free remission,
Here the troubled peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

4 He that drinks shall live for ever;
'Tis a soul-renewing flood:
God is faithful;—God will never
Break his covenant in blood:
Sign'd when our Redeemer died,
Seal'd when He was glorified.

ANON.] HYMN 673. 8's & 7's. (63,65,68)

Luke ii. 25.

1 COME, thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
The desire of every nation,
Joy of every contrite heart.

3 Come, thy children to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a king;
Come, to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own Eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

T. OLIVERS.] HYMN 674. P. M. (53,63,65)

Gen. xv. 1.

PART I.

1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of Love:
Jehovah, Great I AM,
By earth and heaven confest;
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
For ever blest.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command,
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace,
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all his ways.
He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himself my God:
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesu's blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend;
I shall on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

T. OLIVERS.] HYMN 675. P. M. (53,63,65)

PART II.

1 THOUGH nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command.
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

2 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest.
There milk and honey flow;
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.

3 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Sion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains;
And glorious with his saints in light
For ever reigns.

4 He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side,
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride:
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of Paradise,
He still supplies.

T. OLIVERS.] HYMN 676. P. M. (53,63,65)

PART III.

1 BEFORE the great Three-One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done,
Through all their land:
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame;
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous Name.

2 The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing;
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, Great I AM,
We worship Thee."

3 Before the Saviour's face,
The ransom'd nations bow;
O'erwhelm'd at his almighty grace,
For ever new:
He shows his prints of love,—
They kindle to a flame!
And sound through all the worlds above,
The slaughter'd Lamb.

4 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God, and mine!
(I join the heavenly lays,)
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 677. L. M. (29)

1 AWAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.

3 Thee, mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From Thee, the ever-flowing Spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;

While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and sink, and die.

5 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire, while on the heavenly road.

J. WESLEY.] HYMN 678. S. M. (1,63)

FROM THE GERMAN OF P. GERHARD

PART I.

1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain,
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause, His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

5 Thy everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

6 Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

7 When thou arisest, Lord,
What shall thy work withstand?
Whate'er thy children want, thou giv'st;
Who, who shall stay thy hand?

J. WESLEY.] HYMN 679. S. M. (1,63)

FROM THE GERMAN OF P. GERHARD.

PART II.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismay'd:
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
Bid every care begone.

4 What, though thou rulest not,
Yet heaven and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well!

5 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand!

6 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

7 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee;
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

8 Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 680. S. M. (11)

1 AWAY, my needless fears,
And doubts no longer mine;
A ray of heavenly light appears,
A messenger divine.

2 Thrice comfortable hope,
That calms my stormy breast;
My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what He wills is best.

3 If what I wish is good,
And suits the will divine;
By earth and hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine.

4 Still let them counsel take
To frustrate his decree,
They cannot keep a blessing back,
By Heaven design'd for me.

5 Here then I doubt no more,
But in his pleasure rest,
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power
Engage to make me blest.

6 To' accomplish his design
The creatures all agree;
And all the attributes divine
Are now at work for me.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 681. L. M. (29)

Matt. v. 3—12.

1 BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty:
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Bless'd are the souls that pant for grace,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness:
They shall be well supplied and fed,
With living streams, and living bread.

4 Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin:
With endless pleasure they shall see
The God of spotless purity.

5 Bless'd are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesu's sake:
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
Glory and joy are their reward.

6 These are the men, the pious race,
Who seek the God of Jacob's face;
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 682. S. M. (8,27,37)

1 WHO in the Lord confide,
And feel his sprinkled blood,
In storms and hurricanes abide,
Firm as the mount of God:

Steadfast, and fix'd, and sure,
His Sion cannot move;
His faithful people stand secure
In Jesu's guardian love.

2 As round Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise,
So God protects and covers them
From all their enemies.
On every side he stands,
And for his Israel cares;
And safe in his almighty hands
Their souls for ever bears.

3 But let them still abide
In thee, all-gracious Lord,
Till every soul is sanctified,
And perfectly restored:
The men of heart sincere
Continue to defend;
And do them good, and save them here,
And love them to the end.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 683. L. M. (29)

Psal. xlvi.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid!

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there,—
Convulsions shake the solid world,—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;

While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 This sacred stream, thy living word,
Thus all our raging fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Sion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against the threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on His truthfulness and power.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 634. C. M. (29

Psalm xxiii.

1 MY Shepherd will supply my need,
JEHOVAH is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay:
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread:
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days:
O may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 685. C. M. (10,29)

1 Cor. xiii. 13.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And perfects all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear:
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move:
The devils know, and tremble too;
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our gracious God.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 686. 7s' & 6's. (49,61)

1 VAIN delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature-good!
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood:

All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity;
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless woe,
The sin-atoning Victim died:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Turning to my rest again,
The Saviour I adore;
He relieves my grief and pain,
And bids me weep no more.
Rivers of salvation flow
From out his head, his hands, his side:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

4 Here will I set up my rest,
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart.
Whither should a sinner go!
His wounds for me stand open wide:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 687. L. M. (49,61)

1 O JESUS, full of truth and grace,
O all atoning Lamb of God
I wait to see thy glorious face,
I seek redemption through thy blood.

2 Now in thy strength I strive with thee,
My Friend and Advocate with God;
Give me the glorious liberty,
Grant me the purchase of thy blood.

3 Thou art the anchor of my hope,
The faithful promise I receive;
Surely thy death shall raise me up,
For thou hast died that I might live.

4 Satan, with all his arts, no more
Me from the gospel hope can move;
I shall receive the gracious power,
And find the pearl of perfect love.

5 Though nature gives my God the lie,
I all his truth and grace shall know;
I shall, the helpless creature I,
Shall perfect holiness below.

6 My flesh, which cries, "It cannot be,"
Shall silence keep before the Lord;
And earth, and hell, and sin shall flee
At Jesu's everlasting word.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 688. 2-6's & 4-7's. (9,49)

1 AUTHOR of faith, appear;
Be thou its finisher!
Upward still for this we gaze,
Till we feel the stamp divine,
Thee behold with open face,
Bright in all thy glory shine.

2 Leave not thy work undone,
But ever love thine own;
Let us all thy goodness prove,
Let us to the end believe;
Show thine everlasting love,
Save us, to the utmost save.

3 O that our life might be
One looking up to thee!
Ever hast'ning to the day,
When our eyes shall see thee near;
Come, Redeemer, come away,
Glorious in thy saints appear.

4 Jesu, the heavens bow,
We long to meet thee now!
Now in Majesty come down,
Pity thine elect and come:
Hear us in thy Spirit groan,
Take the weary exiles home.

5 Now let thy face be seen
Without a veil between:
Come, and change our faith to sight;
Swallow up mortality;
Plunge us in a sea of light;
Christ, be all in all to me.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN* 689. 7's & 6's. (49,69)

Dan. vi. 26.

1 GOD of Daniel, hear my prayer,
And let thy power be seen;
Stop the lion's mouth, and bear
Me safe out of his den:
Save me in this dreadful hour;
Earth, and hell, and nature join;
All stand ready to devour
This helpless soul of mine.

2 Thee I serve, my Lord, my God;
In me thy power display:
Save me, save me, and defraud
The lion of his prey.
Angel of the Covenant,
Jesus mighty to retrieve,

* This Hymn stood 156, in the Large Hymn-Book of 1782.

Let him to my help be sent:
In Jesus I believe.

3 Save me for thine own great name,
That all the world may know,
Daniel's God is still the same,
And reigns supreme below:
Him let all mankind adore,
Spread his glorious name abroad
Tremble all, and bow before
The great, the living God.

4 Absolute, unchangeable,
O'er all his works he reigns;
His dominion cannot fail,
But undisturb'd remains:
His dominion standeth fast,
Is when time no more shall be;
Still shall his dominion last
Through all eternity.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 690. S. M. (29)

Jude 24, 25.

1 TO God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 691. 8's. (18)

Job. xxx. 24; xv. 22; xvi. 1.

1 CHASTIS'D and afflicted below,
A sinner I cannot complain,
But pass through the valley of woe,
And stoop to my burthen of pain:
And here if my judgment I have,
His anger he will not extend,
But lay me to rest in my grave,
With mercy that never shall end.

2 I wait a few sorrowful years,
And then I no longer shall mourn,
But flee from the valley of tears
A way I shall never return:
From earth I shall quickly remove
To sure everlasting abodes,
And sing with the spirits above,
And triumph with angels and God.

3 My days when extinguish'd and gone,
And time as a shadow is fled,
Then, then I will lay myself down
To rest with the peaceable dead:
The dead ever-living attend,
Whose dust is all safe in the tomb,
Where many a glorified friend
Is ready to welcome me home.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 692. C. M. (18)

Matt. xvi. 16.

1 FATHER, to me the faith impart
Which makes the blessing mine,
Thy Son discover to my heart
In majesty divine;

2 That knowing him, my soul may prove
The sense of sin forgiven,
And through the bliss of perfect love
Pass to the bliss of heaven.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 693. L. M. (11)

1 WHATE'ER my heavenly Father wills
Through faith in Christ I still receive,
His blood my every promise seals,
And quicken'd by his blood I live.

2 His blood shall wash me white as snow;
It now hath brought me near to God,
And all my gifts and blessings flow
Through the dear channel of his blood.

3 To buy and make me free indeed,
The ransom of his blood was given,
For me his blood on earth was shed,
And now it intercedes in heaven.

4 It speaks to God, *my* God, for me,
For me obtains whate'er is best;
And lo! the bleeding Lamb I see,
And in his wounds for ever rest.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 694. 2-6's & 4-7's. (1,69)

1 JESU, my God and King,
Thy regal state I sing:
Thou, and only thou, art great,
High thine everlasting throne;
Thou the sovereign Potentate,
Bless'd, immortal, thou alone.

2 Essay your choicest strains,
The King Messiah reigns!
Tune your harps, celestial choir,
Joyful all your voices raise;
Christ, than earth-born monarchs higher,
Sons of men and angels praise.

3 Hail your dread Lord and ours,
Dominions, thrones, and powers!
Source of power, He rules alone:
Veil your eyes, and prostrate fall,
Cast your crowns before his throne,
Hail the Cause, the Lord of all!

4 Let earth's remotest bound
With echoing joys resound;
Christ to praise let all conspire;
Praise doth all to Christ belong:
Shout, ye first-born sons of fire;
Earth, repeat the glorious song.

5 Worthy, O Lord, art thou,
That every knee should bow,
Every tongue to thee confess;
Universal nature join,
Strong and mighty, thee to bless,
Gracious, merciful benign.

3 Wisdom is due to thee,
And might, and majesty;
Thee in mercy rich we prove;
Glory, honour, praise receive;
Worthy thou of all our love,
More than all we pant to give.

7 Justice and truth maintain
Thine everlasting reign:
One with thine almighty Sire,
Partner of an equal throne,
King of saints, let all conspire
Gratefully thy sway to own.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 695. 7's. (9,69.

Phil. ii. 10.

1 EARTH, rejoice, our Lord is King!
Sons of men, his praises sing;
Sing ye in triumphant strains,
Jesus our Messiah reigns!

2 Power is all to Jesus given,
Lord of hell, and earth, and heaven!
Every knee to him shall bow;
Satan, hear, and tremble now!

3 Angels and archangels join,
All triumphantly combine;
All in Jesu's praise agree,
Carrying on his victory.

4 Though the sons of night blaspheme,
More there are with us than them:
God with us, we cannot fear;
Fear, ye fiends, for Christ is here!

5 Lo! to faith's enlighten'd sight,
All the mountain flames with light
Hell is nigh, but God is nigher,
Circling us with hosts of fire.

6 Our Messias is come down,
Points us to the victor's crown,
Bids us take our seats above,
More than conquerors through his love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 696. P. M. (27) (69)

Rev. xvii. 14.

1 COME thou conqueror of the nations,
On thy great white horse appear;
Earthquakes, deaths, and desolations
Signify thy kingdom near:
True and faithful!
'Stablish thy dominion here.

2 Thine the kingdom, power, and glory;
Thine the ransom'd nations are;
Let the Heathen fall before thee,
Let the isles thy power declare;
Judge and conquer
All mankind in righteous war.

3 Thee let all mankind admire,
Object of our joy and dread!
Flame thine eyes with heavenly fire,
Many crowns upon thy head;
But thine essence
None, except thyself, can read.

4 Yet we know our Mediator,
By the Father's grace bestow'd,
Meanly clothed in human nature,
Thee we call the Word of God:
Flesh thy vesture,
Dipp'd in thy own sacred blood.

5 Captain, God of our salvation,
Thou who hast the wine-press trod,
Borne the' Almighty's indignation,
Quenched the fiercest wrath of God:
Take the kingdom,
Claim the purchase of thy blood.

6 On thy thigh and vesture written,
Show the world thy heavenly name,
That with love and wonder smitten,
All may glorify the Lamb;
All adore thee,
All the Lord of Hosts proclaim.

7 Honour, glory, and salvation,
To the Lord ou God we give;
Power, and endless adoration,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Reign triumphant,
King of kings, for ever live!

C. WESLEY. HYMN 697. S. M. (18)

Matt. vi. 10; Isa. lxvi. 18.

1 FATHER of boundless grace,
Thou hast in part fulfill'd
The promise made to Adam's race,
In God incarnate seal'd.
A few from every land
At first to Salem came,
And saw the wonders of thy hand,
And saw the tongues of flame.

2 Yet still we wait the end,
The coming of our Lord;
The full accomplishment attend
Of thy prophetic word.

Thy promise deeper lies
In unexhausted grace,
And new-discover'd worlds arise
To sing their Saviour's praise.

3 Beloved for Jesu's sake,
By him redeem'd of old,
All nations must come in, and make
One undivided fold;
While gather'd in by thee,
And perfected in one,
They all at once thy glory see,
In thine eternal Son.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 698. L. M. (11)

Rev. xxii. 17; Matt. vi. 10.

1 HEAD of thy Church, whose spirit fills,
And flows through every faithful soul,
Unites in mystic love, and seals
Them one, and purifies the whole:

2 "Come Lord," thy glorious Spirit cries,
And souls beneath the altar groan;
"Come Lord," the Bride on earth replies,
"And perfect all our souls in one."

3 Pour out the promised gift on all,
Answer the universal, "Come!"
The fulness of the Gentiles call,
And take thine ancient people home.

4 To thee let all the nations flow,
Let all obey the gospel word;
Let all their bleeding Saviour know,
Fill'd with the glory of the Lord.

5 O for thy truth and mercy's sake,
The purchase of thy passion claim;
Thine heritage the Gentiles take,
And cause the world to know thy name.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 699. 6-8's. (18)

Isa. xlii. 4; xlv. 21—25.

1 ETERNAL Lord of earth and skies,
We wait thy Spirit's latest call:
Bid all our fallen race arise,
Thou who hast purchased life for all;
Whose only name to sinners given,
Snatches from hell, and lifts to heaven.

2 The word thy sacred lips has past,
The sure irrevocable word,
That every soul shall bow at last,
And yield allegiance to its Lord;
The kingdoms of the earth shall be
For ever subjected to thee.

3 Jesus, for this we still attend,
Thy kingdom in the isles to prove;
The law of sin and death to end,
We wait for all the power of love,
The law of perfect liberty,
The law of life which is in thee.

4 O might it now from thee proceed,
With thee into the souls of men!
Throughout the world thy gospel spread;
And let thy glorious Spirit reign,
On all the ransom'd race bestow'd;
And let the world be fill'd with God!

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 700. L. M. (29)

Psalm xlvi.

1 LET Sion in her King rejoice,
Though Satan rage, and kingdoms rise
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought;
And Jacob's God is still our aid:
Behold the works his hand hath wrought
What desolations he hath made!

3 From sea to sea, through all their shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear;
Chariots he burns with heavenly flame
Keep silence, all the earth, and hear
The sound and glory of his name!

5 "Be still, and learn that I am God
Exalted over all the lands;
I will be known and fear'd abroad;
For still my throne in Sion stands."

6 O Lord of hosts, almighty King!
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall rest secure, and sing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 701. 6-8's. (12,35)

1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,
The terrors of the Lord display;
Out of their sins the nations shake,
Tear their vain confidence away;
Conclude them all in unbelief,
And fill their hearts with sacred grief.

2 Of judgment now the world convince,
The end of Jesu's coming show;
To sentence their usurping prince,
Him and his works destroy below;
To finish and abolish sin,
And bring the heavenly nature in.

3 Then the whole earth again shall rest,
And see its paradise restored;
Then every soul, in Jesus blest,
Shall bear the image of its Lord,
In finish'd holiness renew'd,
Immeasurably fill'd with God.

4 O wouldst thou bring the final scene,
Accomplish the redeeming plan,
Thy great millennial reign begin;
That every ransom'd child of man,
That every soul, may bow the knee,
And rise to reign with God in thee!

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 702. L. M. (29)

Zech. ix. 10; Psalm lxxii.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant-voices shall proclaim
Hosannas to his sacred name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest;
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise, and bring
Its grateful honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the joyful strain.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 703. L. M. (29)

Psalm xix.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light:
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 704. 8's. (29)

Psalm cxvii. 1, 2.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 705. S. M. (61)

1 LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great;
The labourers are few.

3 Convert, and send forth more
Into thy church abroad;
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

4 Give the pure gospel word,
The word of general grace;
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
The Saviour of our race.

5 O Let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thy all-redeeming love!

6 On all mankind, forgiven,
Empower them still to call;
And tell each creature under heaven,
That thou hast died for all.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 706. S. M. (29)

1 HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Sion's hill;
Who bring salvation in their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How rapt'rous is their voice,—
So sweet the tidings are!
"Sion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How favour'd are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired long,
But died without the sight

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let all the nations now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 707. P. M. (29)

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever:
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
Praise the Lord.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound!
Glory, honour, praise, and power, &c.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues:
Glory, honour, praise, and power, &c.

J. MONTGOMERY.] HYMN 708. C. M. (63)

Luke xxii. 19.

1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humilty,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I *will* remember Thee.

2 Thy body broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn my eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember Thee:—

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

DR. DODDRIDGE.] HYMN 709. C. M. (31,63)

Ephes. ii. 13.

1 AND are we now brought near to God,
Who once at distance stood?
And, to effect this glorious change,
Did Jesus shed his blood?

2 O for a song of ardent praise,
To bear our souls above!
What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love!

3 Draw us, O Lord, with quickening grace,
And bring us yet more near;
Here may we see thy glories shine,
And taste thy mercies here.

4 O may that love which spread thy board
Dispose us for the feast;
May faith behold a smiling God,
Through Jesu's bleeding breast.

5 Fir'd with the view, our souls shall rise,
In such a scene as this,
And view the happy moment near,
That shall complete our bliss.

V. COWPER.] HYMN 710. C. M. (30,65)

1 THIS is the feast of heavenly wine,
And God invites to sup;
The juices of the living vine
Were press'd to fill the cup.

2 O bless the Saviour, ye that eat,
With royal dainties fed!
Not heaven affords a costlier treat,
For Jesus is the bread.

3 Approach ye poor, nor dare refuse
The banquet spread for you;
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,
Then I may venture too!

4 If guilt and sin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place,
Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I shall see his face.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 711. C. M. (18)

Matt. vii. 11; xxvi. 28.

1 AS many as in *Adam* died,
In CHRIST may be restored,
And freely sav'd in Christ confide,
And love their bleeding Lord:
To purge the universal sin,
The bloody fountain flow'd,
To make our life and nature clean,
And bring us all to God.

2 Father, I ask in Jesu's name,
My hungry spirit feed,
With humble confidence I claim
The true immortal bread:
As by his promise bound thou art,
Thy Son bestow on me,
And fill with Christ my longing heart,
With all that is in thee.

C. WESLEY.] HMN 712. L. M. (19)

John vi. 54-56.

1 WHO now his flesh and blood partake,
Partakers of the life divine,
We soon shall see our Lord come back,
His members all in him to join;
And feeding on this living bread,
This earnest of our glorious bliss,
We too shall rise to meet our Head,
We too shall see him as he is.

2 Saviour, thy flesh is meat indeed!
Thy nature to thy Church made known
Doth every saint with manna feed,
Till every saint with thee is one,

Till blended with its heavenly food
The soul thy gracious fulness feels,
And all transform'd we dwell in God,
And God in us for ever dwells.

C. WESLEY] HYMN 713. L. M. (18)

John vi. 12; John iv. 19.

1 GATHER we still the fragments up,
Which from our Master's table fall,
The small remains of faith and hope,
The sacred crumbs, preserve them all;
Let not one gracious thought be lost;
The faintest, least desire of good;
More than a thousand worlds it cost,
It cost the Lamb's most precious blood.

2 I cannot doubt thy love for me:
Thy love for me doth now constrain
My heart to seek a power from thee
To love my gracious Lord again:
Thou wilt, for thine own mercy sake,
To me the power of faith impart,
I then the just return shall make,
And give thee all my loving heart.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 714. 4-6's & 2-8's. (11,58,59)

1 THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages, praise;
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground;
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found;
Yet doth he us in mercy spare
Another and another year.

3 When justice bared the sword,
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cried, "Let it still alone;"
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space;
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And, lo, we see another year!

5 Then dig about our root,
Break up the fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound:
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 715. 7's. (11)

1 WHO are these that come from far,
Swifter than a flying cloud!
Thick as flocking doves they are,
Eager in pursuit

Trembling as the storm draws nigh,
Hastening to their place of rest,
See them to the windows fly,
To the ARK of Jesu's breast.

2 Who are these but sinners poor,
Conscious of their lost estate,
Sin-sick souls, who for their cure
On the good Physician wait;
Fallen who bewail their fall,
Proferr'd mercy who embrace,
List'ning to the gospel-call,
Longing to be saved by grace.

3 For his mate the turtle moans,
For his God the sinner sighs;
Hark! the music of their groans,
Humble groans that pierce the skies!
Surely God their sorrows hears,
Every accent, every look,
Treasures up their gracious tears,
Notes their sufferings in his book.

4 He who hath their cure begun,
Will he now despise their pain?
Can he leave his work undone,
Bring them to the birth in vain?
No; we all who seek shall find,
We who ask shall all receive,
Be to Christ in spirit join'd,
Free from sin for ever live.

DR. DODDRIDGE.] HYMN 716. L. M. (31,63)

Psalm lxv. 2.

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

3 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise:
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light, and evening shade.

5 Here in thy house shall incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes;
Still will we make thy mercies known
Around thy board, and round our own.

6 O may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 717. C M. (16,61)

1 SING to the Great Jehovah's praise!
All praise to him belongs:
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs.

2 His providence hath brought us through
Another varied year:
We all with vows and anthems new,
Before our God appear.

3 Father, thy mercies past we own,
Thy still continued care;
To thee presenting, through thy Son,
Whate'er we have or are

4 Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jesu's steps we go
To see thy face above.

5 Our residue of days or hours
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to thee:

6 Till Jesus in the clouds appear
To saints on earth forgiven,
And bring the grand sabbatic year,
The Jubilee of heaven.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 718. 6-8's. (16)

1 WISDOM ascribe, and might, and praise,
To God, who lengthens out our days;
Who spares us yet another year,
And lets us see his goodness here:
O may we all our time redeem,
And henceforth live or die to Him!

2 How often, when his arm was bared,
Hath he our sinful Israel spared!
"Let me alone," his mercy cried,
And turn'd the vengeful bolt aside;
Indulged another kind reprieve,
And strangely suffer'd us to live.

3 Still in the doubtful balance weigh'd
We trembled, while the remnant pray'd:
The Father heard his Spirit groan,
And answer'd mild, "It is my Son!"
He let the prayer of faith prevail,
And Mercy turn'd the doubtful scale.

4 Merciful God, how shall we raise
Our hearts to pay thee all thy praise
Our hearts shall beat for thee alone;
Our lives shall make thy goodness known;
Our souls and bodies shall be thine,
A living sacrifice divine.

DR. DODDRIDGE.] HYMN 719. L. M. (31,58,61)

1 GOD of my life, through all my days,
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
My song shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the dark and silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn the' exalted strains
Which echo through the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round the throne.

6 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul shall live:
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 720. 6-8's. (18)

Matt. xxvii. 27.

1 JESUS, was ever love like thine?
Thy life a scene of wonders is;
Thy death itself is all divine,
While, pleased thy spirit to dismiss,
Thou dost out of the flesh retire,
And like the Prince of Life expire.

2 Thy death supports the dying saint:
Thy death my sovereign comfort be;
While feeble flesh and nature faint,
Arm with thy mortal agony;
And fill, while soul and body part,
With life, immortal life, my heart.

3 O let thy death's mysterious power,
With all its sacred weight, descend,
To consecrate my final hour,
To bless me with thy peaceful end:
And breathed into the hands divine,
My spirit be received with thine!

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 721. C. M. (29)

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead!
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their dying bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blest:
How calm their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from tears released,
And freed from every snare:

3 Till that illustrious morning come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And, deck'd in full immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies.

4 Their tongues, great Prince of Life, shall join
With their recover'd breath,
And all the' immortal host ascribe
Their victory to thy death.

ANON.] HYMN 722. C. M. (63)

1 WHY should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls his own;
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?

2 Say, is not death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly on earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past; their work is done;
And they are fully blest:
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And enter'd into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow!
God has recall'd his own!
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done."

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 723. 6-8's. (18)

Job xix. 25.

1 I CALL the world's Redeemer mine;
He lives who died for me, I know;
Who bought my soul with blood divine,
Jesus, shall re-appear below,
Stand in that dreadful day unknown,
And fix on earth his heavenly throne.

2 Then the last judgment-day shall come;
And though the worms this skin devour,
The Judge shall call me from the tomb,
Shall bid the greedy grave restore,
And raise this individual me,
God in the flesh, my God, to see.

3 In this identic body I,
With eyes of flesh refined, restored,
Shall see that self same Saviour nigh,
See for myself my smiling Lord,
See with ineffable delight;
Nor faint to bear the glorious sight.

4 Then let the worms demand their prey,
The greedy grave my reins consume;
With joy I drop my mouldering clay,
And rest till my Redeemer come;
On Christ my life, in death rely;
Secure that I can never die.

STENNETT.] HYMN 724. C. M. (46,63)

Deut. iii. 27; xxxiv. 1—4.

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land
Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh, the transporting rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields, array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the sun, for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling wind, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 725. C. M. (29)

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soften'd every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

3 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising-day

4 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 726. S. M. (29,61

1 AND must this body die?
This well-wrought frame decay?

And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms
Shall but refine this flesh;
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine;
And every shape and every face
Be heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying love:
O may we bless thy grace below,
And sing thy power above!

6 Saviour, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
'Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

MISS A. STEELE.] HYMN 727. L. M. (45,49,60)

1 ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days,
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears:
How frail, at best, is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show;
Vain are the cares which rack his mind:
He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 O be a nobler portion mine!
My God, I bow before thy throne:
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 728. 7's & 6's. (13,23,61)

Phil. i. 23.

1 HAPPY who in Jesus live;
But happier still are they
Who to God their spirits give,
And 'scape from earth away:
Lord, thou read'st the panting heart;
Lord, thou hear'st the praying sigh;
O 'tis better to depart,
'Tis better far to die!

2 Yet, if so thy will ordain,
For our companions' good,
Let us in the flesh remain,
And meekly bear the load:
When we have our grief fill'd up,
When we all our work have done,
Late partakers of our hope,
And sharers of thy throne.

3 To thy wise and gracious will,
We quietly submit,
Waiting for redemption still,
But waiting at thy feet;
When thou wilt the blessing give,
Call us up thy face to see:
Only let thy servants live,
And let us die, to Thee.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 729. P. M. (13)

1 HOSANNA to God
In his highest abode;
All heaven be join'd,
To extol the Redeemer and Friend of mankind!
He claims all our praise,
Who in infinite grace
Again hath stoop'd down,
And caught up a worm to inherit a crown.

2 Our friend is restored
To the joy of his Lord,
With triumph departs,
But speaks by his death to our echoing hearts.
"Follow after," he cries,
As he mounts to the skies,
"Follow after your friend, [end."
To the blissful enjoyments that never shall

3 Through Jesus's name,
Our comrade o'ercame;
And Jesus is ours,
And arms us with all his invincible powers:
He looks from the skies,
He shows us the prize,
And gives us a sign
That we shall o'ercome by the mercy divine.

4 For us is prepared
The angelical guard;
The convoy attends,
A minist'ring host of invisible friends:
Ready wing'd for the flight
To the regions of light,
The horses are come,
The chariots of Israel to carry us home.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 730. P. M. (11,37)

1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below:
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go!

2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

3 Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.

4 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 731. L. M. (49)

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives
He lives, and on the earth shall stand;
And though to worms my flesh he gives,
My dust lies number'd in his hand.

2 In this re-animated clay
I surely shall behold him near;
Shall see him in the latter day
In all his majesty appear.

3 I feel what then shall raise me up,
The 'eternal Spirit lives in me;
This is my confidence of hope,
That God I face to face shall see.

4 Mine own and not another's eyes
The King shall in his beauty view;
I shall from him receive the prize,
The crown of life,—the victor's due.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 732. 8's. (13,61)

1 O WHEN shall we sweetly remove,
O when shall we enter our rest,
Return to the Sion above,
The mother of spirits distrest!
That city of God the great King,
Where sorrow and death are no more;
But saints our Immanuel sing,
And cherub and seraph adore.

2 Not all the archangels can tell
The joys of that holiest place,
Where Jesus is pleased to reveal
The light of his heavenly face;
When caught in the rapturous flame,
The sight beatific they prove,
And walk in the light of the Lamb,
Enjoying the beams of his love.

3 Thou know'st, in the spirit of prayer,
We hope thy appearing to see,
Resign'd to the burden we bear,
But longing to triumph with thee:
'Tis good at thy word to be here,
'Tis better in thee to be gone,
And see thee in glory appear,
And rise to a share in thy throne.

4 To mourn for thy coming is sweet,
To weep at thy longer delay;
But thou, whom we hasten to meet,
Shalt chase all our sorrows away.

The tears shall be wiped from our eyes,
When thee we behold in the cloud,
And echo the joys of the skies,
And shout to the trumpet of God.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 733. C. M. (29)

Isa. xxxiii. 17.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy thoughts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes!

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 734. P. M. (17)

1 LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners in his patience here;
Christ, to all believers precious,
Lord of lords, shall soon appear:
Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdom near!

2 Close behind the tribulation
Of the last tremendous days,
See the flaming revelation,
See the universal blaze!
Earth and heaven
Melt before the Judge's face!

3 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darken'd into endless night,
When, with angel-hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting Light.

4 See the stars from heaven falling,
Hark on earth the doleful cry,
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh,
"Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!"

5 With what different exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!
By the tokens of his passion,
By the marks received for me,
All discern him,
All with shouts cry out "'Tis he!"

6 Yes, the prize shall then be given,
We his open face shall see;
Love, the earnest of our heaven,
Love, our full reward shall be;
Love shall crown us
Kings through all eternity!

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 735. C. M. (29,61)

1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 736. 7's & 6's. (49)

Isa. lx. 21.

WHERE shall true believers go,
When from the flesh they fly

Glorious joys ordain'd to know,
They mount above the sky,
To that bright celestial place;
There they shall in raptures live.
More than tongue can e'er express,
Or heart can e'er conceive.

2 When they once are enter'd there,
Their mourning days are o'er;
Pain, and sin, and want, and care,
And sighing is no more;
Subject then to no decay,
Heavenly bodies they put on,
Swifter than the lightning's ray,
And brighter than the sun.

3 But their greatest happiness,
Their highest joy, shall be,
God their Saviour to possess,
To know, and love, and see:
With that beatific sight
Glorious ecstasy is given;
This is their supreme delight,
And makes a heaven of heaven.

4 Him beholding face to face,
To him they glory give,
Bless his name and sing his praise,
As long as God shall live.
While eternal ages roll,
Thus employ'd in heaven they are
Lord, receive my happy soul
With all thy servants there!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 737. L. M. (18)

Rev. xiv. 13.

1 THE saints who die of Christ possess,
Enter into immediate rest;

For them no further test remains,
Of purging fires, and torturing pains.

2 Who trusting in their Lord depart,
Cleansed from all sin, and pure in heart,
The bliss unmix'd, the glorious prize,
They find with Christ in paradise.

3 Close follow'd by their works they go,
Their Master's purchased joy to know;
Their works enhance the bliss prepared,
And each hath its distinct reward.

4 Yet glorified by grace alone,
They cast their crowns before the throne;
And fill the echoing courts above
With praises of redeeming love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 738. C. M. (49,61)

Rom. iv. 7.

1 HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven;
A country far from mortal sight;—
Yet, O! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear:
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past;
But, O! the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.

3 To that Jerusalem above
With singing I repair

While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul are there:
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands
To take me to his breast.

4 What is there here to court my stay,
Or hold me back from home,
While angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come?
Shall I regret my parted friends,
Still in the vale confined?
Nay, but whene'er my soul ascends,
They will not stay behind.

5 The race we all are running now;
And if I first attain,
They too their willing head shall bow,
They too the prize shall gain.
Now on the brink of death we stand;
And if I pass before,
They all shall soon escape to land,
And hail me on the shore.

6 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ conceal'd,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels fill'd.

7 O would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessel break,
And let our ransom'd spirits go
To grasp the God we seek:

In rapturous awe on him we gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout, and wonder at his grace,
Through all eternity!

WESLEY & WATTS.] HYMN 739. C.M. (18,27,37,38)

1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it droop and die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In my Redeemer's breast.

2 I bow me to my God's decree,
I own the sentence just,
(The sentence of mortality)
And dust return to dust:
Yet quicken'd by the trumpet's sound,
This dust again shall rise,
Beyond the old creation bound,
And shine above the skies.

3 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer on my three-score years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

4 O what hath Jesus bought for me
Before my ravish'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise:
I see a world of spirits bright.
Who taste the pleasures there;

They all are robed in purest white,
And conquering palms they bear.

5 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to' appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away:
I come, to find them all again
In that eternal day:

6 That day, when death's last triumph ends,
His conquest o'er the just;
When from the grave each saint ascends,
No more a child of dust.
And, lo! I see the scattering shades!
The dawn of heaven appears!
The rich, immortal morning, spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

7 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around!
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground!
I hear the voice,—"Ye dead arise"—
And, lo! the graves obey,
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute the' expected day!

8 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the middle air,
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.
O, may my humble spirit stand
Among them, cloth'd in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 740. C. M. (49,61)

1 COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtain'd the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise:
Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

2 One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death:
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

3 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die:
His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

4 Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release
And full felicity:
Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

5 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crown'd,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear his trumpet sound.
O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven

DR. DODDRIDGE] HYMN 741. L. M. (31,49)

Psalm lxxxvii. 5.

1 GREAT God, thy watchful care we bless,
Which guards these sacred courts in peace;
Nor dare tumultuous foes invade,
To fill thy worshippers with dread.

2 And will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he from his radiant throne
Avow our temples for his own?

3 We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call such sinful mortals near.

4 These walls we to thy honour raise,
Long may they echo to thy praise!
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

5 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the virtues of his train;
While power divine his word attends
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

6 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here.

J. MONTGOMERY.] HYMN 742. L. M. (63)

1 THIS stone to thee in faith we lay,
We build the temple, Lord, to thee;
Thine eye be open night and day
To guard this house and sanctuary.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear, thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, O forgive!

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed Gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 Hosannah! to their heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that song;
Hosannah! let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong

5 But will indeed Jehovah deign,
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 That glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone:
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 743. L. M. (29)

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are!
With strong desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

2 Blest are the saints that sit on high,
Around the throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentle rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Sion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

DR. DODDRIDGE.] HYMN 744. L. M. (31)

1 FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace:
From thee they spring; and by thy hand
They are, and shall be e'er sustained.

2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised;
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
And sanctify the humblest cell.

3 To thee may each united house
Morning and night present its vows:
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

4 And may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name;
And each succeeding tribe remove
And join the family above.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 745. 6-8's. (19,61)

1 GOD of eternal truth and love,
Vouchsafe the promised aid we claim,
Thine own great ordinance approve,
The child baptized into thy name
Partaker of thy nature make,
And give him all thine image back.

2 Father, if such thy sovereign will,
If Jesus did the rite enjoin,
Annex thy hallowing Spirit's seal,
And let the grace attend the sign;
The seed of endless life impart,
Take for thine own this infant's heart.

3 Answer on him thy wisdom's end,
In present and eternal good;
Whate'er thou didst for man intend,
Whate'er thou hast on man bestow'd,
Now to this favour'd babe be given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven

* In presence of thy heavenly host,
Thyself we faithfully require;
Come Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
By blood, by water, and by fire,
And fill up all thy human shrine,
And seal our souls for ever thine

DR WATTS.] HYMN 746. C. M. (29)

Gen. xvii 7; Rom. xv. 8; Mark. x. 14.

1 HOW large the promise, how divine,
To Abr'am and his seed!
"I am a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the Covenant proves
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms
To our great father given;
He takes the children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Faithful, O God, are all thy ways!
Thy love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of thy grace
Blots out the children's name.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 747. 7's. (18)

Mark. x. 14.

1 JESUS, kind inviting Lord,
We with joy obey thy word.
In their earliest infancy,
Bring our little ones to thee.

2 Born they are, like us, in sin,
Touch th' unconscious lepers clean;
Purchase of thy blood they are,
Save them by thy dying prayer.

DR. DODDRIDGE.] HYMN 748. C. M. (31)

Mark. xiv.

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms:
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name:
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

DR. DODDRIDGE.] HYMN 749. L. M. (31)

Ephes. iv. 11—12

1 THE Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

2 Hence sprung the' Apostles' honour'd name·
Sacred beyond heroic fame:
In lowlier forms before our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.

3 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And fed by Christ their graces live:
While shielded by his mighty hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

4 So shall the bright succession run
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

5 Jesus, now teach our hearts to know
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout thy praise
Through the long round of endless days.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 750. 7's. (9,20,21)

Gloria Patri.

1 FATHER, live, by all things fear'd;
Live the Son, alike revered;
Equally be thou adored,
Holy Ghost, eternal Lord.

2 Three in person, one in power,
Thee we worship evermore:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Endless theme of earth and heaven.

MISS A. STEELE.] HYMN 751. C.M. (45,58,61)

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair Tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 Divine Instructer, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near!
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

C. WESLEY. HYMN 752. 6-8's. (18)

John xiv. 9.

1 O WOULD'ST thou now thy Spirit breathe,
And bid my unbelief depart,
The peace thou didst to me bequeath,
The pardon speak into my heart,
And let me now my Father see,
The image of my God in thee.

2 Sufficient is that sight alone
To answer all my wishes here;
Come then, and make thy Godhead known,
As crucified for me appear,
Be thou set forth before mine eyes,
I ask no other paradise.

3 With me, I find, thou still dost dwell,
For unconsum'd on earth I live,
I am not with the lost in hell,
But wait thy Spirit to receive,
Who makes thy heavenly Father known,
And shows that God and thou art One.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 753. 8's & 6's. (11)

1 O SAVIOUR, cast a pitying eye,
A sinner at thy feet I lie,
And will not thence depart,
Till thou regard my ceaseless moan,
O speak, and take away the stone,
The unbelieving heart.

2 Till thou the mountain load remove,
I groan beneath my want of love,
O hear my bitter cry:
Without thy love I cannot live,
Give, Jesus, friend of sinners, give
Me love, or else I die.

3 Dost thou not all my sufferings know,
Dost thou not see my eyes o'erflow,
My lab'ring bosom move?
Why do I all this burthen bear?
Need I to thee the cause declare?
Thou knowst I cannot love.

4 This is my sin and misery,
I always find thy love to me,
Seal'd by thy precious blood;
And yet I make thee no return,
I only for my baseness mourn,
I cannot love my God.

5 Now, then, O God, thine hand lay to,
And let me all the means look through,
And trust to thee alone;
To thee alone for all things trust,
And say, (let me be saved or lost,)
Thine only will be done.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 754. 8's. (11)

1 O HOW shall a sinner perform
The vows he hath vow'd to the Lord!
A sinful and impotent worm,
How can I be true to my word!
I tremble at what I have done:
But look for thy help from above;
The power that I never have known,
The virtue of Jesu's love!

2 My solemn engagements are vain,
My promises empty as air;
My vows, I shall break them again
And plunge in eternal despair;
Unless my omnipotent God
The sense of his goodness impart,
And shed by his Spirit abroad
The love of himself in my heart.

3 O Lover of sinners, extend
To me thy compassionate grace;
Appear my affliction to end,
Afford me a glimpse of thy face!
That sight shall enkindle in me
A flame of reciprocal love,
And then I shall cleave unto thee,
And then I shall never remove.

4 O come to a mourner in pain,
Thy peace in my conscience reveal!
And then I shall love thee again,
And sing of the goodness I feel:
Constrain'd by the grace of my Lord,
My soul shall in all things obey,
And wait to be fully restored,
And long to be summon'd away.

DR. DODDRIDGE.] HYMN 755. L. M. (31,63)

2 Chron. xv.

1 O HAPPY day that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest my long divided heart;
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever once from Christ depart,
In him of every good possest.

5 High heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless, in death, a bond so dear.

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 756. C. M. (29)

1 "THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand for ever good,"
He said; and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd the grace with blood.

2 To this sure covenant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal the' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 Thy light, and strength, and pardoning grace,
And glory shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers are thine.

4 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

5 Sweet is the memory of his name,
Who blest us in his Will,
And to his Testament of love
Made his own life the seal.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 757. L. M. (18)

Heb. iv. 16.

1 THROUGH Jesus, our divine High-Priest,
Who pleads the sinners cause in heaven,
Father, presenting our request,
We humbly sue to be forgiven;
Mercy we ask in Jesu's name,
Who died for all our sins to' atone,
Who rose our purchas'd peace to claim,
And now appears before thy throne.

2 There, at thy throne of grace we meet,
United to th' incarnate God,
Boldly approach the mercy-seat,
Which Jesus sprinkled with his blood
He paid the price on Calvary
For every sinful child of man,
And trusting in his death for me,
My pardon seal'd I now obtain.

3 Father, I still his passion plead,
Which bought thy love for all mankind
And pardon'd in this time of need
I come, confirming grace to find,

Importunate in faithful prayer,
Thy promis'd succour I implore,
Power to withstand, and strength to bear,
'Till sin destroy'd can tempt no more!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 758. S. M. (25)

1 LET all who truly bear
The bleeding Saviour's name,
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
And eat the Paschal Lamb.

2 This eucharistic feast
Our every want supplies;
And still we by his death are bless'd,
And share his sacrifice.

3 Who thus our faith employ,
His sufferings to record,
Even now we mournfully enjoy
Communion with our Lord,

4 We too with him are dead,
And shall with him arise;
The cross on which he bows his head,
Shall lift us to the skies.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 759. 6-8's. (63)

1 PROSTRATE, with eyes of faith I see
My Saviour fasten'd to the tree,
A victim on that altar laid,
Himself presenting to the skies,
The grand vicarious sacrifice,
The Righteous in the sinner's stead.

2 Well-pleasing to our God above,
His sacrifice of life and love
I plead before the gracious throne:
Father, a prodigal receive,
And bid a pardon'd rebel live,
The purchase of thy bleeding Son.

J. CROSSE.] HYMN 760. 8's & 7's. (70)

1 Tim. ii. 1—3.

1 LORD of heaven and earth and ocean,
Hear us from thy bright abode,
While our hearts with deep devotion,
Own their great and gracious God:
Now, with joy we come before thee,
Seek thy face—thy mercies sing;
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Guard thy church, and guide our king.

2 Health and every needful blessing
Are thy bounteous gift alone;
Comforts undeserv'd possessing,
Here we bend before thy throne;
Whilst the babe, the youth, the hoary,
Their united tribute bring,
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Shield our isle, and save our king.

3 Thee with humble adoration,
Lord, we praise for mercies past;
Still, to this most favour'd nation,
May those mercies ever last:
Britons, then through future story,
Songs of ceaseless praise shall sing:
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Bless thy people,—bless our king.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 761. L. M. (9,37)

1 BROTHER in Christ, and well-beloved,
To Jesus and his servants dear,
Enter, and show thyself approved;
Enter, and find that God is here.

2 Welcome from earth: lo, the right hand
Of fellowship to thee we give!
With open hearts and hands we stand,
And thee in Jesu's name receive.

3 Say, is thy heart resolved as ours?
Then let it burn with sacred love;
Then let it taste the heavenly powers,
Partaker of the joys above.

4 Jesu, attend, thyself reveal!
Are we not met in thy great name?
Thee in the midst we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the spreading flame.

5 Thou God that answerest by fire,
The Spirit of burning now impart;
And let the flames of pure desire
Rise from the altar of the heart.

6 Truly our fellowship below
With thee and with the Father is:
In thee eternal life we know,
And heaven's unutterable bliss.

7 In part we only know thee here,
But wait thy coming from above;
And we shall then behold thee near,
And we shall all be lost in love.

BISHOP KENN.] HYMN 762. L. M. (54,63,65)

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run:
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Thy precious time misspent—redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 In all thy converse be sincere,
In conscience as the noon-tide clear;
Think, how the' all-seeing God surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy words and ways.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels take thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing
High glory to the' eternal King.

5 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew!
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

6 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

BISHOP KENN.] HYMN 763. L. M. (54

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings!

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That, with the world, myself, and thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 O let my soul on thee repose!
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

4 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment day.

5 If through the night, I sleepless lie,
With heavenly thoughts my soul supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 764. L. M. (11)

PART I.

1 O THOU that hangedst on the tree,
Our curse and sufferings to remove,
Pity the souls that look to thee,
And save us by thy dying love.

2 We have no outward righteousness,
No merits or good works, to plead;
We only can be saved by grace;
Thy grace will here be free indeed.

3 Save us by grace, through faith alone,
A faith thou must thyself impart;
A faith that would by works be shown,
A faith that purifies the heart.

4 A faith that doth the mountains move,
A faith that shows our sins forgiven,
A faith that sweetly works by love,
And ascertains our claim to heaven.

5 This is the faith we humbly seek,
The faith in thy all-cleansing blood;
That blood which doth for sinners speak,
O let it speak us up to God!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 765. L. M. (11)

PART II.

1 CANST thou reject our dying prayer,
Or cast us out who come to thee?
Our sins, ah! wherefore didst thou bear?
Jesus, remember Calvary!

2 Number'd with the transgressors thou,
Between the felons crucified,
Speak to our hearts, and tell us now,
Wherefore hast thou for sinners died?

3 For us wast thou not lifted up?
For us a bleeding victim made?
That we, the abjects we, might hope,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid.

4 O might we, with our anxious eyes,
Thee in thy bloody vesture see;
And cast us on thy sacrifice!
Jesus, my Lord, remember me!

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 766. L. M. (9)

PART I.

1 LORD of the wide, extended main,
Whose power the winds and seas controls,
Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain,
Whose Spirit leads believing souls:

2 For thee we leave our native shore,
(We whom thy love delights to keep,)
In other lands thy works explore,
And see thy wonders in the deep.

3 'Tis here thine unknown paths we trace,
Which dark to human eyes appear;
While through the mighty waves we pass,
Faith only sees that God is here.

4 Throughout the deep thy footsteps shine,
We own thy way is in the sea,
O'erawed by majesty divine,
And lost in thy immensity.

5 Thy wisdom here we learn to' adore,
Thine everlasting truth we prove;
Amazing heights of boundless power,
Unfathomable depths of love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 767. L. M. (9)

PART II.

1 INFINITE God, thy greatness spann'd
These heavens, and meted out the skies;
Lo! in the hollow of thy hand
The measured waters sink and rise!

2 Thee to perfection who can tell!
Earth and her sons beneath thee lie,
Lighter than dust within thy scale,
And less than nothing in thine eye.

3 Yet, in thy Son, divinely great,
We claim thy providential care;
Boldly we stand before thy seat,
Our Advocate hath placed us there.

4 With him we are gone up on high,
Since he is ours, and we are his;
With him we reign above the sky,
And walk upon the subject seas.

5 We boast of our recover'd powers,
Lords are we of the lands and floods;
And earth, and heaven, and all is ours,
And we are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

COWPER.] HYMN 768. L. M. (30)

1 JESUS where'er thy people meet
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 769. C. M. (18)

Mal. iii. 17.

1 IN tenderest pity to thine own,
Thou dost thy wrath forbear;
Thine every servant is a son
Whom thou delight'st to spare:
And while our hearts are bowed to thee,
Thine easy yoke we prove,
And own it perfect liberty
To serve the God we love.

2 According to thy faithful word
It then shall surely be,
Thou wilt remember us, O Lord,
Who now remember thee;
To seek, and challenge us for thine,
Thou wilt from heaven come down,
And we around thy head shall shine,
As jewels of thy crown.

J. ADDISON.] HYMN 770. C. M. (40,60

1 HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne,
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 771. 6-8's. (23)

1 HOW many spend the guilty night
In revellings and frantic mirth!
The creature is their sole delight,
Their happiness the things of earth:
For *us* suffice the season past;
We choose the better part at last.

2 We will not close our wakeful eyes,
We will not let our eyelids sleep,
But humbly lift them to the skies,
And all a solemn vigil keep:
So many years on sin bestow'd,
Can we not watch one night for God?

3 We can, O Saviour, for thy sake,
Devote our every hour to thee:
Speak but the word, our souls shall wake,
And sing with cheerful melody:
Thy praise shall our glad tongues employ,
And every heart shall dance for joy.

4 Shout in the midst of us, O King
Of saints, and make our joys abound;
Let us exult, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph in redemption found:
We ask for every waiting soul,
O let our glorious joy be full!

5 O may we all triumphant rise,
With joy upon our heads return,
And far above those nether skies,
By thee on eagles' wings upborne.
Through all yon radiant circles move,
And gain the highest heaven of love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 772. C. M. (11)

1 JOIN all ye ransom'd sons of grace,
The holy joy prolong,
And shout to the Redeemer's praise
A solemn midnight song.

2 Blessing, and thanks, and love, and might,
Be to our Jesus given,
Who turns our darkness into light,
Who turns our hell to heaven.

3 Thither our faithful souls he leads,
Thither he bids us rise,
With crowns of joy upon our heads,
To meet him in the skies.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 773. C. M. (8)

1 OUT of the depth of self-despair,
To thee, O Lord, I cry;
My misery mark, attend my prayer,
And bring salvation nigh.

2 If thou art rigorously severe,
Who may the test abide?
Where shall the man of sin appear,
Or how be justified?

3 But, O, forgiveness is with thee,
That sinners may adore!
With filial fear thy goodness see,
And never grieve thee more.

4 My soul, while still to Him it flies,
Prevents the morning ray:
O that his mercy's beams would rise,
And bring the gospel day!

5 Ye faithful souls, confide in God,
Mercy with Him remains;
Plenteous redemption through his blood,
To wash out all your stains.

6 His Israel himself shall clear,
From all their sins redeem;
The Lord our Righteousness is near,
And we are just in Him.

J. MONTGOMERY.] HYMN 774. C. M. (63,64)

1 THE God of nature and of grace
In all his works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

2 Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By him in wisdom plann'd;
Twas he who girded, like a robe,
The ocean round the land.

3 Lift to the firmament your eye;
Thither your path pursue;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.

4 He bows the heavens,—the mountains stand
A highway for their God:
He walks amid'st the desert-land,
'Tis Eden where he trod.

5 The forests in his strength rejoice;
Hark! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the Lord God's voice
Is heard among the trees.

6 Here on the hills, he feeds his herds,
His flocks on yonder plains;
His praise is warbled by the birds;
—O could we catch their strains!

7 —Mount with the lark, and bear our song
Up to the gates of light;
Or, with the nightingale, prolong
Our numbers through the night.

8 In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze his Spirit blows,
—The breath of life and health.

9 His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

10 If God hath made this world so fair,
Where Sin and Death abound;
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found!

FOR PERSONS ENGAGED IN BUSINESS.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 775. 8's & 6's. (42)

1 O GOD, who dost the motives know
From which our various actions flow,
And what we now intend;
Our purposes, if thee they please,
Prevent, accompany, and bless,
With an auspicious end.

2 Unmoved by vanity or pride,
Things honest, Lord, we would provide,
According to thy will;
And (while thy hand points out our way)
Thy providential call obey,
And thy designs fulfil.

3 By thy paternal love decreed,
To labour for our daily bread,
Our business we pursue;
In every step look up to thee,
And ask, till we thy counsel see,
What would'st thou have us do?

4 Who dost from man his purpose hide,—
If from thy paths we turn aside,
Our wandering feet repress:
Stop us, impatient to proceed,
Nor let us snatch with eager speed
At dangerous success.

5 Deceived by each appearance fair,
The tempting bait, the pleasing snare,
Alas! we cannot shun,
Unless we thy direction find,
Who promisest to bring the blind
A way they have not known.

6 Safe through the world's insidious arts,
The labyrinth of human hearts,
Thou wilt thy children lead;
Thou wilt (if we of men beware,
And cast on thee our every care)
Supply our every need.

7 Thee, then, we joyfully confess,
In all our works, in all our ways,
Disposer of thine own;
And, satisfied with God, our Friend,
Soul, body, and estate, commend
Into thy hands alone.

8 Who in thy Providence confide,
Thou wilt in all our actions guide,
And all our paths attend;
Give of every gift and grace,
Till, happily, our earthly race,
In life eternal end.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 776. S. M. (42)

1 OUR souls to thee we lift,
Father of earth and heaven,
Convinced that every useful gift,
Is by thy goodness given;
That every well-meant deed,
(Which thou vouchsaf'st to bless
When offer'd up through Christ our Head)
Is crown'd with full success.

2 Our thoughts, thou know'st, are vain,
Our wisdom nought avails,
Our best-contrived and order'd plan,
Without thy blessing fails:
But with thy gracious nod,
Whate'er in faith is done,
Must work together for our good,
And for thy praise alone.

3 The hearts of feeble men
Thou only dost incline
To act by secret springs unseen,
And answer thy design;
While still our farthest end
Is, God to glorify,
To serve and please our heavenly Friend,
And thine to live and die.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 777. C. M. (42)

1 FATHER, thou know'st whate'er we need,
Before our wants we own,
Nor wilt refuse thy children bread,
Or mock us with a stone;
If nature's gifts thou dost bestow,
They speak the Giver kind.
Not hurtful presents of a foe,
But for our good design'd.

2 The talents to my offspring lent,
I thankfully confess:
O may they answer thy intent,
And use them for thy praise!
What to put on, and drink, and eat,
Hard toiling to procure,—
But more laborious for the meat,
Which always shall endure.

3 Thou seest my fears, lest thou, their God,
They should forget and slight,
Follow the unregenerate crowd,
And in the world delight;
To evil with the many run,
Fantastic man to please,
By lawful things, alas, undone,
And through their own success.

4 The thing, whose consequence unknown,
I tremble to foresee,
Or let it in thy name be done,
Or let it never be:
To thee the matter I resign,
And in thy pleasure rest,
For order'd by the will divine,
Whatever is is best.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 778. L. M. (42)

1 O GOD, from whom all blessings flow,
Ord'rer of all events below,
With gracious smiles thy children see,
Who hope success from none but thee.

2 Prosper, for our Redeemer's sake,
What, in his name, we undertake,
Who our appointed task fulfil,
And serve thy providential will.

3 The gift thou hast on us bestow'd,
Productive of our needful food,
As a sure token of thy grace,
We use it to the Giver's praise.

4 And if we *lawfully* pursue
What thou commandest us to do,
Let it thy approbation meet;
Or else our surest hopes defeat.

5 A thousand ways thou canst prevent
The deed that hath not thy consent:
And, O, forbid it to be done,
If ours, O Lord, is ours alone.

6 But if thou favour our design,
Though men and fiends against us join,
They cannot thy decree repeal,
They cannot contradict thy will.

7 The counsel of the Lord shall stand,
(For all bow down to thy command,)
It must be done, whate'er it be;
And, lo, we wait our wish to see:

8 Thou wilt not let us hence remove,
Without the convoy of thy love;
And if thy love our steps attend,
Our toil on earth in heaven shall end.

C. WESLEY. HYMN 779. L. M. (42)

EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
We put forth all our powers in vain,
We waste our utmost strength and skill,
For something must be wanting still:

2 Something unmark'd by human eye,
Short-sighted man cannot supply
But God—who makes our deed his own,
And speaks the word, LET IT BE DONE!

3 If God upon the action shine,
And stamp it with the stamp divine,
And graciously vouchsafe to bless,
His blessing ascertains success.

4 Then all th' opposing mountains flow,
And God's intent we plainly know,
And thankful at his feet approve
The FIAT of Almighty Love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 780. 6-8's. (42)

1 MAN, sinful man, to labour born,
And urged by the divine command,
Till, dust he doth to dust return,
Idle on earth should never stand,
But still his six day's work pursue,
And do what God appoints to do.

2 With readiness and lowly fear
We come, O God, to serve thy will,
Sentenc'd to toil incessant here,
And then to rest on Sion's hill;
But while thy Justice we obey,
O let thy Love point out our way.

3 Our way by reason's glimmering light,
Unable clearly to perceive,
Teach us to think and act aright,
A more distinct direction give,
And let thy Providence declare
The work it doth for us prepare.

4 The work, the time, the manner show,
And if we now our path mistake,
No further suffer us to go,
But warn, and stop, and turn us back,
(Who would on thee alone confide,)
And into all thy counsel guide.

5 Infinite are thy means and ways,
The wants of nature to supply;
Thou canst maintain the chosen race,
By making windows in the sky,—
Canst in the barren desert feed,
Or bid the ravens bring us bread.

6 O might we seek the kingdom *first*—
Th' unutterable joy and peace,
For God, the living Fountain, thirst,
And hunger after righteousness;
We then should by thy promise prove,
The all-sufficient power of love.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 781. 7's & 6's. (42)

1 SAFE in all events and blest
The man who trusts in thee:
What shall violate his rest,
And calm security?
Loss he cannot dread, or pain,
He cannot disappointment know,
Confident, the Lord doth reign,
And orders all below.

2 While on thee, my God, I wait,
And on thy word rely,
Blind, inexorable Fate,
And Fortune I defy;
Not by Destiny compell'd,
Not by Chance at random driven,
In the hand Almighty held,
And kept by watchful heaven.

3 Him who for his servant cares,
In all things I respect,
Him who numbers all my hairs,
And doth my paths direct:

He demands my utmost love:
And loving Him with all my heart,
Neither men nor fiends can move,
Nor life, nor death can part.

4 Jesus, shelter'd in thy Name,
My adamantine tower,
Thee I joyfully proclaim,
Supreme in love and power;
Power that earth and hell controls,
Love which none can e'er explain,
Love that reigns in faithful souls,
And shall for ever reign!

HYMNS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

J. MONTGOMERY.] HYMN 782. L. M. (35)

Sabbath Morning.

1 TO-DAY the Lord our Shepherd leads,
To living streams his little flock,
In green and flowery pastures feeds,
And shades at noon beneath the rock.

2 To-day we hear our Shepherd's voice,
And gladly answer to the call,
In him, unseen, our hearts rejoice,
Who knows, and names, and loves us all

3 When from his fold we went astray,
The howling wilderness he cross'd,
From Satan pluck'd us like a prey;
Nor spar'd himself to save the lost.

4 Beneath his eye, no vain alarms,
No rav'ning wolves our walk infest;
The lambs he gathers in his arms,
And bears the feeble on his breast.

5 By him conducted, though we tread,
Death's valley dark'ning on the view,
No evil there our spirits dread,
His rod and staff will guard us through.

6 When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
And small and great before him stand,
O may the flock assembled here,
Be found as sheep at his right hand!

DR. WATTS.] HYMN 783. L. M. (29)

Providence.

1 GREAT God to thee my voice I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong:
I would begin my life with praise,
Till growing years improve the song.

2 'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe
That I was born on British ground;
Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.

3 I would not change my native land
For rich Peru with all her gold:
A nobler prize * lies in my hand,
Than East or Western Indies hold.

4 How do I pity those who dwell
Where ignorance and darkness reign!
They know no heav'n, they fear no hell,
Those endless joys, that endless pain.

5 Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
Since thou hast mark'd my way to heaven:
Nor will I run the road to death,
And waste the blessings thou hast given.

* The Bible.

C. WESLEY.] HYMN 784. D. C. M. (18

God our Guide and Preserver.

Deut. xxxii. 11, 12.

1 THE eagle fond her charge awakes,
Where in the nest they doze;
And while her fluttering plumes she shakes,
The way to fly she shews;
She spreads her wings, her young to bear,
Before their own they try;
And takes them up, and cleaves the air,
And soars above the sky.

2 'Twas thus in nature's sleep I lay,
When Christ his Spirit shed:
His Spirit stirr'd me up to pray,
And hover'd o'er my head,
Infusing the first gracious hope
He spread his wings abroad,
And train'd his infant pupil up
To seek the face of God.

3 The object of his kindest care
He never yet forsook,
But did himself my weakness bear,
And all my burthen took;
He bore me up, from earth he bore
On wings of heavenly love,
And taught my unfledg'd soul to soar
To those bright realms above.

4 The Spirit of redeeming grace
Hath been my sure defence,
And through the pathless wilderness
Lead on my innocence:

When simple as a little child
All idols I abhorr'd,
And saw, as my Redeemer smil'd,
My Paradise restored.

MERRICK.] HYMN 785. L. M. (62)

The Child's Refuge.

1 O HEAR me, Lord! on Thee I call,
And prostrate at thy footstool fall;
Propitious to my cause appear,
And bow to my request thine ear.

2 "Seek ye my face with duteous care,
"And frequent to my throne repair:"
Thus to my heart I hear thee speak;
"Thy face," my heart replies, "I seek."

3 O let me on thy aid reclin'd,
Thee still my great salvation find!
Nor leave me helpless and forlorn,
The absence of thy grace to mourn.

4 When doom'd the orphan's lot to bear,
No father's kind concern I share,
Nor o'er me wakes a mother's eye,
My wants attentive to supply;—

5 Adopted by thy care, in Thee
The parent and the friend I see,
And nourish'd by thy fost'ring hand,
Within thy courts secure I stand.

6 Instruct me, Lord, thy path to know,
And while, with secret art, the foe
My doubting steps would turn aside;
Be Thou my guardian and my guide.

BURTON.] HYMN 786. 4-7's. (75)

The Scriptures.

1 HOLY Bible, book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine;
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am:

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to shew a Saviour's love;
Mine thou art, to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge,—condemn,—acquit.

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to shew, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death!

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
Shew the rebel-sinner's doom;—
O thou blessed book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine.

D. BRADERBERY.] HYMN 787. 4-8's & 2-6's (72,

Congregation.

1 NOW let our hearts conspire to raise
A cheerful anthem to his praise
Who reigns enthron'd above:
Let music, sweet as incense, rise
With grateful odours to the skies,
The work of joy and love.

Children.

2 Teach us to bow before thy face;
Nor let our hearts forget thy grace,
Or slight thy providence;
When lost in ignorance we lay,
To vice and death an easy prey,
Thy goodness snatch'd us thence

Congregation.

3 O what a numerous race we see,
In ignorance and misery,
Unprincipled, untaught!
Shall they *continue* still to lie
In ignorance and misery?
We cannot bear the thought.

Children.

4 Give, Lord, each liberal soul to prove
The joys of thine exhaustless love;
And while thy praise we sing,
May we the sacred scriptures know,
And like the blessed Jesus grow,
That earth and heaven may ring.

Congregation.

5 We feel a sympathizing heart;
Lord, 'tis a pleasure to impart;
To thee thine own we give:
Hear thou our cry, and pitying see,
O let these children, live to thee,
O let these children live!

MRS. MASTERS.] HYMN 788. 6-7's. (75)

Importance of Religion.

'TIS Religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live:
'Tis Religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die:
After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity.

BURTON.] HYMN 789. C. M. (75)

Early Piety peculiarly acceptable to God.

1 YOUTH is the morning of our days,
When reason's dawn appears:
If spent in sacred wisdom's ways,
'Twill crown our future years.

2 Be it our object, to employ
The blooming moments given,
The Lord our God to glorify,
And thus prepare for heaven.

JANE TAYLOR.] HYMN 790. C. M. (76)

Early Piety peculiarly acceptable to God.

1 GOD is so good that he will hear
Whenever children pray:
He always lends a gracious ear
To what a child can say.

2 A broken heart he'll not despise,
For 'tis his chief delight:
This is a humble sacrifice,
Well pleasing in his sight.

3 Though treasures brought before his throne
Would no acceptance find,
He kindly condescends to own
A meek and lowly mind.

4 This is an off'ring we may bring,
However mean our store:
The poorest child, the greatest king,
Can give him nothing more.

DODDRIDGE.] HYMN 791. C. M. (31)

The Young invited to Christ.

Prov. viii. 17.

1 YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you,
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 "The soul that longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain;
And those that early seek my grace,
Shall never seek in vain."

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compar'd with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

G. CLAYTON.] HYMN 792. 4-6's & 2-8's. (63)

The Young invited to Christ.

1 FROM yon delusive scene,
Where death and ruin smile,
Beneath a treacherous mien,
The sinner to beguile,
The Saviour calls, O hear his voice,
And make his love your only choice

2 Down from the realms of light,
To this dark world of woe,
He came with speedy flight,
Redemption to bestow:
The Saviour calls, O hear his voice,
And make his love your early choice.

3 With pardon in his hands,
And purity and joy,
How sweet are his commands!
His bliss without alloy!
The Saviour calls, O hear his voice,
And make his love your only choice.

4 Through life your guard and guide,
In death your strength and stay,
He'll keep you near his side,
Nor ever turn away:
The Saviour calls, O hear his voice,
And make his love your only choice.

LOGAN.] HYMN 793. C. M. (75)

The advantages of early Piety.

1 HOW happy is the youth who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes,
His early, only choice.

2 For she has treasures greater far,
Than East or West unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days;
Riches with splendid honours join'd,
Are what her left displays.

4 According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase:
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

W. B. COLLYER.] HYMN 794. 6-8's. (62)

Hymn for Young Persons.

1 RELIGION like a sun appears,
And shines upon our dawning years·
We follow still the guiding ray,
That kindles into perfect day;
Conducted safe along the road,
That leads to peace—that leads to God.

2 With active feet, with ardent eyes,
We seek our home above the skies;
Subdued by love, and taught of God,
Rejoicing in redeeming blood,
We press to find that happy shore,
Where sin and sorrow reign no more.

HEGINBOTHAM.] HYMN 795. L. M. (62)

The Young Person's Prayer,

1 HARK! 'tis your heavenly Father's call,
How soft the charming accents fall;
"Ask, and receive, my son," he cries,
With loving heart and melting eyes.

2 Lord, I accept thine offer'd grace,
I come to seek a Father's face:
Nor will he turn his ear away
Who taught my heart and lips to pray.

3 One thing I ask, and wilt thou hear,
And grant my soul a gift so dear?
Wisdom descending from above,
The sweetest token of thy love:

4 Wisdom, betimes to know the Lord,
To fear his name, and keep his word,
To lead my feet in paths of truth,
And guide and guard my wandering youth.

5 Then, should'st thou grant a length of days,
My life shall still proclaim thy praise;
Or early death my soul convey
To realms of everlasting day.

COWPER.] HYMN 796 C. M. (30)

Prayer for Young Persons.

1 BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth
The gift of saving grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth,
Fall in a fruitful place.

2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root:
But fairest in the youngest shews,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes,
The voice of sovereign love!
Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

4 For you the public prayer is made,
Oh! join that public prayer!
For you the secret tear is shed,
O shed yourselves a tear!

5 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus, whom we preach.

COWPER.] HYMN 797. 8-7's. (30)

Prayer for Children.

1 GRACIOUS Lord, our children see,
By thy mercy we are free;
But shall these, alas! remain
Subjects still of Satan's reign?
Israel's young ones, when of old
Pharaoh threaten'd to withhold;
Then thy messenger said, "No;
Let the children also go."

2 When the angel of the Lord,
Drawing forth his dreadful sword,
Slew with an avenging hand,
All the first-born of the land;
Then thy people's doors he pass'd,
Where the bloody sign was plac'd;
Hear us, now, upon our knees,
Plead the blood of Christ for these!

3 Lord, we tremble, for we know
That the fierce, malicious foe,
Wheeling round his watchful flight,
Keeps them ever in his sight:
Spread thy pinions King of kings,
Hide them safe beneath thy wings
Lest the ravenous bird of prey,
Stoop, and bear the brood away.

J. MONTGOMERY.] HYMN 798. C. M. (35)

Solomon's Prayer for wisdom.

1 Kings iii. 9.

1 ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer,
To thee our souls we lift
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.

2 We ask not golden streams of wealth,
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.

3 We ask not honours, which an hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
Lest we should go astray.

4 We ask for wisdom:—Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart,
To all before thee give.

KELLY.] HYMN 799. 7's. (63)

Luke xix. 40.

1 CHILDREN once were heard to sing,
When so many silent were;
Glad they welcom'd Israel's King,
And hosannah's fill'd the air.

2 David's Son, and David's Lord,
Heard their praises and approved:
Be our Saviour's grace adored,
Be our Saviour's name beloved.

3 Count us not, O Lord, too bold,
If we try our song to raise;
Children we, like those of old,
Taught, like them, to lisp thy praise.

4 Jesus, hail! we sing of thee;
Welcome to thine house of prayer:
Let our hearts thy temple be;
Lord, set up thy kingdom there.

5 Make us wise thy name to know;
Let us feel thy power and love;
Ours to serve thee, Lord, below,
And to dwell with thee above.

MRS. STEELE.] HYMN 800. C. M. (62)

On the Death of a Young Person.

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impress
With awful power—I too must die—
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world delude no more;
Behold the gaping tomb;
It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
Let every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray.

ANON.] HYMN 801. P. M.

1 THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away;
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day;
O, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King;
Loud let his praises ring—
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
O, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall live with thee—
Blest, blest for aye.

ANON.] HYMN 802. C. M.

1 AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children, whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.

2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there?

3 Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean.

4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.

PIERPONT.] HYMN 803. L. M. (63)

Morning Prayer for a Child.

1 O GOD! I thank thee that the night
In peace and rest hath past away,
And that I see in this fair light
My Father's smile, that makes it day.

2 Be thou my guide, and let me live
As under thine all-seeing eye;
Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
And make me happy when I die.

PIERPONT.] HYMN 804. L. M. (63)

Evening Prayer for a Child.

1 ANOTHER day its course hath run,
And still, O God, thy child is blest;
For thou hast been by day my sun,
And thou wilt be by night my rest.

2 Sweet sleep descends my eyes to close;
And now, while all the world is still,
I give my body to repose,
My spirit to my Father's will.

INDEX TO THE HYMNS.

	PAGE
ABRAHAM, when severely	274
A charge to keep I have	306
According to thy gracious	637
Adam descended from	126
A fountain of life and	80
After all that I have done	180
Again our weekly labours	542
Again we lift our voice	55
Ah, Lord, with trembling	305
Ah, lovely appearance	50
Ah, when shall I awake	291
Ah, whither should I	149
All glory to God in the	213
All hail the power of	522
All praise to our redeem-	467
All thanks be to God	211
All thanks to the Lamb	449
All things are possible	381
All ye that pass by	566
Almighty God, in humble	707
Almighty God of love	422
Almighty Maker of my	651
A nation God delights	435
And am I born to die	45
And am I only born to die	47
And are we yet alive	447
And are we now brought	638
And can it be that I	197
And let our bodies part	497
And let this feeble body	662
And must this body die	650
Angels from the realms	560
Angels your march	304
Another day its course	710
Appointed by thee, we	452
Are there not in the	269
Arise, my soul, arise	198
Arise, my soul, arise, Thy	190
Arm of the Lord	369, 632
Around the throne	709
As many as in Adam died	640
A thousand oracles	251
Author of faith, appear	621
Author of faith, eternal	95
Author of faith, to thee	117
Author of faith, we seek	428
Awake, my soul, and	680
Awake, our souls	612
Away, my needless fears	615
Away with our fears	223
Away with our sorrow	75
Before Jehovah's awful	505
Before the great Three-	611
Begin, my soul, some	553
Behold how good a thing	457
Behold the Saviour of	27
Behold the servant	403
Behold the sure founda-	569
Being of beings, God	507
Be it according to thy	346
Be it my only wisdom	307
Bestow, dear Lord, upon	706
Bid me of men beware	300
Bless'd are the humble	616
Blessing, honour, thanks	52
Blest be our everlasting	239
Blest be the dear uniting	496
Blow ye the trumpet	590
Branch of Jesse's stem	594
Bright and joyful is the	557
Brother in Christ	679
But, above all, lay hold	254
But can it be, that I	270
But who sufficient is	444
By faith we find the	66
Canst thou reject our	682
Captain of Israel's host	311
Captain of our salvation	443
Cast on the fidelity	318
Centre of our hopes	47
Chastised and afflicted	6

	PAGE
Children once were heard	708
Christ, from whom all	481
Christ, our Head, gone	481
Christ, the Lord, is	576
Christ, whose glory	494
Come, all whoe'er have	464
Come, all who truly	509
Come, and let us sweetly	483
Come away to the skies	459
Come, Desire of nations	516
Come, Father 242, 250, 442,	445
Come, holy, celestial Dove	161
Come, Holy Ghost, 88, 332, 358,	512
Come, Holy Spirit, hea-	595
Come, Holy Spirit, raise	596
Come, let us anew 49,	465
Come, let us arise	463
Come, let us ascend	466
Come, let us join 586,	664
Come, let us use the	495
Come, let us, who in	203
Come, Lord, from	519
Come, O my God, the	395
Come on, my partners in	316
Come, O thou all-victorious	85
Come, O thou Prophet	589
Come, O thou Traveller	137
Come, Saviour, Jesus	273
Come, sinners, to the	8
Come, sound his praise	535
Come, thou all-inspiring	493
Come, thou Conqueror	628
Come, thou everlasting	510
Come, thou high and	484
Come, thou long-expected	608
Come, thou omniscient	469
Come to Calvary's holy	608
Come, wisdom, power	490
Come, ye followers of	284
Come, ye that love the	17
Come, ye weary sinners	33
Comfort, ye ministers	119
Coming through our	589
Commit thou all thy griefs	613
Creator Spirit, by whose	597
Deepen the wound	354
Depth of mercy, can	165
Drooping soul, shake	139
Earth, rejoice, our	627
Enslaved to sense, to	106
Enter'd the holy place	575
Equip me for the war	257
Eternal Beam of Light	319
Eternal depth of love	544
Eternal Lord of earth	631
Eternal Power, whose	305
Eternal source of every	643
Eternal Spirit, come	599
Eternal, spotless Lamb	228
Eternal Wisdom, thee	218
Ever fainting with desire	336
Except the Lord	489
Except the Lord conduct	693
Expand thy wings	119
Extended on a cursed	27
Fain would I leave the	151
Fain would we love the	563
Far as creation's	543
Father, at thy footstool	479
Father, glorify thy Son	600
Father, God, we glorify	579
Father, how wide thy	252
Father, I dare believe	390
Father, I stretch my	607
Father, if justly still we	426
Father, if thou must	174
Father, in the name	319
Father, into thy hands	406
Father, in whom we	243
Father, live, by all things	671
Father of all, by whom	435
Father of all, in whom	88
Father of all, thy care	667
Father of all, whose	227
Father of boundless	629
Father of earth and	549
Father of everlasting	361
Father of faithful Abraham	421
Father of Jesus Christ 118, 145,	343
Father of lights, from	68
Father of lights, thy	437

	PAGE
Father of me, and all	242
Father of mercies, in thy	671
Father of omnipresent	82
Father of our dying	473
Father, see this living	353
Father, Son, and 404,	446
Father, Son, and Spirit	479
Father, supply my	374
Father, thou know'st	691
Father, to me the faith	623
Father, to thee I lift	295
Father, to thee my soul	409
Father, whose everlasting	42
Fondly my foolish heart	280
For ever here my rest	327
Forgive us, for thy	477
Forth in thy name, O	309
Fountain of life, and	222
From all that dwell below	634
From whence these	564
From yon delusive	703
Gather we still the	641
Give glory to Jesus	56
Give me the enlarged	356
Give me the faith which	407
Give me the wings of	658
Give to the winds thy	614
Glorious God, accept a	234
Glorious Saviour of my	208
Glory be to God above	448
Glory be to God on 247,	559
Glory to God whose	199
Glory to thee, my God	680
God is a name my soul	531
God is gone up on high	581
God is in this and every	116
God is so good that he	702
God is the refuge of his	617
God moves in a mysterious	520
God of all consolation	500
God of all grace and	296
God of all power 374,	429
God of all-redeeming	402
God of almighty love	308
God of Daniel, hear my	622
God of eternal truth 323,	668
God of Israel's faithful	342
God of love that hear'st	474
God of my life, through	646
God of my life, to thee	221
God of my life, what	151
God of my life, whose	277
God of my salvation	171
God of my salvation, hear	588
God of unspotted	425
God only wise, almighty	436
God, the offended God	17
God, who didst so	396
Good thou art, and good	237
Gracious Lord, our	706
Gracious Redeemer	294
Great God, attend	538
Great God, indulge	552
Great God, this hallowed	540
Great God, thy watchful	665
Great God, to me the	240
Great God, to thee my	697
Great God, whose	582
Great is our redeeming	527
Great is the Lord our	539
Guide me, O thou great	547
Hail, Father, Son 230,	246
Hail, Father, whose	525
Hail, God the Son, in	554
Hail, Holy Ghost	593
Hail, holy, holy, holy	248
Hail the day that sees	577
Hail, thou once despised	579
Hail to the Lord's anoint-	521
Happy day of union	420
Happy man whom God	226
Happy soul, that, free	18
Happy soul, thy days	654
Happy soul, who sees	193
Happy the heart where	619
Happy the man that finds	19
Happy the souls that first	21
Happy the souls to Jesus	20
Happy who in Jesus live	652
Hark! a voice divides	53
Hark, how the watchman	303
Hark, the glad sound, the	556
Hark, the herald-angels	555
Hark! 'tis your heavenly	705

	PAGE
Head of thy church	630
Hearken to the solemn	57
Hear what the voice	647
Heavenly Father,	329
He comes! he comes!	59
He dies, the Friend of	515
He wills that I should	389
Help, Lord, to whom	298
High above every name	191
High in the heavens	533
Ho! every one that	10
Holy, and true, and	375
Holy as thou, O Lord	239
Holy Bible, book divine	700
Holy, holy, holy Lord	249
Holy Lamb, who 331,	492
Hosanna to God	653
How are thy servants	685
How beauteous are their	636
How can a sinner know	95
How do thy mercies	220
How good and pleasant	456
How happy are the	64
How happy are we	455
How happy every child	660
How happy, gracious	215
How happy is the pilgrim's	70
How happy is the youth	704
How large the promise	669
How lovely are thy tents	535
How many spend the	686
How pleasant, how	667
How sad our state by	602
How shall a lost sinner	170
How shall I walk my	440
How weak the thoughts	69
I and my house will	441
I ask the gift of	394
I call the world's	648
I give immortal praise	688
I know that my 367,	654
I long to behold him	72
I'll praise my Maker	217
In all my vast concerns	546
In fellowship, alone	255
Infinite God, thy greatness	683
Infinite God, to thee	528
Infinite Power, eternal	605
Infinite, unexhausted	209
Inspirer of the ancient	89
In steadfast faith	526
In tenderest pity to thine	684
Into a world of ruffians	299
Into thy gracious hands	192
I soon shall hear thy	351
I the good fight have	399
I thirst, thou wounded	30
I want a principle within	297
I want the spirit of power	360
I will hearken what the	177
Jehovah, God the Father	247
Jerusalem, divine	584
Jerusalem! my happy	523
Jesu, at whose supreme	511
Jesu, if still thou art	131
Jesu, let thy pitying eye	104
Jesu, lover of my soul	140
Jesu, my God and King	626
Jesu, my Saviour, Brother	301
Jesu, my Truth, my Way	409
Jesu, Redeemer, Saviour	136
Jesu, shall I never be	337
Jesu, Shepherd of the	178
Jesu, the word of mercy	418
Jesu, thou great redeeming	488
Jesu, thy boundless	356
Jesu, thy far-extended	378
Jesu, to thee our	451
Jesu, we look to thee	453
Jesu, whose glory's	129
Jesus accept the praise	499
Jesus, all-atoning	408
Jesus comes with all	380
Jesus drinks the bitter cup	513
Jesus, faithful to his	60
Jesus, Friend of sinners	109
Jesus, from thy heavenly	433
Jesus, from whom all	22
Jesus, great Shepherd	468
Jesus hath died that I	394
Jesus I believe thee	169
Jesus, I fain would find	289
Jesus, if still the same	130
Jesus, in whom the weary	119
Jesus is our common Lord	202
Jesus, kind, inviting Lord	66

	PAGE
Jesus, Lord, we look to	475
Jesus, my Advocate	99
Jesus, my King, to thee	281
Jesus, my Life, thyself	328
Jesus, my Lord, I cry	390
Jesus, my Strength, my	289
Jesus shall reign	633
Jesus, soft, harmonious	502
Jesus, take my sins	162
Jesus, the all-restoring	166
Jesus, the Conqueror	264
Jesus, the gift divine I	348
Jesus, the Life, the	340
Jesus, the Name high	40
Jesus, the sinner's Friend	128
Jesus, thou all-redeeming	38
Jesus, thou art our King	334
Jesus, thou everlasting	554
Jesus, thou hast bid	287
Jesus, thou know'st my	173
Jesus, thou soul of all	200
Jesus, thou sovereign	283
Jesus, thy blood and	186
Jesus, thy sovereign Name	570
Jesus, to thee I now	210
Jesus, to thee we fly	574
Jesus, united by thy grace	470
Jesus, was ever love	647
Jesus, we on the words	598
Jesus, where'er thy people	684
Jesus, with kindest pity	478
Join all the glorious	586
Join, all ye ransom'd sons	687
Lamb of God, for sinners	164
Lamb of God, who bear'st	432
Lamb of God, whose	510
Lay to thy hand, O God	155
Leader of faithful souls	73
Let all men rejoice, By	205
Let all that breathe	226
Let all who truly bear	677
Let earth and heaven	37
Let everlasting glories	593
Let every tongue thy	544
Let God, who comforts	414
Let Him to whom we	402
Let not the wise his	399
Let Sion in her King	631
Let the beasts their	13
Let the redeem'd give	121
Let the world their virtue	114
Let us join, ('tis God	485
Lift up your hearts to	503
Lift your eyes of faith	78
Lift your heads, ye	657
Light of life, seraphic	380
Light of those whose	558
Lo! God is here, let us	462
Lo! he comes with	68
Lo! I come with joy to	310
Lo! in thy hand I lay	150
Long have I sat beneath	606
Long have I seem'd	90
Lord and God of heavenly	506
Lord, and is thine anger	183
Lord, dismiss us with 504,	520
Lord God, the Holy Ghost	536
Lord, I adore thy gracious	317
Lord, I believe a rest	383
Lord, I believe thy every	339
Lord, I despair myself	128
Lord, in the strength	401
Lord of heaven, and	678
Lord of the harvest	635
Lord of the Sabbath	541
Lord of the wide extensive	682
Lord of the worlds above	505
Lord over all; if thou	417
Lord, regard my earnest	160
Lord, that I may learn	291
Lord, we thy will obey	496
Love divine, all loves	368
Lovers of pleasure more	39
Maker, Saviour of mankind	23
Man, sinful man, to labour	694
Master, I own thy lawful	315
Master supreme, I look	439
Meet and right it is 214,	229
Messiah, full of grace	421
Messiah, joy of every	529
Messiah Prince of Peace	419
Mortals awake, with	557
My brethren beloved	206
My Father, my God, I	198

	PAGE
My God, I am thine	201
My God, if I may call	279
My God, I know, I feel	345
My God, my God, to	179
My God, the spring of	207
My gracious, loving Lord	92
My heart and voice I	583
My heart is fix'd, O God	552
My heart is full of	585
My Shepherd will supply	618
My soul inspired with	537
My soul, through my	239
My sufferings all to thee	153
None is like Jeshurun's	387
Not all the blood of	566
Now, even now, I yield	393
Now I have found the	185
Now let our hearts	700
O all-creating God	253
O all that pass by	9
O Almighty God of	258
O come, and dwell in me	352
O come, thou radiant	417
O disclose thy lovely face	153
O filial Deity, Accept	189
O for a closer walk with	604
O for a heart to praise	324
O for a thousand tongues	7
O for that tenderness	102
Oft I in my heart have	188
O glorious hope of	384
O God, from whom our	662
O God, if thou art love	167
O God, I thank thee that	710
O God, most merciful	354
O God, my God, my all	411
O God, my hope, my	271
O God of gods, in whom	561
O God, of good the	40
O God of my salvation	349
O God of our forefathers	376
O God of peace and	412
O God! our help in ages	44
O God, thou bottomless	231
O God, thy faithfulness	276
O God, thy righteousness	172
O God, to whom, in flesh	376
O God, what offering	405
O God, who dost the	689
O great mountain, who	365
O happy day that fix'd	675
O hear me, Lord; on	699
O heavenly King, look	195
O how shall a sinner	674
O Jesus, at thy feet we	372
O Jesus, full of truth	620
O Jesus, let me bless	143
O Jesus, let thy dying	322
O Jesus, my hope, for	156
O Jesus, source of	334
O joyful sound of gospel	385
O let the prisoners'	431
O let us our own works	426
O Love divine, how sweet	145
O Love divine, what hast	32
O Love, I languish at	362
O may thy powerful word	253
O might I this moment	382
Omnipotent Lord, my	260
Omnipresent God	275
O my God what must	154
O my offended God	157
O my old, my bosom	261
On all the earth thy	427
Once thou didst on earth	392
On Jordan's stormy	649
Open, Lord, my inward	341
O render thanks to God	542
O Saviour, cast a gracious	491
O Saviour, cast a pitying	673
O Sun of Righteousness	592
O that I could my Lord	123
O that I could repent 101,	103
O that I could revere	102
O that I, first of love	122
O that my load of sin	371
O that thou wouldst the	135
Other ground can no	480
O thou dear suffering Son	29
O thou eternal Victim	508
O thou, our Husband	487
O thou that hangest	681
O thou that hearest when	601
O thou to whose all-	321
O thou who camest from	31

	PAGE
O thou who hast our	120
O thou who hast redeem'd	602
O thou, whom fain my	113
O thou, whom once they	377
O thou, whose offering	569
O 'tis enough, my God	167
O unexhausted grace	168
Our earth we now lament	415
Our friendship sanctify	487
Our Lord is risen from	515
Our souls to thee we lift	691
Out of the deep I cry	148
Out of the depth of self-	687
O what shall I do, my	194
O when shall we sweetly	655
O wondrous power of	286
O wouldst thou now thy	672
Partners of a glorious	486
Pass a few swiftly fleeting	50
Peace be on this house	447
Peace, doubting heart	259
Pierce, fill me with an	302
Plunged in a gulf of dark	550
Praise ye the Lord: 'tis	218
Prince of universal peace	420
Prisoners of hope, arise	370
Prisoners of hope, lift	363
Prostrate, with eyes of	677
Quicken'd with our	397
Regardless now of	604
Rejoice evermore, with	24
Rejoice for a brother	51
Religion like a sun	705
Righteous God, whose	62
Rock of Ages, cleft for	572
Safe in all events and	695
Salvation! O the joyful	637
Saviour, cast a pitying	115
Saviour from sin, I want	359
Saviour, I now with shame	175
Saviour of all, to thee	474
Saviour of all, what hast	313
Saviour of sinful men	450
Saviour of the sin-sick	379
Saviour, on me the	74
Saviour, on me the want	293
Saviour, Prince of Israel'	100
Saviour, the world's	31
Saviour, to thee we	430
Saviour, we now rejoice	530
See how great a flame	210
See Israel's gentle	670
See, Jesus, thy disciples	453
See, sinners, in the gospel	35
Servant of all, to toil	308
Shall I, for fear of feeble	267
Shepherd divine, our	285
Shepherd of Israel, hear	428
Shepherd of souls, with	83
Shrinking from the cold	48
Since the Son hath made	373
Sing to the great Jehovah's	644
Sinners, believe the gospel	35
Sinners, obey the gospel	15
Sinners, rejoice: your	572
Sinners, the call obey	424
Sinners, turn, why will	12
Sinners, your hearts lift	87
Soldiers of Christ, arise	253
Son of God, if thy free	182
Son of thy Sire's eternal	228
Sons of God, triumphant	578
Sovereign of all the worlds	595
Sovereign of all, whose	433
Spirit of faith, come down	86
Spirit of truth, essential	245
Stand the' omnipotent	63
Stay, thou insulted Spirit	157
Still for thy loving-kindness	91
Still, Lord, I languish	144
Summon'd my labour	307
Sun of unclouded Righte-	416
Surrounded by a host	256
Sweet is the memory	545
Sweet is the scene	524
Sweet is the work, my	539
Sweet the moments, rich	560
Talk with us, Lord	207
Terrible thought! shall	81
The church in her militant	79
The day of Christ, the	244

	PAGE
The eagle fond her charge	698
The earth and all her	534
The earth is the Lord's	464
The God of Abraham	609
The God of nature and	688
The great Archangel's	60
The heavens declare	634
The Lord, how wondrous	548
The Lord is King, and	268
The Lord Jehovah	532
The Lord of earth and	641
The Lord of Sabbath	507
The Lord unto my Lord	262
The men who slight thy	94
The morning flowers	48
The people that in dark-	461
The praying Spirit breathe	285
The promise of my	675
The saints who die of	659
The Saviour, when to	670
The spacious firmament	530
The Spirit of the Lord	105
The thing my God doth	322
The thirsty are called to	80
The voice that speaks	401
Thee, Jesus, full of truth	313
Thee, Jesu, thee, the	141
Thee, O my God, and	187
Thee we adore, eternal	44
Thee will I love, my	204
There is a fountain fill'd	562
There is a happy land	709
There is a land of pure	656
This is a feast of heavenly	639
This stone to thee in faith	666
This, this is He that	568
This, this is the God	545
Thou God of glorious	61
Thou God of truth and	476
Thou God that answerest	392
Thou God, unsearchable	127
Thou great mysterious	97
Thou hidden God	147
Thou hidden love of	325
Thou hidden source of	203
Thou, Jesu, thou my	414
Thou Judge of quick and	58
Thou Lamb of God	320
Thou, Lord, hast blest	314
Thou, Lord, on whom	72
Thou Man of griefs	176
Thou, my God, art good	235
Thou Shepherd of	221
Thou Son of God	84
Thou, the great, eternal	237
Thou true and only	233
Thou very Paschal	568
Though nature's	610
Through Jesus, our divine	676
Thus saith the Lord of	90
Thus saith the Lord, 'tis	146
Thus saith the Lord! Who	110
Thy ceaseless, unexhaust-	241
Thy faithfulness, Lord	11
Thy power and saving	412
'Tis finished! The	565
'Tis religion that can give	701
To-day the Lord our	696
To God the only wise	623
Too strong I was to	123
To thee, great God of	272
To the haven of thy	280
To the hills I lift mine	517
Try us, O God, and search	470
Two are better far than	454
Unchangeable, almighty	472
Upright both in heart	98
Us, who climb thy holy	401
Vain delusive world	619
Victim divine, thy grace	512
Watch'd by the world's	306
Weary of wandering	181
Weary souls, that wander	25
Welcome, sweet day of	540
We know, by faith we	76
What am I, O thou	202
What are these array'd	78
What could your	14
Whate'er my heavenly	625
What equal honours	580
What is our calling's	386
What! never speak one	348
What now is my object	355
What shall I do my	361

	PAGE
What shall we offer our	460
When all thy mercies	547
When blooming youth is	708
When, gracious Lord	159
When Israel out of	216
When I can read my title	571
When I survey the	571
When my Saviour	365
When quiet in my house	312
When shall thy love	134
Where are the dead?	523
Where shall my	33
Where shall true	658
Where the ancient	336
Wherewith, O God, shall	124
While dead in trespasses	132
Who are these that come	642
Who can describe the	551
Who can worthily	400
Who hath slighted or	367
Who in the Lord	616
Who is this gigantic foe	265
Who now this flesh and	640
Why do we mourn	650
Why not now, my God	391
Why should our tears in	648
Why should the	599
Wisdom ascribe, and	645
With Glorious clouds	125
With glory clad, with	533
With joy we meditate	591
Woe is me! what	111
Woe to the men on	65
Worship, and thanks	263
Would Jesus have the	36
Wretched, helpless, and	107
Ye faithful souls, who	398
Ye hearts, with youthful	704
Ye humble souls, that	575
Ye neighbours and	43
Ye ransom'd sinners	326
Ye servants of God	518
Ye simple souls	25
Ye that pass by, behold	28
Ye thirsty for God, To	16
Ye virgin souls, arise	67
Yes, from this instant	174
Yield to me now, for I	138
Young men and maidens	225
Youth is the morning of	702

AN INDEX

TO THE SUBJECTS OF THE HYMNS.

ABRAHAM, God of, 674—676.
Abraham's faith, 286, 360.
Absence from God, 130, 150, 154, 156, 180.
Admiration of Christ's love to sinners, 26, 30, 38.
Adoption, 85, 97, 202, 374, 612, 651, 666.
Adoration, 257, 259, 260, 262, 268, 276, 294, 316, 332, 494, 561—609.
Advocate, 145, 160, 169, 186, 257, 276, 390.
All in all, Christ, 131, 184, 185, 209, 291, 344, 354, 393, 398, 414, 434.
Ambassadors for Christ, 11, 439, 440.
Angels, Christ seen of, 630; attendance of, on saints, 21; their obedience, 357; fallen, 315.
Apostacy, danger of, 309, 311, 517; preservation from, 187, 188, 281, 282, 312, 483.
Appearing of Christ, glorious, 56. 58 65, 66.

Arm of the Lord, not shortened, 280, 386, 407.
Armour, spiritual, 266—268, 271.
Ascension of Christ, 275, 277, 559, 570, 617, 635—638.
Atonement, 22, 23, 28, 33, 122, 127, 129, 145, 190, 209, 215, 257, 330, 340, 619, 620—623, 624 636, 639, 666.
Attributes of God, 240—245, 247 249, 250, 316.
Awakening implored, 303, 305, 306, 308—310, 677.

Backsliders convinced, 110, 168, 170—181, 186, 317, 668; restored, 182, 184, 185, 187, 365.
Balm of grace, 174, 175, 411.
Barrenness complained of, 168, 714—715.
Beatitudes, 681.
Beauty of youth, fading, 46.
Believers' triumph in Christ, 1, 34, 189—191, 193—195, 197, 198, 200—202, 205, 207, 209—211, 213—215, 345, 390, 400, 407, 419, 423, 674—676.
Birth-day, 229, 431; of a wife, husband, or friend, 491.
Blindness of mind, 109, 135, 163.
Blood of sprinkling, 184, 346, 351, 693.
Bondage of corruption, 108—110.
Bread of life, 4, 507.
Burdened sinner, 29, 152.
Business. persons engaged in, 775—780.

Calvary remembered, 122, 157, 512.
Canaan, heavenly, 724, 733.
Captain, Christ, 277, 293, 314, 315, 326.
Captive, delivered, 274.
Carnal mind, 210; hope of deliverance from, 404.
Character and offices of Christ 193. 194.
Children, 782—804; prayed for by parents, 473—475; dedicated to God, 748.
Christ's Divinity, 194, 234, 249, 253, '254, 262; death, 215, 545, 624; dominion universal, 248, 445; dwelling in believers, 18, 192, 341, 343, 362, 372, 383, 385, 406, 411, 413, 517, 525.
Christ, an example, 322, 330, 529; Friend of sinners, 30, 139—141, 144, 395, 397, 600, 715; the Foundation 189, 190; Life of believers, 79, 154, 213, 291, 347, present with his suffering followers, 272, 329, 359; relieved in his afflicted members, 495; sufficient to save, 1, 37, 135, 136, 138, 139, 142, 382, 383, 395, 396.
Christianity, primitive, 16 17.
Church, a building, 516; prosperity of, 348, 349, 692, 711; safety of, 568, 682, 683, 690.
City, heaven, 67, 68, 70, 73.
Cleaving to the Lord, 434, 516.
Cleansing from impurity, 160, 184, 395, 406, 410, 522.
Coming, first, of Christ, 608, 609, 673, 715.
Coming, second, of Christ, 54—58, 66, 555.
Coming to Christ, 2—5, 9, 10, 29, 272, 672.
Compassion of God, 589—693;

of Christ, 31—33, 151, 152, 157, 594, 698.
Compassion to the tempted, 157, 274, 292, 335.
Condescension of God, 574, 591; of Christ, 128, 137, 194.
Confession of the sinner, 91, 93, 99, 109, 116, 176, 454.
Confidence in God, 30, 69. 144, 189, 271, 272, 282, 679, 680; in Christ, 627.
Conflagration of all things, 57, 61.
Conquering, believers, 69, 274, 281, 315, 421.
Conqueror, Christ a, 275, 277, 278, 280, 352, 353.
Conscience, tender, 308, 313.
Consecration to God, 155, 229, 332, 430, 434. See *Devotion*.
Conversion of penitents, prayer for, 59, 97, 105, 118, 119, 132, 148, 158, 159, 416, 417; of nominal Christians, 82, 94.
Conviction implored, 81, 83, 84, 94, 463.
Corner-stone, 487, 489, 534.
Covenant, renewing of, 532, 753, 755, 756; after renewing, 754.
Created, all for God's glory, 234, 264, 491.
Creation, 224—226, 234, 774.
Cross, taken up, 279, 301, 314, 330, 333, 337, 338, 439, 478, 484, 626.
Crucifixion of Christ, 22—28, 122, 128, 157, 618, 619, 626, 628, 678, 686, 765.

Daniel's deliverance, 689.
Darkness, spiritual, 109, 117, 121, 129, 148, 154, 156.
David and Goliath, 278, 280.
Dead, spiritually, 6; quickened, 136, 362.
Dead to the world, 362, 508.
Death, 43—45, 47—50; 563—565; preparation for 47, 59; victory over, 49—53, 96, 719—722; 726, 737; triumphant, desired, 2, 421, 722, 728—740.
Death of youth, 46, 52.
Devotion to God, 137, 231, 279, 291, 427, 428, 431, 432, 530,
Diseased by sin, 131—133, 135, 136, 395—397.
Dissolution of all things, 63, 64, 536.
Drunkards, swearers, &c., redeemed, 36, 203.

Effusion of the Spirit, 36, 457, 506.
End of the world, 57, 61, 64.
Enemies of the righteous. 272, 274, 275.
Eternal happiness, 67, 73—76; misery, 80, 181.
Eternity of God, 41, 90, 240.
Evening hymns, 83, 227, 287, 763.
Example of Christ, 322, 330, 529; of a master to his family, 471, 472.
Excellency of religion, 14, 19—21.
Exhorting to turn to God, 1, 6—8, 31, 32, 36.

Fainting sinner, 120, 134,
Faith, Christ, the author and giver of, 118, 688; powerful, 95, 142, 192, 267, 269, 272, 278, 342, 360, 401; prayer for, 85, 148, 150, 342, 665, 671, 692, 764; shown by works, 521.
Faithfulness of God, 5, 142 157, 179, 288, 348, 360, 559 599; of believers, 318—320.
Fall of man, 98, 150.

Fallen, intercession for the, 459, 461, 462.
Father, God a, 12, 235.
Fear of God, or Godly Fear, 172, 306—310, 313, 319, 320.
Feast, Gospel, 2, 4, 9.
Fellowship of saints, 16, 17, 430, 487, 489 — 491, 500, 503, 504, 510, 514, 515, 518, 521, 522—527.
Fiery trial, 286, 292, 329, 335—339
Fighting, 65, 266—270, 273, 293, 314, 315, 647.
Fire of the Holy Spirit, 323, 351, 361, 373, 374, 399, 412, 414, 456, 457, 493, 494, 513, 528.
Flock of Christ, 13, 62, 501.
Followers of Christ, 480, 491, 515, 539.
Following Christ, 222, 332, 338, 339, 484, 538.
Forbearance of God with sinners, 161, 168, 171, 172, 182.
Forgiveness implored, 82, 97, 119, 121, 123 — 125, 144, 165, 174, 570, 617, 692, 752, 753, 773.
Formal religion, 91 — 94, 454.
Foundation, Christ a, 39, 90, 516, 625.
Fountain, Christ a, 79, 170, 193, 290, 346, 364, 513, 616, 672.
Freedom from sin, 136, 201, 209, 299, 345, 357, 368, 407.
Funeral hymn, 729. See *Death*

Gentiles, light of the, 611, 698, 710.
Glorified, Christ, 639, 640.
Glory of Christ, 133; of saints in heaven 72, 75.
Glory of God, 573—576; our end, 321—326, 428—431.
Glorying only in Christ, 422.
God unknown, 117, 118, 130.
God glorified by obedience, 318—320, 418, 524, 526, glorified in his works, 703, manifest in the flesh, 612, 614; our trust in, 593.
Goodness of God, 38, 250, 283, 590—592, 594, 597, 602.
Gospel, 31, 32; excellency of, 653.
Gospel-day, 197, 203.
Gospel's success, 40, 211, 212, 218, 219, 348; prayer for, 35, 81, 82, 84, 85, 444—446
Grace, free, 4, 164, 365, 558; victorious, 93, 122, 132, 137, 139, 191, 201, 203, 206; Christ the source of, 615.
Grafted into Christ, 193, 517.
Growing in grace, 503, 518, 520—522.
Guard, Christ our, 571, 627, 770, 784.
Guide, Christ our, 596, 622, 646, 660, 691, 770, 784.

Hammer of God's word, 84, 102, 105.
Happiness of believers, 12—16, 21, 96, 197, 198, 205, 207.
Happiness of heaven, 12, 51, 69, 70, 72, 73, 75, 76, 482, 535, 536.
Healing of spiritual diseases, 112, 131, 139, 166, 356, 373, 395, 396, 616, 702.
Heart, required by God, 672 • purity of, 693; new, desired, 341, 343.
Heathens' salvation desired, 444, 445.
Heaven described, 73, 74, 724, 732, 733, 735—739; desired, 70, 77, 78, 404, 562, 629—740.
Heavenly mindedness, 296 322, 325, 419 420 423 434.

Heirs of salvation, 67, 125, 374.
Hell described, 80; dreaded, 181.
Help implored, 352, 354.
High-Priest, 186, 194, 275, 490, 757.
Holiness, 18, 340, 363, 369, 375, 381, 384, 391, 392, 427, 522, 525.
Holiness of God, 576, 577.
Holy Spirit, Divinity of the, 654; prayer for the, 580, 655—659, 662, 663.
Hope, 172, 345, 404—406.
Hope of glory, 571, 631, 738, 739, 757.
Humility, 184, 185, 206, 247, 316, 343, 381.
Hungering after righteousness, 134, 304, 437.

I AM, 251, 332, 355, 360.
Ignorance, 211, 212.
Image of God desired, 18, 109 110, 342, 347, 353, 368, 371, 514; enjoyed, 401, 480.
Impenitence, 63, 83, 105.
Importunity, 164, 295, 299.
Impoteney, 126, 435.
Incarnation, 31, 194, 220, 413, 606, 612, 614, 666, 673.
Inspiration, 87, 89, 255.
Instability, 183, 355.
Instruction, 211, 212, 358, 785.
Insufficiency of our righteousness, 92, 132, 435.
Intercession of Christ, 5, 100, 106, 127, 168, 202, 390, 632, 649, 651; of believers for sinners, 81—83, 94, 441, 442.
Invitation to sinners, 2—5, 9, 10, 20, 29—32, 672; to youth, 791, 792.

Jews, salvation of the, 450—452.
Joy in heaven, 601.
Jubilee, 650.
Judgment, described, 54—56, 59, 65, 66, 570, 734; preparation for, 44, 55, 59, 63 64.
Judgments, national, 60, 62.
Justification, 127, 189, 190, 192, 201, 202, 215, 217, 394, 598.

Kept by Christ, 187, 188, 200, 209, 483.
King, Christ a, 1, 12, 56, 107, 195, 211, 219, 276, 277, 280, 352, 539, 634, 640—644, 647, 694, 700, 702, 708; God a, 594.
King, prayer for the, 464, 465 760.
Kingdom of Christ, 641—644, 694, 707.
Kingdom of grace, 15, 134. 220, 251, 275, 352, 399. 418, 447, 488, 496, 524, 525.
Knowledge of God, desired, 113, 118, 121, 128, 130, 144, 156, 283, 284, 302.

Law, written on the heart, 340, 438, 511.
Lepers cleansed, 32, 135, 395.
Life, hidden, 125, 537; spiritual, desired, 671; Christ the believer's, 79, 213, 230 291, 347.
Life, human, short, 47; uncertain, 42—46, 59, 727; passing away, 41, 46.
Light, God is, 652.
Light of the Gentiles, 129, 203, 444.
Light, spiritual, 121, 134, 148, 252, 353.
Living to Christ, 246, 321—325, 362, 426—429.
Looking to Jesus, 1 387, 688; of Christ on the sinner, 106.
Lord's prayer, 235—237, 599.

Love, Almighty, 158, 288; infinite, 216, 512, 598; excellency of, 379, 385, 434, 685; of Christ to sinners, 22—28, 30, 33, 34, 250, 373, 378, 666; desired, 137, 146, 147, 155, 210, 285, 344, 361, 373, 379, 399, 415, 538; mutual, 522.

Mahometans, their salvation desired, 443.
Majesty of God, 38, 240, 241, 244, 247, 248.
Malefactor's prayer, 764, 765.
Mariners' hymn, 766, 767.
Marriage hymn, 510.
Master, duty of a, to his family, 470—472.
Means of grace, 91, 92; improved, 529.
Meditation on the Scriptures, 328; on God, 437.
Meekness desired, 270, 304, 338, 343.
Meeting of believers on earth, 478, 480—482, 484—486; in heaven, 534—537, 539.
Members of Christ's body, 423, 518.
Mercy, infinite, 110, 189, 190, 201.
Mercy of God, 589, 590; implored, 125, 133, 151, 168, 176, 249, 307, 440.
Millenial reign, 701.
Mind of Christ desired, 153, 270, 355, 363, 504, 520.
Miracles performed by Christ, 32, 135, 136, 138, 139.
Missionary hymns, 1, 39, 441—452, 457, 568, 611, 641, 694—713.
Morning hymns, 156, 306, 324, 762.
Mountain of sin, 382, 417.
Mourners blessed, 1, 120, 134.
Mourning for the fallen, 461,
Mystery of Providence, 559; of redemption, 201; of the Trinity, 256, 259, 260.

Name of Christ, dear to sinners, 37, 113, 116, 128, 140, 141, 206, 209, 238, 269, praying therein, 121, 298, 394.
Nation, our privileges, 466; prayer for, 453—455, 463, 464; church, the safety of a, 584.
Nativity of Christ, 570, 608—610, 614, 673. See *Incarnation*.
New Year's Day, 42, 46, 168, 170—172, 178, 179, 182, 185—188, 714, 716—718.

Obedience of believers, 324 325, 327, 357, 495, 511, 529.
Offices of Christ, 193—195, 202, 207, 209, 211, 627, 646—649, 757.
Omnipotence, 138, 139, 223, 226, 240, 244, 273, 284.
Omnipresence, 117, 239, 287. 596.
Omniscience, 239, 502, 595

Pardon of sin, 11, 77, 93, 206 245. See *Forgiveness* and *Justification*.
Parents requesting aid, 467—469.
Parting, 533—537, 539; and following hymn, 560.
Paschal Lamb, 622, 638.
Patience, 333, 334, 337, 338.
Peace with God desired, 123, 124.
Peace, national, 442, 447, 448; universal, 449.
Penitents, praying, 109, 112 116, 117, 132, 150, 151, 416. 417, 664—671, 753, 773.
Pentecost, 658.

Perfect love, 354, 367, 368, 370, 375, 389, 404, 408.
Perfection, 363, 369, 393, 401, 402, 406, 409.
Perfections of God, 575.
Persecution, 304, 310, 311, 439, 483.
Perseverance, 69, 71, 483.
Physician, Christ a, 112, 114, 395–397.
Pilgrimage of believers, 68, 71, 497, 498.
Pilgrims, 596, 691.
Pleasantness of religion, 222, 488, 491, 499.
Pool of Bethesda, 131, 166.
Power of grace, 158, 203, 206.
Praise offered to God, 221, 222, 224—226, 241—243, 246, 253, 275, 287, 566, 569, 581, 583, 584, 602, 603, 704, 716–719; for and by his works, 223, 225, 226, 234, 239.
Praise to the Redeemer, 561, 562, 570, 600, 605, 606, 644, 645, 653.
Prayer, 282, 294—297, 299, 301, 303, 312, 324; prevalence of, 140, 144, 298.
Preacher. concerned to save sinners, 279, 433.
Preachers, blessing on, 752; faithfulness of, 30, 279, 439, 440, 446; infirm and aged, 356; in general, 33, 34, 89, 231, 424, 439, 440.
Preparation, for meeting God, the business of life, 55, 59, 65, 512.
Presence of God in his church, 493, 520.
Preservation from spiritual enemies, 200, 228, 238, 276, 365, 436.
Priesthood of Christ, 193, 211, 632, 651, 757.
Primitive Christianity, 16, 17
Prince, Christ Jesus, 101, 105, 107.
Prisoner of hope, 123, 129 144, 150, 380, 387.
Private prayer, 119.
Prodigal's return, 9, 178, 191, 601.
Prophet, Christ a, 193, 211 212, 646, 648.
Protection, 272, 276, 292, 305 335, 348, 407, 556, 682.
Providence, 224, 225, 227, 233, 236, 239, 241, 245, 289, 575, 597, 678, 783; mystery of, 559; trusting in, 678—680.
Purity desired, 284, 304, 361, 391, 410, 414, 417, 512.

Quickening Spirit and Word, 136, 360, 362, 366, 419.

Race, Christian, 46, 71, 311, 312, 495, 498, 536.
Ransom, Christ a, 190, 330, 444, 445.
Ransomed, 386, 497.
Reconciliation, 11, 123, 252, 400.
Redemption, 570, 600, 606, 618, 630, 666, general, 25, 33—35, 129, 190, 378, 444, 445.
Refuge, 143, 175, 290, 292, 331, 407, 647, 683, 685.
Regeneration, 83, 109, 110, 158, 159, 303, 340, 351.
Rejoicing of Believers, 19 198, 199, 254, 539.
Reliance on Christ, 92, 131, 132, 142, 143, 163, 217, 312, 335, 436, 508.
Religion, internal, 95, 96, 364 788; advantages of, 793, 794
Repentance, 9, 99—106.
Rest in Christ, 116, 296, 337 388, 403, 404.
Restoration, 98, 109, 110, 169, 256, 402.
Resurrection of Christ. 420

553, 633, 634; spiritual 290, 360; of believers, joyful, 58, 60, 65; of the body, 723—726, 731.
Returning to Christ, 178, 182, 186, 191.
Reverence, 307, 316, 353, 358, 369, 425, 494.
Revival of the work, 40, 82, 203, 493.
Rock, Christ a, 4, 63, 64, 227, 247, 271, 283, 453, 516, 629.
Running, 677, 738.

Sabbath, delightful, 544, 583, 585, 586, 587, 588; heavenly 782.
Sacrifice, Christ a, 23, 27, 28, 122, 202, 215, 330, 620, 621.
Sacrificing all to God, 285, 286.
Saints, glorified, 735, 736; rest of, 737.
Salvation, by grace, 211, 212, 219, 269; free for all men, 242, 245, 250; desired, 299, 341, 343, 367, 388, 389, 391, 409, 410, 412, 414, 417; prayer for, 151, 185, 653, 667, 670, 673.
Satan chained, 280; his empty boast, 274.
Saviour, Christ the only, 127, 129, 132, 158, 435.
Scriptures, opened by inspiration, 87—89, 255, 328; excellency of the, 751, 786.
Sea, under God's control, 12, 223, 289.
Seal of the Spirit, 376, 393, 510, 512, 530.
Searcher of hearts, 152, 339, 503.
Self-abasement, 163, 164, 175
Self-denial, 285, 286, 332, 691.
Self-righteousness, 94; renounced, 127, 132, 217, 302, 305, 435.
Serving God, 318, 320, 325 769; the church, 17, 34.
Shepherd, God a, 646, 684, 709, 748.
Shepherd and Sheep, 13, 82, 193, 228, 458.
Sight, restored, 133, 135.
Sin, confession of, 668; freedom from, desired, 110, 288, 347, 387, 389, 408, 409, 412, 416
Singing, 204, 259, 262, 491.
Sinners, chief of, seeking salvation, 115, 116, 159, 161, 168, 170
Sobriety, 301, 419.
Soldiers, 266, 277. See *Fighting*.
Son of God, 570, 606, 612.
Spirit, Holy, a Comforter, 649—663; free for all, 3, 10, 86; desired, 121, 165, 171, 367, 374, 376, 456, 752; led by, 326; despite to, 161.
Stability prayed for, 183, 187, 188, 355, 436.
Stewards, unfaithful, 176; faithful, 432.
Stony heart, 84, 102, 110, 145, 173, 391.
Striving, 281, 313, 318. See *Fighting*.
Strong in the Lord, 200, 273, 293, 359.
Suffering, 272, 329, 330, 333, 336, 338, 339, 626, 627, 647, 691; for righteousness' sake, 304, 627.
Sun, Christ a, 652.
Sword of the Spirit, 89, 105, 370.
Sympathy, 364, 441, 518, 520 527.

Talking with God, 214, 32[illegible] 328.
Temple of God, 121, 383, 385, 399, 405 479

Temptation, 272, 297, 309, 310, 315, 359, 647.
Thanksgiving, 193, 195, 203, 206, 210, 229, 231, 233, 365, 481, 589, 590, 597.
Thirsting for God, 3, 4, 10, 26, 371; for righteousness, 78.
Travellers' hymn, 770.
Tried, 273, 281, 282. See *Temptation*.
Tried by God, 672.
Trinity, 221, 232, 237, 252, 255—263, 566, 569, 573, 652, 659, 676; praise to the, 750, 774.
Triumphant believer, 274, 275. See *Believer* and *Rejoicing*.
Trusting in Christ, 270, 278, 282, 665, 686, 687.
Trusting in God, 581, 593, 677, 678, 690, 781.
Tumult and persecution, 557.
Turning to God, 6, 8, 20, 170. See *Returning*.

Unchangeableness of God, 95, 223, 335.
Unfaithfulness, 176, 178, 182—185, 365.
Union with Christ, 169, 228, 350, 384, 405, 504, 515, 517, 518.
Unity in the church, 459, 489, 490, 501, 504, 505, 509, 514, 515, 518, 522.
Vineyard of God, 535.
Voice of God, 358, 425.
Vows, 390, 532; performed, 80
Voyage of life, 49, 143, 272, 292.

Waiting for God, 142, 177, 180, 356, 389, 530.
Walking in Christ, 169, 312, 324, 528; in the light, 15, 198, 281, 400, 522.
Wanderer's rest, 114, 170, 186, 296, 344.
Wandering from God, 669.
War, 60, 62, 442, 447, 466.
Warning, 305, 306, 309.
Washed in Christ's blood, 184, 217, 254, 346, 438.
Watchfulness, 54, 55, 302, 305, 306, 309, 311, 318.
Watchnight, 771, 772.
Water of Life, or Well of Salvation, 197, 364, 505.
Way, Christ the, 169, 312, 350, 357, 631.
Whitsunday, 3, 86, 87, 377, 456, 457, 506, 658.
Will of God done as in heaven, 357, 365, 418, 528.
Wisdom's excellency, 14, 319 320.
Witness of the Spirit, 85, 96, 97, 165, 261, 351, 374, 656, 661.
Witnesses for Christ, 279, 402, 519.
Word, blessing on the, 670; growth of the, 711.
Working for God, 318, 321, —323, 325, 327, 529.
Works do not merit salvation, 92, 115, 127, 145, 217.
Works of God, 572—578, 774.
Worldly mindedness, prayer against, 108.
Worship, foundation of, 625.
Worship of God, 121, 262, 316, 540, 542, 543; delightful, 488, 491, 541, 743.
Worship, pubic, 578 — 580, 582, 584—586, 743; foundation of a place of, 742; opening of a place of, 741, 768.
Wrestling with God, 140, 141, 151, 155, 530.

Yoke of Christ easy, 324, 495.
Yoke-fellows in the Gospel 524

Young Converts prayed for, 458.
Youth, difficult to train up, 467—469, 475.
Zeal desired, 300, 433.
Zeal for God, 378, 513, 526; for men's salvation, 33, 270, 279, 433.
Zion's glory, 70, 73, 75, 497.

INDEX FOR ORDINANCES, OCCASIONS, AND SABBATH SCHOOLS.

BAPTISM.

Baptism of ADULTS, 264, 327, 411, 430, 431, 476, 477, 506, 658, 660, 662; Of INFANTS, 467—469, 473, 474, 580, 745—749, 797.

LORD'S SUPPER.

22, 26, 92, 207, 346, 394, 507, 545—552, 600, 605, 613, 616, 618—624, 628, 629, 632, 636, 638, 645, 651, 672, 708—713, 755—759, 764, 765, 768, 769.

CHURCH MEETINGS.

12, 15, 16, 19, 62, 71, 73, 77, 111, 203, 204, 212, 218, 219, 245, 266, 270, 276, 277, 295, 297, 333, 385, 407, 424, 428, 429, 433, 449, 456, 478—490, 498, 500, 501—515, 518, 526—531—539, 568, 580, 593, 655, 658, 660, 677, 682, 683, 698, 717, 761, 768.

CLASS MEETINGS.

68, 97, 113, 117, 154, 156, 189, 210, 214, 216, 228, 246, 272, 285, 302, 308, 309, 312, 318, 327, 338, 343, 355, 361, 367, 376, 381, 399, 434, 486, 543, 556, 564, 593, 601, 613, 622, 629, 636, 656, 657, 660, 661, 662, 668, 677, 678, 679, 680, 761, 768

PRAYER MEETINGS.

81, 83, 85, 93, 95, 101, 102, 104, 105, 110, 125, 127, 139, 152, 211, 294, 298, 299, 318, 336, 397, 415, 456, 494, 593, 621, 632, 656, 657, 692.

LOVE FEASTS.

189, 198, 199, 200, 203, 206, 216, 276, 289, 371, 380, 385, 405, 407, 481, 491, 499, 519—522, 524—531, 557, 658.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

143, 208, 213, 214, 221, 222, 227, 233, 243, 245, 262, 264, 312, 318, 320, 328, 331, 358, 403, 426, 437, 467—475, 479, 579, 582—588, 597, 602, 605 613, 627, 651, 684, 740, 744, 775—781.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

12, 14, 22, 36, 46, 52, 66, 213, 225, 226, 233, 238, 239, 245, 251, 262, 263, 316, 318, 320, 339, 426, 458, 540, 544, 561—564, 572, 574, 578, 582—588, 592—597, 600, 601, 604, 607—614, 616, 620, 627, 628, 634, 638, 641, 645, 649, 650, 653, 665, 669, 673, 677, 684, 685, 702, 703, 704, 706, 707, 717, 719, 721; on Death and Heaven to, 740, 742, 743, 751, 763, 764, 774. 782 to 804, added to this edition expressly for Sabbath Schools.

A TABLE OF TEXTS OF SCRIPTURE,

ILLUSTRATED IN THIS VOLUME.

GENESIS.

C.	V.	H.
1	3	121
1	26, 27	256
2	7	261
		724
3	15	132,194
		280, 299
3	17	108
3	23, 24	480
5	22	668
8	9	114
12	1	691
15	1	674
17	1	674
17	7	746
		675, 676
19	11	276
22	1—19	286
27	38	481
28	16, 17	494
32	24—32	113
49	33	45
		140
		155, 297
		342, 380
49	18	673

EXODUS.

3	3	272
3	7	106
3	21, 22	326
		622
14	13	177
		200
14	19, 20	326
14	21, 22	276
19	16—18	249
21	6	188
32	10	298
33	20—22	124
		283, 284
34	5—7	144

LIVITICUS.

C.	V.	H.
6	13	327

NUMBERS.

13	27—30	293

DEUT.

3	27	404, 405
3	27	724
4	24	573
6	7	328
32	11, 12	784
33	25	336. 339
33	20—29	407
34	1—3	404
34	1—4	724

JOSHUA.

7	13	105
23	14	47
24	15	472

JUDGES.

6	40	115
7	2	126
16	20	180

I. SAMUEL.

3	9	353
15	32	112
17	1, &c.	278

II. SAMUEL.

7	18	206
16	10	334

I. KINGS.

3	9	798
18	24	119
18	31—39	412
18	44	218
19	11, 12	358
		425
19	19	109

II. KINGS

2	11	499
6	18	276
10	15	499

I. CHRON.

C.	V.	H.
28	9	270

II. CHRON.

15		755

ESTHER.

5	2	133

JOB.

1	21	432
3	17, 18	48, 50
13	15	362
14	1, 2	46
14	4	159
14	14	177
15	22	691
16	22	42
17	1	691
19	25	723
		726, 731
23	10	336
25	6	42
26	14	305
28	28	319, 320
30	24	691
33	15	287
35	10	287
38	7	235
40	4	126
42	5	184
		384, 393

PSALMS.

PS.	V.	H.
1	1	21
1	3	424
4	6	252
5	7	121
11	4	121
15	1, &c.	577
16	8	240
17	15	169
18	2	305
19	1, &c.	703

PSALMS.

PS.	V.	H.
19	1, &c.	572
23	1, &c.	684
23	4	218
24	7-10,	554
27	5	331
27	7	572
32	7	335
33	6—9	234
36	7	575
36	9	143 252
39	1, &c.	42
39	4	727
39	13	356
40	2	458
40	3	35
45	3	644
46	1	683
		700
46	10	92
47	5	640
47	1	636
48	9	568
48	14	593
48	13	584
49	11, 12	67
51	1, &c	664
51	7	160
51	11	161
		178
55	22	325
57	7	603
62		521
63	—	602
63	1	437
63		597
65	1	80
65	2	664
65	1, &c.	226
66	12	273
		436

PSALMS.

PS. V. H.
68 4—6 224
68 18 86, 274
352
69 9 433
71 16 439
72 1, &c. 702
72 6 641
73 24 435
73 25 285
286, 434
73 26 101
84 1, &c 579
582, 586
84 1—12 541
84 7 497
85 2 189
85 8 182
86 17 173
87 5 741
89 18, 19 352
89 26 271
90 1, &c. 41
91 4 143
91 11, 12 233
93 3, 4 339
576
94 22 271
95 1—6 247
95 9—11 161
100 1—5 540
101 7, 8 244
102 20 462
103 13 245
103 598
104 1-14 226
104 33 224
106 589
107 24 766
110 1 275
113 1 224
113 6—9 38
114 1—8 223
116 7—9 246
117 1, &c 704
118 625
119 34 320
119 96 370

PSALMS.

PS. V. H.
121 1, 133, 556
125 2, &c. 677
130 7, 174, 768
132 9—16 416
133 1—3 489
139 7 595
139 16 324
139 23, 24 152
339, 503
144 5 158
145 592
145 15 594
146 1, &c. 224
581
146 5—10 224
147 1, &c 225
148 1, &c 226
148 12, 13 23

PROVERBS.

C. V. H.
3 7 187
3 13—18 14
431
3 17 20
7 2 308, 313
8 15—21 248
8 17 791
18 10 482
22 6 473
23 26 672

ECCLES.

4 9—12 487
5 1, 2 316
7 29 98

S. SOLOMON.

1 7 228
2 3, 4 488
2 16 274
8 7 167

ISAIAH.

1 5, 6 109
1 18 160, 523
2 2, 3 314
2 4 447
4 6 271
5 4 8
6 1—3 316

ISAIAH.

C. V. H.
6 2 133
6 3 259, 260
567, 569
9 2—5 203
493
9 5 273, 630
9 6, 7 609
11 1—3 655
11 6—9 443
12 1—6 197
14 9 442
24 16 391
25 4 271
26 3 227, 296
26 12 429, 435
27 5 666
28 16 625
30 21 205, 312
32 2 271, 292
33 17—24, 70
33 17 733
35 1—10, 348
35 5, 6 1, 135
139, 140
35 8 68, 211
35 10 71
198, 386
482, 497
38 17 106
40 6—8 46
40 11 13, 193
290, 458
40 12 767
40 31 346
356, 677
41 22 90
42 3 157, 290
42 16 289
42 6, 7 129
42 4 699
43 2 272, 483
44 6 90
45 8 86
45 22 1, 387
45 23 708
45 21—25 699
45 15 430

ISAIAH

C. V. H.
48 4 186
50 2 4, 276
50 4
51 1—4 111
51 9 386
52 7 706
53 3—5, 23, 24
215
53 4 122
53 11 193
53 6 633
55 1—34 153
57 1 104
58 8 276
58 11 462
59 1 386
60 1 134
61 1—4 107
61 1, &c. 107
650
63 3 338
63 5 203
64 1 138
66 2 93, 104
66 8 219
450
66 9 462
66 18 697

JEREMIAH.

7 4 94
8 11 93
9 23, 24 422
13 23 139, 159
17 5 508
18 6 153
21 9 453
23 29 84, 102
31 15 154
31 33 340, 511
50 5 532

EZEKIEL.

11 19 103
145, 186
16 6 106, 206
18 23 6—8
18 31 6—8
33 11 6—8

EZEKIEL

C. V. H.
18 1 6
34 8,12,23 13
34 15 228
36 26, 27 135
341, 343, 391
37 1 667
37 11—14,450
486
37 15—20 459

DANIEL.

3 19, 20 359
3 24 329
4 35 244
6 23—26 689
9 4—19 176
9 24 303

HOSEA.

4 6 82
11 8 168
14 4 110,179
180,186

AMOS.

4 12 63

JONAH.

21—7 274

MICAH.

6 6—8 127

HABAKKUK.

1 13 127
2 3 142
3 2 165
3 17—19 189

HAGGAI.

2 7 60,607

ZECHARIAH.

3 2 174.433
4 7—10,382
383
4 10 365
9 11 450,462
9 12 123.144
150,380
9 10 702
12 10 122,451
2 10 23
13 1 35
160,346

ZECHARIAH.

C. V. H.
13 9 336
13 1 616,672

MALACHI.

3 1 380
3 1 646
3 17 769
4 2 141,157
252,443
462,613
652.703
4 6, &c. 127

MATTHEW.

3 9 203,400
3 12 502
4 16 203,493
5 2,4,6 134
304
5 3, &c. 681
5 8 284
304,693
5 11,12 304
5 13 317
5 16 526
5 45 238,241
6 6 119
6 8—26 99
6 9—13 235
236
237,599
6 10 357
6 20, 21 323
6 21 68
6 28—30.236
6 31—33.496
7 7—11,118
142
7 21 7
7 24, 25 67
7 11 711
8 2, 3 135
8 16 135,139
8 19 332
8 20 227
8 25 174
9 20—22,135
9 22 136
9 27—29,135

MATTHEW.

C. V. H.
9 32, 33 135
9 37, 38 135
10 8 22
10 30 245
11 5 1,40,617
11 12 26 ,277
11 19 5,30,116
11 24 454
11 28, 29 5
29, 31
337,338
11 30 324
12 13 135
12 20 651
12 29 299
13 25 2 0
14 28, 29 272
15 — 81.93
15 22—28 164
16 16, 17 148
16 18 271
16 25 362
16 26 43, 44
16 17 692
17 20 150
18 20 480, 485
486, 520
20 30, 31 135
21 16 365
21 22 342
24 7 62
24 14 1
25 1—13 54
65
25 6 54, 55
25 21 51
214, 410
25 31—46 55
59
25 35, 36 495
26 40 771
26 74 106,309
26 28 711
27 29 638
27 45—51,552
27 26—53 24
27 46 157

MATTHEW.

C. V. H.
27 51, 52 22,24
27 66 634
27 50 720
28 6 633
28 19 476

MARK.

3 27 98
4 39 138,272
9 23 401
9 24 665
9 50 317
10 27 138
10 29, 30 2 6
10 14 746.747
12 30 38
14 748

LUKE.

1 53 175
2 6—14 220
2 14 257.612
608.609
610,612
2 29, 30 124
2 32 129
611,710
2 25 673
2 7—14 610
4 18, 19 608
6 12 222
6 36 364
6 40 330
7 34 5.110
7 36—50,106
188
7 41, 42 175
7 45 363
8 35 136
10 2 705
10 5, 6 479
10 30, &c. 112
10 39 147,353
10 41, 42 325
434
11 1 294
11 13 86
11 20 124
12 22 678

LUKE

C. V. H.
679, 680
12 23 62
12 35 54
12 43 54
12 49 115
218, 327
13 7, 8 168
714, 715
13 24 454
13 34 32
14 16—24 2, 9
15 2 3, 30, 32
182, 189
15 4 144
15 4—7 13
177
15 10 601
15 23, &c. 9
178, 191
15 32 151
16 22 69
16 24—28 80
18 1 295
299, 301
18 5 155
18 10—14 101
19 9 479
19 10 30, 116
19 41, 42 455
19 40 799
22 19 546, 708
22 29 26
22 61, 62 101
106
168, 309
22 19 708
23 18 24
23 34 33, 106
23 44, 45 618
619
24 25 358
24 31, 32 113
214
24 49 456

JOHN.

1 1—3 234
1 1—14 194

JOHN.

C. V. H.
1 9 129
1 29 1.31, 37
127, 463
3 7 83
3 8 381
3 16 20
3 33 276
3 36 95
4 10—15 364
405
4 14 143, 193
5 2—16 131
166, 396
5 25 485
5 39 88
5 40 8
6 31--33 4
6 37 163
6 55—58 507
6 67 481
6 68 137
6 12 713
6 54—56 712
7 37, 38 10, 3
7 46 193
7 37 10
8 12 281
8 32 402
8 36 136
10 11—14 501
10 11—16 13
697
10 20 194
10 21 138
11 43, 44 290
13 8, 9 316
13 25 147
14 2, 3 488
14 6 436
14 16, 17 506
14 16—26 10
660
14 26 165, 376
506, 547
14 9 752
15 5 435
15 16 394

JOHN.

C. V. H.
16 7—15 86
302, 376
16 8 701
16 33 277
17 21 460, 517
19 30 619
19 34 371
19 37 122
20 27 486
21 15 101
21 20 115

ACTS.

2 1—4 86
658
2 3 457
2 47 712
3 1 580
4 12 34, 209
5 31 101
106, 170
7 59 720
11 21 713
12 7, 8 201
13 39 36
16 29, 30 83
158
17 28 240, 241
253, 615
19 20 711

ROMANS.

1 20 572
3 20 92
3 17 109
4 12—25 360
4 18 150
5 2 571
5 5 117
145, 361
5 20 365
6 1, 2 307
6 4—6 347
7 21 99
8 3, 4 375
8 15 97, 202
8 16 85, 96
351
8 21 108, 171

ROMANS.

C. V. H.
8 26 134, 144
268, 294
8 35—38, 273
274
8 38, 39 96
9 12 429
10 6—8 192
11 12—26 451
11 25 698
11 33 244
12 1 427
431, 543
12 2 323, 324
12 4—6 518
12 12 273, 484
12 15 441
13 11 345, 497
13 12 266
13 14 153
14 8 426
427, 428
14 17 131, 134
251, 394
15 13 123
15 8 746

I. CORINTH.

1 26—29 212
1 30, 31 425
2 2 26, 439
534, 686
2 9 69
2 12 85, 96
3 11 516
4 9 439
5 20 2
6 20 418
9 7 439
10 16, 17 509
10 31 108 221
322, 323
12 3 85
1231 18
1313 685
1415 204
1524—28 275
15 30 273
15 55 337

I. CORINTH.
C. V. H.
15 55, 56 739
15 56 181
15 57 50
II. CORINTH.
3 6 91
3 14 117,118
3 18 284,385
4 6 121
4 7 537
4 17 333
5 1—8 74
5 14 2, 33
279, 463
5 17 367
5 18—20 11
5 21 23
7 5 478
8 9 109,128
9 10 482
10 5 358
11 14 454
12 9 483
12 15 433
GALATIANS.
2 20 351,362
3 1 626
3 22 132
3 28 518
4 6 656
5 1 533
5 6 455
6 2 503,509
6 14 628
EPHESIANS.
1 3 757
1 13, 14 374
2 1 136
2 6 423
2 8 118
2 21, 22 516
2 13 709
3 15 740
3 17 183
3 18,19 27
136
370,413
3 19 19
EPHESIANS.
C. V. H.
4 4—6 515
4 11 749
4 18 519
5 14 1,303
5 26,27 17
523, 690
6 11—18 266
267, 268, 314
6 13 196
PHILIPPIANS
1 6 112
1 21—23 70
728
2 5—11 194
322, 355
2 8 187
330, 642
2 9—11 37
3 8 28
258, 478
3 10 347
3 13, 14 521
4 13 293,301
COLOSSIANS.
2 11—13,347
2 14,15 553
3 1—4 419
420, 738
3 3 125
557
3 4 77
3 11 209
3 15,16 196
492
3 17 321
4 12 117
I. THESS.
4 15—17 58
5 17 267
5 23,24 431
I. TIMOTHY.
1 15 5,34
115, 116, 159
2 1,2 465
2 6 34, 190
2 1,2 760
3 16 614
I. TIMOTHY.
C. V. H.
5 5 53
6 12 277
6 16 133,566
II. TIMOTHY.
1 7 419
3 5 91
3 14—17 89
255
4 7 421
TITUS.
2 14 375
HEBREWS.
1 1—9 194
1 3 235,337
2 3 269
2 18 157
3 9—11 161
3 13 110
4 1—11 403
4 9 587
4 12 105
4 13 240
4 15 157
4 15,16 651
4 16 283
365, 424
757
5 7 651
6 6 176
7 25 127
202, 632
7 25 649
8 1,2 402
8 10 340
9 14 545
10 4 624
10 20 631
10 24 495
10 29 161,168
176, 182
11 1 95
11 5 367
11 13—16 68
71, 498
11 34 269
293, 350
12 1 71,536
HEBREWS.
C. V. H.
12 2 458,688
12 6,7 179
13 8 95, 175
13 14 71
13 20,21 438
532
JAMES.
1 17 435
1 27 364
3 17 473
4 7 359
I. PETER.
1 17 307
1 19 175
2 11,12 319
2 21—25 35
330
3 22 637
4 1 277
4 17 176
5 5 109
5 7 29.301
325.678
679,680
5 8 316,458
5 10 114,436
II. PETER.
1 1 519
1 4 18
1 10 44,480
1 21 87
2 21 454
3 9 171
3 10 57
3 11—14 536
I. JOHN.
1 1—3 96
761
1 7 160,254
1 9 345,380
2 1 100
2 1,2 127
190
2 2 120
2 5 354
3 2 454
3 8 413

I. JOHN.		
C.	V.	H.
3	9	230,282
3	20	158
4	16,17	18
		155, 237
4	18	123
		375
4	19	713
5	1—13	85
5	4	277
5	6	623,629
5	7	261
III. JOHN.		
	12	20
JUDE.		
	3	521
	18	21
24	25	690

REVELATION.		
C.	V.	H.
1	5,6	16
		21, 423
1	7	65
2	10	69
		315, 330
2	17	69
		348, 539
3	11, 12	64
		72
		118, 492
3	15—19	454
		455
3	17	109,116
		163, 191
3	20	208,507
3	21	26, 52
		69, 314, 315

REVELATION.		
C.	V.	H.
4	7	728
4	8	259
		260, 676
5	9	491
		499, 648
5	9. 10	423
5	12	639
		645
7	9—12	75
		316, 333
7	10	253
7	13—17	76
		482
7	16, 17	732
11	15	251, 699
12	1	537
12	5—8	207

REVELATION.		
C.	V.	H.
13	8	189, 66
14	13	721
		737
17	14	696
19	13	128
19	16	696
20	1,2	280
20	11	253
20	12,13	57
21	1—7	73
21	3	251
22	2	193
22	7—12	124
		154
22	17	77, 78
		698
22	20	555

AN INDEX

TO THE

FIRST LINE OF EVERY VERSE, EXCEPT THE FIRST IN EACH OF THE HYMNS.

	PAGE
A BROKEN heart	702
A clod of living	221
A country of joy	465
A drop of that	479
A faith that	681
A faithful wit-	414
A glance of	531
A goodly, formal	93
A guilty, weak	602
A heart in every	324
A heart resign'd	324
A heart thy joys	323
A hidden God	128
A holy quiet	525
A house we call	69
A humble, lowly	324
A land of corn	385
A law shall soon	111
A lifeless form	425
A mystical plu-	246
A pardon writ-	15
A patient, a vic-	335
A poor, blind	159
A poor unloving	143
A rest, where	383
A servant's	583
A sinner, saved	442
A spark of that	479
A spectacle to	413
A stranger in	660
A thousand ages	44
A thousand	693
A touch, a word	377
A vile, backslid-	350
Abba, Father	373
Absent, alas!	77
Absent from	151
Absolute, un-	623
Abundant	411
Acceptance	376
Accepted in the	565
According to	684
According as	704
According to	500
According to	372
Adopted by	699
Adam descended	36
Adam's like-	556
After all that I	178
After my lowly	23
Again thou	246
Ah! canst thou	174
Ah! do not of	35
Ah! give me	99, 182
Ah! give me this	32
Ah! give to all	187
Ah! leave us	596
Ah, Lord! en-	31
Ah, Lord, if	131
Ah, no:—I still	81
Ah, no! ne'er	326
Ah, show me	604
Ah, show me	221
Ah! what	134, 438
Ah, wherefore	159
Ah, why did I	204
All are not lost	452
All creatures	234
All fulness of	24
All honour and	224
All may from	87
All my disease	379
All my treasure	408
All needful	538
All o'er those	649
All our works	478
All power is	316
All power is to	263
All power to	581
All the struggle	388
All thine attri-	235
All things are	382
All things in	561
All things in	234
Already, Lord	351
An offering to	423
An unregener-	147
Ancient of Days	603
And art thou	378
And can I yet	134
And can this	532
And if our fel-	468
And if we	693
And in the great	666
And shall I	34
And shall my	262
And shall we	55
And shall we	212
And shall we	596
And therefore	206
And when thy	239
And when we	246
And when	637
Angel of gospel	568
Angel-pow'rs	78
Angels and	627
Angels assist	551
Angels catch	54

Angels our ser- 26
Angels rejoice 573
Anger and sloth 396
Anger I no 338
Answer, O Lord 142
Answer on him 668
Answer on 442
Answer that 359
Apostles, mar- 524
Appear, as 38
Appear, my 122
Appear with 65
Approach ye 639
Arabia's desert 521
Arise, O God 42
Arm me with 306
Arm me with 192
Arm of God 155
Array'd in glo- 651
Art thou 154, 395
Art thou the 417
As beautiful as 74
As far from 440
As flow'rs their 463
As giants may 418
As in the an- 369
As lightning 417
As 'listed on 415
As rain on 583
As round Jeru- 617
As soon as in 81
As sure as 570
As the apple of 184
As the bright 419
Ashamed I 401
Assembled here 597
Assert thy claim 210
Assure my con- 599
Astonish'd at 41
At Jesus's call 465
At last I own 129
At thy last gasp 30
Attended by 296
Author of faith 607
Awake from 8
Awake, the 129
Away, ye false 703
Awed by a mor- 267
Awhile in flesh 450
Baffle the 428
Barren and 642
Basis of our 590
Be all my 152
Be heaven even 562
Be it according 118, 168, 347, 377, 387
Be it so, they 78
Be it our 702
Be it weariness 284
Be still! and 92, 632
Be this my one 62
Be thou exalted 553
Be thou my 587
Be thou my joy 333
Be thou my 710
Be thou, O Love 363
Be thou, O Rock 320
Because I now 124
Because thou 603
Before me place 62
Before my eyes 126
Before my faith 272
Before the hills 44
Before the Sa- 612
Before the 575
Before thy glo- 478
Before thy 487
Before us make 89
Before we quite 619
Beguiled alas! 430
Behold, for me 179
Behold him, all 32
Behold me 132
Behold the 35
Behold to thee 597
Behold this fair 688
Being of beings 462
Believe in him 39
Believing 425
Believing on 210
Believing, we 566
Beloved for 630
Beneath his eye 696
Beneath my 29
Beneath thy 474
Bent to redeem 529
Better a day 536
Better than my 318
Better that we 425
Beyond 316, 418
Bid me in thy 24
Blessing 229, 687
Blessings 633
Blessings on 87
Bless'd are 616, 667
Blest, O Israel 388
Blind from my 132
Bold shall I 186
Born into the 54
Born they are 669
Bound down 137
Bound on the 392
Boundless wis- 332
Bow thine ear 247
Break off the 371
Break off your 515
Breathe on us 454
Build us in one 480
Buried in sin 279
Burden'd with a 33
But, above all 300
But, ah! how 605
But all, before 50
But art thou 179
But both in 569
But Christ, the 566
But for the 124
But, for thy 176
But God made 251
But hast thou 422
But I hear a 519
But I of means 91
But I shall 539
But if thou pro- 420
But if thou 693
But is it possi- 323
But let them 617
But let us has- 497
But, lo! a place 220
But, O! above 195
But, O almighty 445
But O, forgive- 687
But O, how soon 180
But O! the jea- 94
But, O the pow 199
But O! thou 297
But O, what 586

But O, when 646
But raise your 576
But saints are 218
But shall he still 419
But soon he'll 27
But soon the 583
But the mild 220
But the righte- 188
But their great- 659
But there's a 602
But thou canst 691
But thou hast 300
But thou, O Lord 277
But thou, they 132
But though my 125
But timorous 656
But we, who 60
But when we 252
But will indeed 666
But who shall 534
But worse than 299
By death and 370
By faith already 574
By faith I every 351
By faith the 251
By faith we al- 76
By faith we are 466
By faith we 95
By faith we now 60
By faith we see 569
By him conde- 697
By me, O my 182
By our bosom 230
By the Spirit of 400
By thee the 240
By thine agoni- 510
By thine own 609
By thine uner- 311
By this the blest 596
By thy own 579
By thy paternal 690
By thy recon- 475
By thy Spirit 100
By word and by 463

Call them into 23
Call'd to sus- 294
Can these avert 124
Can you doubt 14
Canst thou 603
Captain, God of 629
Careful without 310
Careless 308
Cast out thy 133
Cause us the 454
Cheer'd by a 595
Cheerful they 667
Children of faith 110
Chosen of God 570
Christ by high- 555
Christ for ever 590
Christ hath the 366
Christ, my Mas- 448
Christ, our Bro- 203
Christ our Lord 247
Christ shall 518
Christ, the Head 366
Circled round 577
Close behind 657
Close by thy 320
Close follow'd 660
Closer and clo- 497
Closer knit to 482
Clothed with 418
Clothed with our 586
Clothe me with 109
Come, all ye 8
Come, almighty 369
Come, and all 331
Come, and main- 585
Come, and par- 9
Come, and pos- 135
Come and wor- 557
Come, Desire 556
Come, Father 384
416
Come, glorious 269
Come Holy Ghost 88
333, 360, 507
Come Holy Spirit
595, 596
Come in, come 474
Come, in power 642
Come, in sorrow 608
Come, in this 380
Come in thy 283
Come, Jesus 450
Come, Lord, 223, 519
Come, Lord 456
Come, Lord, the 372
Come, Lord, thy 352
630
Come, O come 288
Come, O my 363
Come, O my God 386
Come, O my guil- 34
Come, O my Sav- 384
Come, O thou 362
Come quickly 122
210
Come quickly in 203
Come, Saviour 389
Come then, and 126
262, 351
Come then, Di- 246
Come then from 156
Come then, my 152
351, 358, 526
Come, then, our 107
Come, then 422
Come then, the 563
Come then to 214
Come, then, ye 15
Come, thou Wit- 510
Come, thy child 608
Come to the 10
Come, worship 535
Conclude us first 85
Confiding in 406
Confound o'er- 375
Confound who- 434
Conqueror of 328
Consume our 392
Contented now 139
Convert and 635
Convince him 84
Corruption 651
Could I of thy 258
Could my tears 572
Could we but 656
Count us not 708
Create all new 598
Create my na- 601
Creation varied 217
Creatures, with 546
Crown him ye 522
Cursed for the 108

Cut off our de- 475

Dangers stand 45
Dark and cheer- 153
David's Son 708
Dead already 13
Dear dying 562
Dear Shepherd 684
Death, hell, and 566
Deceived by 690
Deeper than 209
Deliverance to 136
Descend, and 135
Descend, pass 142
Descending on 59
Determined all 406
Did not his 36
Didst thou ever 116
Didst thou not 359
476
Didst thou not in
126, 359
Dies the glori- 513
Direct, control 680
Divine Instruc- 672
Draw us, O 638
Dost thou de- 72
Dost thou not 599
Dost thou not all 673
Down from the 551
Down from the 703
Drop down in 87
Dust and ashes 331

Each evening 223
Each following 554
Each moment 156
326
Eager for thee 358
Early in the 493
Earth from afar 305
Earth then a 107
Earth! tremble 216
Easy to be 441
E'er since, by 562
Effectual let 512
Effulgence of 335
Eighteen, or 378
Empty of Him 116
End of my 307
Engraved as in 553
Enlarge, in- 407
Enlarge my 278
Enter into the 424
Entering into 118
Equal with God 190
Error and igno- 443
Essay your 626
Eternal are thy 635
Eternal life to 344
Eternal Spirit 446
Eternal Sun of 243
Eternal, Triune 244
Eternal, undi- 592
Eternity thy 232
Even now our 458
Even now we 467
Ever upward 578
Every day the 267
Every eye shall 68
Every fresh 63
Every one that 140
Expand thy 88
Expel the fiend 390
Extend to me 542
Extend to these 83
Extol his 264
Extol the 591
Extort the cry 84
Eye hath not 72

Faded my vir- 94
Fain I would the 383
Fain would I all 118
Fain would I go 279
Fain would 99, 371
Faint we were 330
Fainting soul 140
Fairer than the 408
Faith in 344, 378
Faith lends its 95
Faith, mighty 344
Faith to be 136, 339
Faithful and 365
Faithful, O 241, 669
Faithful soul 517
Far above all 475
Farewell! con- 525
Far, far above 614
Far from the 118
Far off, yet at 176
Father accept 443
Father, be- 187, 376
Father, behold 88
Father, by 550
Father, God thy 215
Father, God to 579
Father, I ask 640
Father, I still 676
Father, if I 176
Father, if such 668
Father in me 98
Father in these 446
Father of end- 528
Father of ever- 120
415, 461
Father on me 349
Father, regard 287
Father, Son 319, 353
393, 405, 479
Father, thine 185
Father, thy long 592
Father, thy mer- 644
Father, 'tis 228
Father, we ask 287
Fear not, my 90
Fearless of hell 207
Fill me with all 166
Fill us with 481
Fill with invio- 114
Find in Christ 25
Finish, then 369
Fir'd with the 638
Firm in the all- 66
First and last 281
First-born of 31
First the dead 61
Five bleeding 198
Fix my new 315
Fix, O fix my 331
Fix on thyself 488
Fix'd on this 186
Follow'd by 54
Foolish and 278
Foolish world 261
Fools and mad- 381
Fools never 539

For ever firm 533
For every fight 260
For him shall 521
For him shall 633
For his eternal 549
For his mate 642
For Jesus, my 195
For me these 564
For more we 507
For my life, and 236
For my selfish- 109
For she has 704
For the joy he 654
For thee delight 309
For thee my 411
For thee our 600
For thee we 682
For thine own 104
For this alone I 413
For this, as 396
For this I at thy 176
For this in faith 77
For this in stead 340
For this let men 268
For this my 519
For this, (no 199
For this only 110
For this the 22, 199
For this thou 253
For this we ask 437
For thou art 194
For thou, within 684
For thy glory we 459
For thy loving- 527
For thy own 103, 104
For us is pre- 653
For us wast thou 682
For what to thee 275
For what you 566
For while thou 343
For who by 398
For whom didst 153
For you and for 567
For you the pur- 34
For you the pub- 706
Forbid it, Lord 571
Forgive, and 348
Forgive me 680
Forward they 569
Fountain of all- 279
Fountain of good 41
Fountain of un- 167
Free from anger 476
Freed from the 279
From Aaron's 458
From all iniquity 387, 487
From Christ 670
From every sin- 23
From heaven 59
From our own 98
From sea to sea 632
From sin, the 133
From strength 256
From the op- 110
From the world 341
From thee, great 543
From thee no 341
From thee our 246
From thee, the 612
From thee, thro' 409 525
Fruit of a vir- 191
Fruit of thy gra- 324
Fruitless, till 92
Fulfil, fulfil my 386
Fully in my life 365
Furnish'd out of 89

Gather the out- 38
Gently the weak 279
Gethsemane 637
Gigantic lusts 282
Gird on thy 585
Give all thy 489
Give him then 226
Give Lord 701
Give me a new 374
Give me a sober 301
Give me faith to 179
Give me, Lord 160 182
Give me, O give 279
Give me on thee 294
Give me the 142
Give me thy 268
Give me thyself 394
Give me to bear 309
Give me to feel 29
Give the pure 635
Give to mine 182, 205
Give up our- 495
Give us our- 85
Give us quietly 494
Giver and Lord 229
Giver of peace 472
Gladly the toys 462
Gladness and 111
Glory to God be- 225
Glory to his 194
Go meet him in 67
Go up with 303
God in the flesh 581
God in this dark 208
God is in heaven 305
God is our 506, 538
God is thine 388
God, my Re- 651
God of all- 353
God of love, in 391
God only knows 145
God reigns on 546
God ruleth on 518
God, through 88
God, your God 330
God's image 594
Grace every 458
Grace in answer 236
Grace is a plant 706
Grace, the fount- 397
Grace we im- 562
Gracious God 236
Grant me now 337
Grant my im- 158
Grant that every 337
Grant this, and 471
Grant this, O 428
Grant, though 578
Great God, cre- 606
Great God! on 45
Great God, thy 607
Great God, un- 124
Great Object of 460
Great Prophet 587
Great Sun of 634
Greatness un- 232
Grov'ling on 107

Guard him from434
Guide of my life174
Guilty I stand 125

Hail, by all thy 247
Hail, everlast- 190
Hail, Galilean 192
Hail, Holy G. 594
Hail, holy, holy 249
Hail, Prince of 557
Hail, Saviour 584
Hail, the heav- 555
Hail,with essen-555
Hail,your dread626
Hallelujah,they 467
Hallelujah, we 460
Hallow and 529
Happy beyond 19
Happy he whom 58
Happy if with 40
Happy the man 20
217
Happy the men 535
Happy they who249
Happy they 114
Hark! how he 27
Hark! the cher-557
Hark! the 329
Hast thou been113
Hast thou not 317
364
Hast thou the 422
Haste, O haste 116
Hasten, Lord 381
Hasten the joy 352
Have I not 154
He all shall 261
He answer'd for567
He bids us build467
He bows the 688
He breaks the 7,632
He brings my 618
He by himself 610
He comes from 556
He comes, he 67
He comes of 468
He comes the 556
He deigns in 561
He dies to atone537
He ever lives 198
He ever lives for125
He form'd the 218
535
He hath open'd212
He hath our sal-380
He in the days 591
He justly claims402
He keeps his 611
He left his Fa- 197
He left his 191
He, Lord of 703
He makes the 218
He now stands 203
He only can the 598
He sends them 87
He shall come 521
He shall obtain 534
He spake the 220
He speaks, and 7
He still respects513
He that believes158
He that drinks 668
He that on the 79
He then is blest 537
He this flowery 226
He visits now 386
He who hath 642
He will present 623
He wills that I 368
Head of the 528
Health and 678
Hear, for thou 247
Hear him, ye deaf 8
Hearken to me 11
Heavenly, all 479
Heavenly Fa- 373
Heaven's glory 232
Heavenward 507
He'll never 592
Hell's armies 41
Help me now 588
Help on Thee 588
Help us thy mer- 42
Help us to build 470
Help us to help 470
Help us to make487
Helpless, how- 378
Hence may all 486
Hence our 31
Hence sprung 670
Hence, ye vain 540
Henceforth 274
Her hands are 20
Here, as in the 230
Here in thine 91
Here in thy 644
Here may the 671
Here may we 634
Here on the 688
Here the fair 671
Here the Re- 672
Here the whole252
Here then I 615
Here then, my 207
Here then to 403
Here when thy 666
Here, when thy 666
Here will I ever 292
Here will I set 620
Hereafter none 406
Hereby we 496
Here's love and 515
High as his 549
High heaven 675
High is thy 232
High o'er the 576
High on his holy582
High on Imma- 69
High on thy Fa-334
High on thy great70
High throned on 41
Him beholding 659
Him by faith we 578
Him eye to eye 501
Him let us tend436
Him Prophet 205
Him the angels559
Him they be- 573
Him though 577
Him who for 695
Himself pre- 146
His adorable will 49
His blessings 689
His blood de- 409
His blood shall 625
His blood to all 412
His burden we 453

His death is my 567
His every word 553
His foes and 582
His Israel him- 688
His love is mighty 9
His love sur- 96
His mercy he 111
His name the 37
His only righte- 40
His own on 191
His passion 464
His providence 644
His purposes 520
His sacred limbs 29
His sacred unc- 302
His Son the Fa- 274
His Sov'reign 505
His Spirit re- 212
His word did 534
Holy Ghost, no 373
Holy Ghost, the 473
Holy, holy, holy 507
Honour, and 202
Honour for ever 581
Honour, glory 629
Hosannah! to 666
How blessed are 636
How blest are 30
How blest is our 50
How can it be 30
How cold and 606
How do I pity 697
How happy the 73, 194
How happy then 69
How have I thy 177
How kind are 546
How long, great 425
How often, when 645
How pleasant 455
How rapt'rous 636
How shall a sin- 148
How shall I find 173
How shall I leave 46
How shall I 351, 362
How shall pol- 532
How shall weak 129
How slowly doth 549
How sure estab- 533
How then ought 47
How well thy 593
How would my 607
How would my 553
Humble, and 333
Husband of thy 480

I all thy holy 341
I am all unclean 107
I am never at 178
I ask in confi- 340
I ask the blood- 395
I ask them 658
I believe thy 169
I bid you all my 11
I call that lega- 676
I cannot doubt 641
I cannot live 601
I cannot praise 349
I cannot rest 133
I cannot wash 391
I come, thy ser- 71
I deprecate that 177
I do the thing 92
I every hour in 260
I feel thee wil- 292
I feel what then 654
I find him lift- 367
I forced thee 180
I have no babes 71
I have no skill 278
I have spilt his 165
I hold thee with 345
I hope at last to 168
I, I alone have 28
I knew not that 175
I know in thee 133
I know the work 117
I know thee, Sa- 139
I know thou 130
I languish and 519
I lift my eyes 410
I, like Gideon's 115
I loathe myself 180
I long to know 362
I love my Shep- 587
I must for faith 84
I must the fair 441
I must this in- 84
I need not tell 137
I now believe in 156
I pant to feel 334
I rest beneath 220
I rest in thine 271
I rest upon thy 290
I rested in the 91
I right early 367
I see a world of 663
I see an open 282
I see the' ex- 355
I see the Lord 663
I see the perfect 91
I shall a weak 340
I shall fully be 339
I shall my an- 340
I shall nothing 338
I shall suffer 338
I shall triumph 338
I sing of thy 224
I sink, if thou 170
I stand and ad- 196
I thank thee for 350
I thank thee, un- 205
I thirst for a 355
I too, with thee 133
I tremble lest 177
I trust in Him 92
I view the Lamb 126
I wait a few 624
I wait my vigour 92
I wait thy will 222
I wait, till he 386
I want a godly 290
I want a heart 290
I want a sober 289
I want a true 290
I want an even 407
I want the wit- 352
I want thy life 395
I will accept his 81
I will improve 82
I will not let thee 148, 286
I will, through 391
I work; and own 92
I would be thine 384
I would, but 372
I would not 697

I would not to 147
I would the pre- 407
I wrestle not 197
If all long-suf- 167
If any man thirst 9
If down I turn 219
If drawn by 146
If every one 597
If God hath 689
If God upon 694
If guilt and 639
If I have begun 183
If I have only 97
If I have tasted 301
If in this dark 321
If in this feeble 339
If mercy is in- 296
If near the pit 299
If now I lament 162
If now the wit- 97
If now thou 113
If now thy in- 358
If on thy pro- 439
If pure essen- 490
If rough and 321
If so poor a 404
If still thou 131
If such a worm 339
If thou art rigor- 687
If thou gav'st 493
If thou hast 174
If thou impart 133
If, through the 681
If thy dreadful 62
If thy grace for 161
If to the right 298
If what I wish 615
If when I had 162
I'll lift my 552
I'll praise him 217
I'll weary thee 152
Immortal hon- 598
Immortal 581
Impotent, dumb 133
Impoverish, Lord 85
In a dry land 411
In a land of 383
In a rapture of 225
In all I do I 411
In all my ways 278
In answer to 123
In assurance of 460
In blessing thee 411
In daily prayer 440
In darkest 207
In darkness wil- 204
In deepest hell 594
In earth, in 233
In every fiery 550
In every new 540
In every stream 689
In flesh we part 499
In foreign 685
In God we put 327
In heaven thou 227
In her right 704
In him we have 449
In him when 459
In his great 225
In holy duties 542
In hope, against 344
In hope of that 317
662
In Jesus Christ 501
In Jesu's name 489
In light thou 233
In light un- 525
In loud hallelu- 56
In manifested 126
In me thine ut- 299
In me thy Spirit 289
In midst of dan- 685
In nature's 124
In part we only 679
In presence of 668
In reason's ear 531
In safety lead 428
In search of 11
In Sion God is 540
In spite of our 438
In suffering be 357
In tears who 461
In that reveal- 240
In the devour- 28
In the strength 266
In the time of 281
In the wilder- 108
In thee, O Lord 271
In thee we move 465
In them let all 22
In this identic 649
In this reani- 654
In thy members 400
In thy spotless 495
In vain doth 269
In vain the 592
In vain thou 138
In vain till thou 450
In vain we tune 596
In want, my 201
In wisdom infi- 230
Incarnate Deity 244
Inferiors, as a 439
Infinite are thy 695
Infinite joy, or 45
Infinite streng. 219
Inscribing with 75
Inspire the liv- 86
Instruct me 699
Inured to pov- 220
Invited by him 455
Is crucify'd for 32
Is here a soul 84
Israel's streng. 608
Is there a thing 136
275, 325
It cost thy blood 144
It speaks to 625
It stands secure- 77
Its body totally 392
Its duty done 525
Its streams the 241
Its Surety, thou 127

Jehovah, Christ 240
Jehovah, God 248
Jehovah, in 250
Jehovah in thy 126
Jerusalem! my 524
Jesu, attend 679
Jesu, let my na- 337
Jesu, my heart's 100
Jesu, see my 331
Jesu, seek thy 101
Jesu, the hea- 622
Jesu's praise be 502
Jesu's tremen- 304

Jesus, accept 275
Jesus, answer 166
Jesus, at thy 429
Jesus, be end- 187
Jesus, confirm 312
Jesus, for this 631
Jesus, friend of 479
Jesus, fulfil our 492
Jesus, full of 33,108
Jesus, hail! en- 580
Jesus, hail! we 708
Jesus, harmoni- 37
Jesus hath died 254
Jesus, hear thy 289
Jesus, I bless 202
Jesus, I fain 302
Jesus, I hang 368
Jesus, in thy 72
Jesus is worthy 586
Jesus, let all thy 418
Jesus, let thy 400
Jesus, mighty to 155
331
Jesus, my all in 204
Jesus, my great 587
Jesus, my life 347
Jesus, my Lord 262
Jesus, my 210
Jesus, now our 394
Jesus, now 671
Jesus, on me 101
Jesus, on thine 116
Jesus, our great 458
590
Jesus, our ten- 491
Jesus protects 220
Jesus, regard 283
Jesus, roll away 432
Jesus, seek thy 19
Jesus shall his 269
Jesus, shelter'd 696
Jesus, take all 450
Jesus, the an- 669
Jesus, the crow- 293
Jesus, the hin- 149
Jesus, the Lamb 125
Jesus, the Lord 227
Jesus, the name 7,40
Jesus, the pri- 40
Jesus, the weary 319
Jesus, thine all 345
Jesus, thine own 402
Jesus, thou art 190
Jesus, thou for 115
Jesus, thou pre- 457
Jesus, thy lov- 389
Jesus, thy 642
Jesus, to thee I 191
Jesus, to thee 279
371,424
Jesus, to thy 66
Jesus, transport- 37
Jesus, vouch- 48
Jesus, we thy 482
484
Jesus, when 332
Jesus, with us 446
Join every soul 22
Join us, in one 481
Join we then 53
Join'd in one 497
Joyful in hope 368
Justice and 627

Kindle the 119
Kindled his re- 165
King of glory 577
Kings shall fall 521
Knowledge, alas 619

Lame as I am 139
Lame at the 132
Lay thy weighty 179
Learning's re- 443
Least of all thy 229
Leave no un- 254
Leave not thy 621
Leave to his 614
Less grievous 426
Lest that my 305
Let all the an- 243
Let all who for 504
Let cares like 571
Let earth no 333
Let earth's re- 626
Let every act of 554
Let every crea- 634
Let every kin- 522
Let heaven and 554
Let Israel's God 548
Let it still my 183
Let me, accord- 328
Let me alone 286
Let me cast my 291
Let me gain my 336
Let me no more 375
Let me thy wit- 410
Let me to ev'ry 413
Let mountains 617
Let others hug 326
Let sickness 49
Let sin no more 565
Let the fruits of 484
Let the living 380
Let the promis- 446
Let the Spirit be 397
Let the Spirit of 433
594
Let the world 53
Let there be 119
Let this my 208
Let this vain 709
Let thy blood 511
Let thy dying 432
Let thy will on 24
Let us all to- 478
Let us for con- 434
Let us for each 476
Let us for this 485
Let us in life 615
Let us in pa- 292
Let us never 448
Let us patiently 284
Let us still to 475
Let us then 448
Let us then as 485
Let us then re- 381
Let us then with 476
Let us to perfect 323
Life, like a foun 533
Lift to the 688
Lift up thy 243
Light, in thy 243
Light of the 127,270
Like mighty 427,536
Live, till all thy 19
Lives again our 576

Loathsome, and 131
Long as I live 222
Long as my God 537
Long as our fi- 285
Long as the 431
Long hath thy 163
Long my impri- 197
Long we have 494
Lo! from their 65
Lo! God is 462
Lo! here thy 219
Lo! his tri- 516
Lo! I cumber 165
Lo! I take thee 178
Lo! in the arms 434
Lo! on a narrow 61
Lo! the prisoner 52
Lo! the tall 282
Lo! to faith's 628
Lo! to the hills 136
Look, as when 104 105
Look through 469
Look unto him 8
Loose all your 516
Loose me from 276
Loosed from 114
Lord, arm me 406
Lord, at thy feet 134
Lord, I accept 705
Lord, I am blind 159
Lord, I am sick 159
Lord, I believe 131 562, 186, 389
Lord, I my vows 680
Lord, I will not 373
Lord, if I now 23
Lord, if on thee 336
Lord, if thou 353 442, 489
Lord, if thou hast 169
Lord, if thou wilt 377
Lord, my time 140 342
Lord, of thee 595
Lord over all 335 441
Lord, we believe 245 361, 596
Lord, we bless 514
Lord, we trem- 707
Lord, what shall 305
Loud may the 617
Love and grief 560
Love can bow 346
Love, like death 482
Love only can 345
Love, only love 603
Love us, though 503
Lover of souls 38 120
Love's myste- 578
Love's redeem- 576
Lowly, loving 338

Made apt by thy 437
Madness and 26
Make our earth- 401
Make this the 378
Make us all in 484
Make us into 471
Make us of one 475
Make us wise 708
Many are we 482
Master, (will we 577
May I but find 584
Me, behold! thy 193
Me for thine 220
Me, if thy grace 403
Me in my blood 202
Me, me, who 127
Me, the vilest 116
Me to retrieve 256
Me with that 293
Meek, simple 21
Meeken my soul 293
Meet it is, and 402
Men of worldly 475
Merciful God 241 645
Mercy and grace 409
Mercy for all 414
Mercy he doth 143
Mercy I ask, to 123
Mercy o'er thy 238
Mercy then 163
Mercy who show 293
Mercy, with 231
Messiah, Prince 292
Might I enjoy 538
Might I in thy 101
Might we now 175
Mild he lays his 556
Millions more 238
Mindful of thy 516
Mine own and 655
Mine to chide 700
Mine to comfort 700
Mine to tell 700
Misers, for you 39
Mollify our har- 502
More and more 449
More dear than 411
More favour'd 273
More hard than 357
More of thy life 328
More than con- 79
Moses thy back- 273
Mount with the 689
Mountains, alas 444
Move, and actu- 482
My days are 651
My days, when 624
My dying Savi- 328
My earth thou 386
My every weak 403
My Father God 595
My flesh, which 621
My God and my 10
My God, how 533
My God, in Je- 122
My God is my 196
My God is re- 198
My gracious Mas- 7
My heart shall 539
My heart thou 324
My heart, which 377
My humbled 180
My life, my 268
My life, my por- 135
My lips shall 545
My Lord and 350
My Lord in my 282
My message as 9
My mind, by thy 592
My nature ev'ry 299
My nature I 93

My old affec- 347
My one desire 135
My pardon I 567
My peace, my 358
My prayer hath 138
My remnant of 225
My Saviour, how 28
My Saviour 128
357
My sin and na- 93
My sin's incu- 377
My solemn en- 674
My soul and all 222
My soul breaks 394
My soul draws 412
My soul lies 601
My soul obeys 602
My soul, while 687
My soul with 298
My soul would 207
My Spirit, Lord 300
My steadfast 346
My stony heart 30
My talents 407
My thoughts lie 546
My trespass was 209
My vehement 395
My will be swal- 333
My willing soul 541
My Wisdom and 409
My worthless 134
Myself I cannot 295
Mysterious 585

Naked of thine 108
Nature is sub- 262
Nay, but his 36
Nay, but I yield 134
Nearer and 464
Neither passion 156
Neither sin, nor 517
Never from our 482
Never let me 183
Never let the 475
Never shall I 281
Never will I re- 410
Never will we 511
Nigh with my 93
Nigh by the 48
No chilling 650
No condemna- 197
No, dear com- 55
No foot of land 71
No good word 171
No horrid ala- 214
No longer then 346
No longer we 24
No longing we 465
No man can 86
No matter how 206
No matter which 47
No more fatigue 541
No more I stag- 389
No need of the 76
No other right 158
No profit canst 613
No room for 47
No rude alarms 541
No slightest 451
No; though the 34
Nor can he thus 29
Nor half so far 549
Nor quite dis- 525
Nor shall thy 634
Not all the arch- 655
Not all the pow- 270
Not angel- 244
573
Not by human 366
Not for my fault 294
Not in the name 453
Not in the tombs 490
Not like the 462
Not thus did 564
Nothing am I in 160
Nothing else 408
Nothing hath 64
Nothing have I 171
Nothing I ask 123
Nothing is worth 47
Nothing less 379
Nothing on 71, 274
Nothing ye in 10
Now as yester- 318
Now destroy 516
Now, if thy gra- 123
Now in thy 621
Now, Jesus, le- 547
Now, Jesus, now 117
490, 589
Now let me gain 375
Now let our 88
Now let thy cho- 418
Now let thy dy- 121
Now let thy face 622
Now let thy soul 588
Now let thy Spi- 389
Now, Lord, if 148
Now, Lord, my 157
Now, Lord, to 131
275
Now, now, let 156
Now, O God 404
Now, O my Jo- 385
Now, only now 66
Now rest my 675
Now, Saviour 511
Now the full 252
Now the gra- 169
Now then, my 405
Now, then, O 673
Number'd amng. 48
Number'd with 682

O arm me with 257
O be a nobler 652
O believe the 25
O blessed word 286
O bless the 639
O call to mind 153
O come to a 674
O confirm the 181
O conquer this 144
O could I always 291
O could I emu- 440
O could I lose 180
O could we 656
O cut short the 383
O death, where 320
O do not let me 257
O do not suffer 300
469
O do thou al- 294
O Father, glori- 119
O for a faith like 275
O for a song 638
O for a trumpet 38

O for this love 551
O for thy truth 630
O give me, Sa- 152
O God, now 669
O God, let all 413
O God, mine in- 61
O God, of good 42
O God of our life, 95
O God! our help 44
O God our King 538
O God thy re- 344
O grant that 356
O happy bond 675
O happy, happy 498
499
O happy souls 506
O hasten the 10
O heaven! what 56
O hide this self 325
O how shall I 34
O how waver- 337
O Jesus, appear 453
O Jesus, could 607
O Jesus, full 130
181
O Jesus, in pity 170
O Jesus! of thee 170
O Jesus, ride on 43
O King of glory 544
O let it now 347
O let me com- 12
O let me kiss 37
O let me on 699
O let my soul 681
O let our faith 490
O let our heart 498
O let them all 22
O let them sprd. 636
O let thy death's 647
O let thy love 37
O let thy sacred 273
O let thy Spirit 143
O let us all join 472
O let us not the 436
O let us on thy 474
O let us put on 77
O let us still 497
O let us take a 472
O let us thus go 499
O long-expected 541
O Lord, if I at 173
O Lord, if mer- 167
O Lord of 536, 632
O Love, how 356
O Love, our 562
O Love, thou 185
O Love, thy so- 280
326
O Lover of sin- 674
O make me all 410
O may I bear 252
O may I love 257
O may I still 307
O may I worthy 512
O may our more 614
O may that 638
O may the gra- 312
O may thy love 601
O may thy Spi- 477
O may we all 253
686
O may we ever 497
O may we thus 59
O might it now 631
O might my lot 23
O might our 412
O might the 416
O might the uni- 415
O might they at 25
O might we, Ld. 435
O might we quick 70
O might we see 426
O might we seek 695
O might we thro' 426
O might we with 682
O multiply the 461
O my God, he 514
O my threefold 262
O never in these 405
O never suffer 296
O plant in me 150
O powerful Love 562
O put it in our 477
O put me in the 272
O remember me 101
O satisfy their 432
O Saviour of all 16
O Sov'reign 100
O source of un- 597
O take this 374
O teach me thy 441
O that all the 311
O that all with 455
O that each from 49
O that each in 49
O that I, as a 357
O that I could 123
145
O that I might 19
379, 385
O that I never 315
O that I now 374
O that I now the 384
O that In me 346
O that it now 346
O that my ten- 302
O that now 420
O that our faith 508
O that our life 622
O that the cho- 423
O that the Com- 360
O that the fire 392
O that the per- 372
O that the souls 446
O that the world 40
86
O that to thee 303
O that to thee 522
O that we all 85
O that we now 250
492
O that with 355, 523
O that without 43
O the fathom- 224
O the goodness 224
O the infinite 224
O thou almighty 587
O thou good Sa- 111
O thou jealous 276
O thou meek 178
O thou that 46
O thou, who 117
O 'twas a most 596
O unexampled 38
O what a bless- 661
O what a joyful 501
O what a mighty 451

O what a nu- 701
O what an age 21
O what are all 663
O what hath Je 662
O what shall we 449
O when shall my 196
O, when, thou 524
O who can ex- 260
O why did I my 180
O wondrous 547
O would he 662
O would'st thou 94
213,296,429,430,633
O ye of fearful 364
Obedient faith 345
O'er every foe 522
O'er the vast 282
O'erlook them 439
O'erwhelm'd 354
437
Of all thou hast 166
Of heavenly 465
Of judgment 632
Of life the 189
Of life thou art 189
Of my boasted 291
Of thy great un- 237
Oft as I lay me 312
Oft did I with 91
Oft from the 278
Oft hath the 278
Oft I in my 188
Omnipotent Re- 263
On all his chos- 458
On all mankind 636
On earth the' 304
On him the 556
On his shoul- 557
On Jesus, my 261
On me the faith 324
On the thin air 219
On the transp- 649
On thee I ever 148
On thee, my 190
On thee, O God 389
On thee we 635
On this glad 508
On thy thigh 629
Once they were 658
One body and 429
One day amidst 541
One family we 664
One inexplica- 249
One only gift 399
One only way 277
One Spirit and 429
One the Father 481
One thing 705
One undivided 248
One with God 480
Only have faith 303
Only tell me I 276
Only the con- 365
Open a door 460
Open mine eyes 127
Open my faith's 375
Open the inter- 167
Open their 421
Open thou the 547
Or if thou grant 436
Or 'stablish'd 573
Or sworn by 49
Order if some 440
Other know- 620
Other refuge 141
Our anchor sure 574
Our Brother, 465
Our brother the 52
Our Captain 304
Our claim admit 427
Our conquering 212
Our desp'rate 85
Our fainting 568
Our Father and 195
Our foreheads 467
Our friend is 55,653
Our glad hos- 556
Our glorious 658
Our God in 17
Our heathenish 213
Our Husband 496
Our life is a 49
Our life is hid 501
Our life, while 685
Our lips and 645
Our Messias is 628
Our misery doth 241
Our mourning 75
Our mouth as 172
Our mutual 488
Our naked 491
Our old compa- 664
Our only help 438
Our residue of 545
Our ruin'd souls 600
Our sins 563
Our sons hence- 444
Our souls and 403
Our souls are in 501
Our spirits too 665
Our trespasses 550
Our thoughts 691
Our wasting 45
Our way by 694
Outcasts from 422
Outcasts of men 34
Out of great dis- 79
Out of myself 603
Out of the deep 431

Pain and sick- 163
Pardon, and 314
Pardon'd for all 354
Parent of good 234
Part of his 509
Part of thy 252
Partakers of the 497
Paschal Lamb 580
Passion and 282
Patient the' ap- 74
People and 633
Perfect then 112
383
Permit them to 670
Persist to save 410
Persons thou 163
Pity and heal 129
Pity from thine 166
Pity the day of 431
Pity to my 112
Place no longer 284
Plant and root 338
Plant thy hea- 517
Plead we thus 485
Pleasure, and 315
Plenteous 141
Plenteous he is 142

Plenteous of 597
Poor, alas! thou 108
Poor and vile 236
Poor debtors, 17
Poor outcasts 206
Poor worms of 435
Pour out the 630
Pour out your 256
Power and do- 581
Power is all to 627
Power o'er the 397
Powerful Advo- 247
Praise God 635,680
Pray we on 285
Pray without 255
Prepare, and 152
Present alike in 230
Present we 453
Present we still 501
Preserve the 248
Preserved thro' 223
Primeval beau- 41
Prisoner of 121,142
Pris'ners of 364
Proclaim salva- 553
Pronounce the 450
Prophet, and 105
Prophet, to me 199
Prosper for 692
Pure love to 398
Purge me from 374

Raised by the 74
Rather I would 297
Rather this 436
Ready for all 312
Ready for you 15
Ready the Fath- 15
Ready the Spirit 15
Ready thou art 39
Refining fire, go 346
Regard me with 117
Regard our 487
Regard thine 472
Reign in me 328
Rejoicing in 260
452
Rejoicing now 385
Relieve the 432
Remember 354
Remember thee 637
Remove this 384
Renew thine 335
Rest for my 371
Resting in this 64
Restore my 129
Restored by re- 121
Rests secure 63
Return, O holy 605
Riches, as seem- 240
Riches un- 26
Rise ye men of 266
Rising to sing 312
Rock of my sal- 258

Safe though 690
Sages leave 560
Saints before 560
Saints begin the 78
Salvation in his 256
Salvation in 136
Salvation! let 637
Salvation! O 637
Salvation to 518
Satan cease thy 261
Satan his thou- 428
Satan, with all 621
Save me for 623
Save us by 681
Save us from 475
Save us in the 474
Save us in thy 558
Saved from the 397
565
Saviour, accept 651
Saviour and 103
Saviour, bring 526
Saviour for this 350
Saviour, from 372
172
Saviour, I long 348
Saviour, I thank 394
Saviour of men 268
Saviour of my 112
Saviour, Prince 104
Saviour, thy 640
Saviour, to me 102
Saviour to thee 396
Saviour, where- 321
Saw ye not 211
Say is not 648
Say, is thy 679
Scatter the last 328
Scatter'd o'er 22
Scatter'd thro' 429
Seasons and 644
Seated at God's 529
See all your sins 8
See from his 568
572
See from thee 10
See, he lifts his 577
See him set 9
See how his 28
See, Lord, the 389
See me lying at 162
See me, O Lord 362
See me, Saviour 104
See my utter 184
See, on the 303
See, streaming 564
See the eternal 559
See the gospel 527
See the Lord 518
See the souls 502
See the stars 657
See, there! his 29
See, these bar- 329
See, where be- 125
See where o'er 83
See, where the 35
See ye sinners 332
Seek ye my 699
Seize my whole 606
Selfish pursuits 114
Send down thy 405
Send forth one 127
Send then thy 423
Send us the 361
Sent by my Lord 8
Sent down from 16
Set upon thy- 258
Shall creatures 606
Shall I, amidst 81
Shall I, through 440
Shall I, to sooth 267
Shall magnify 269

Shall soon his 110
Shall still the 269
Shepherds, in 560
Shine forth 248
Shine on thy 131
Short of thy 97
Should all the 588
593
Should earth of 571
Should I from 552
Shout, all ye 59
Shout in the 686
Show me, as 342
Show me the 102
Show me, as 342
Show me the 102
Show my forget- 607
Show them the 431
Shut up in un- 117
Silent, alas 132
Sin in me, the 343
Sin only let me 173
Since by thy 99
Since thou 372
Since thou hast 259
Sing to the Lord 218
Sing we then in 483
Sinners, expect 65
Sinners, obey 106
Sinners of old 378
Sinners, turn 12,14
Sinners, wrung 560
Sin's deceitful- 109
Sion enjoys her 618
Sion, shout thy 194
Sion's God is 527
Slay me, and I 347
Slay the dire 323
Smell the sweet 474
So be it! let 67
So be it then 570
So blooms the 48
So fades a 524
So I may thy 365
So let thy grace 547
So may each fu- 668
So shall I bless 262
So shall I do 262
So shall my 605
So shall our 460
So shall the 430
473, 671
So shall we 361
So when on Sion 321
So wretched and 26
Soar we now 576
Sole, self exist- 239
Something un- 693
Son of God 367
Sons of God 211
Soon as from 46
Soon as in thee 491
Soon as our 250
Soon as the 531, 537
Soon shall I 646
Sorrow, and sin 151
Sov'reign Fath- 247
Spare me till I 339
Speak, and a 155
Speak, and the 137
Speak but the 472
Speak, gracious 128
Speak the se- 379
Speak the word 287
Speak to my 320
Speak with that 84
Spirit of faith 309
Spirit of grace 228
Spirit of Holi- 244
Spirit of Light 536
Spotless, sin- 245
Stamp'd with 308
Stand by them 432
Stand then 254
Stand then in 253
Standing now 171
Steadfast let us 481
Still heavy is 614
Still for us his 577
Still hide me in 315
Still I cannot 160
Still let him 301
Still let me live 339
Still let the pub- 83
Still let them 615
Still let thy love 357
Still let thy tears 28
Still let thy wis- 192
Still let us gra- 496
Still let us, Lord 530
Still let us on 200
Still let us own 471
Still let us pray 434
Still let us to 457
Still, Lord, thy 544
Still may I walk 297
Still may we to 490
Still nigh me, O 259
Still, O Lord, for 481
Still, O Lord 486
Still restless na- 531
Still stir me up 410
Still thou jour- 111
Still we believe 245
Still we wait 558
Still will I strive 270
Still with and in 489
Stir up thy pow- 434
Strangers and 73
Strive we, in af- 483
Strong I am, for 193
Stronger his 145
Stronger than 288
Struggle thro' 654
Stung by the 38
Sublime upon his 67
Subsists as in us 500
Such happiness 64
Suffice that for 199
Sufficient is that 672
Sun and moon 657
Sun, moon, and 634
Superior to their 413
Supply what 491
Supreme and 525
Sure earnest of 248
Surely he will 115
Surely I shall 340
Surely in us the 327
Surely now the 112
Surely thou 340, 477
607
Sweet fields 656
Sweet is the day 539
Sweet is the me- 676
Sweet sleep 710
Sweetly may we 482

Swift as the 613
Swift to my res- 285
Sworn to des- 136

Take away my 154
Take me into 143
Take my poor 30
Take my soul 404
Take the dear 144
487
Take this heart 169
Take to thee thy 517
Take when thou 406
Tallest of the 266
Teach me the 410
Teach me to 681
Teach us 700
Tell me again 179
Tell me, or thou 23
Tell of his won- 553
Ten thousand 270
Ten thousand to 664
Thankful I take 319
That all-com- 243
Thatblessed law 322
That blessed 85
That blood 487
That bloody 264
That day when 663
That glory nev- 666
That great mys- 317
That heavenly 598
That hurrying 201
That I from 398
That I thy mer- 374
That knowing 624
That mighty 323
That path with 274
That peace of 598
That promise 598
That taught, ac- 439
That token of 379
That wisdom 306
The arrow is 49
The' atonement 328
The badge and 509
The barren 110
The blessing is 519
The blessing of 152
The blessings 503
The blind are re- 43
The bliss of 368
The bliss thou 384
The blood of 569
The bondage of 107
The boundless 350
The burden, for 28
The busy tribes 44
The captive ex- 431
The chaff of sin 469
The cheerful tri- 646
The church tri- 20
The counsel of 372
The counsel of 693
The covenant of 477
The covenant 495
The cup of bless- 511
The day of 154
The deaf hear 43
The dear tokens 68
The dearest idol 605
The depth of all 209
The dictates of 544
The dying thief 562
The earth and 60
The earth could 30
The enemy his 269
The everlasting 68
The Ethiop then 137
The Father 198
The Father 317
The Father, Son 15
The few that 22
The fiercer the 466
The fire our 313
The floods O 534
The flowery 644
The foolish 570
The forests in 688
The formalists 94
The fulness of 272
The gates of hell 21
The gift I em- 519
The gift thou 693
The gift un- 146
The gift which 467
The gladness of 554
The glorious 386
The God of 609, 610
The God of 456
The God of love 39
The God that 18
The God who 611
The godly grief 16
The goodly land 610
The gospel 591
The grace to 244
The graces of 341
The gracious 375
The graves of 650
The greedy sea 60
The guiltless 16
The hardness 39
The hearts of 691
The heathen 583
The heavenly 474
501
The holy, meek 186
The holy to the 20
The huge celes- 66
The incom- 249
The King him- 541
The King, whose 251
The kingdom 240
The kingdom of 242
The Lamb on 467
The length and 599
The lepers from 43
The lids he so 51
The lion roar- 428
The lion seeks 299
The living bread 512
The Lord hath 146
The Lord his 506
The Lord makes 637
The Lord of old 631
The Lord pours 217
The Lord pro- 536
The Lord sup- 545
The Lord, the 241
The Lord thy 538
The love of 268
The man whose 534
The mansion 129
The master of 463
The Mediator's 555
The meek and 96

The meek, the 28
The men of 431
The men of 18
The mercy I 11
The mighty God549
The modest and464
The more my 570
The most im- 381
The news of his 80
The next, and 390
The noisy winds219
The object of 698
The o'erwhelm- 16
The op'ning 207
The opposite 440
The pain of life 370
The painful 375
The peace and 465
The peace which122
The people that199
The pit its 83
The plague, and 65
The prisoner 463
The promise 364
The promised 386
The race we all 661
The raging fire 606
The ransom'd 464
The reconciling 370
The reign of sin565
The riches of 459
The righteous 242
The Rise and 90
The rocks could 30
The rolling sun 634
The rougher our466
The sacred les- 89
The saints in 76
The saints shall583
The sceptre well582
The sea beheld 216
The secret of 363
The secret pride200
The servant 439
The servile pro-417
The sharpness 355
The Shepherd 43
The sinners sud- 82
The smoke 416,513
The soul hath 56
The soul that 703
The soul trans- 429
The spirit 427
The spirit of 698
The spirit of 427
The spirit of 10,427
The spirit of in-286
The spirit of re-427
The splendours 543
The Spirit takes551
The stone to 181
The storm is 685
The Sun of 139
The sure provi- 619
The talents 692
The temple of 94
The thing sur- 344
The things eter- 70
The things im- 445
The things that 207
The things un- 95
The thunders of532
The types and 565
The universal 225
The unspeaka- 456
The' unwearied 530
The veil is rent 565
The veil of un- 121
The voice of 709
The watchmen 636
The water can- 568
The waves of 518
The wayfaring 206
The whole crea-586
The whole tri- 612
The winters 216
The word of 327
The word thy 631
The words of 669
The work, the 694
The world can- 265
The world he 42
The world, sin 335
The world's and264
The year rolls 45
Thee, all the 528
Thee, Father 495
Thee, Holy Fa- 248
Thee I can love274
Thee I serve 622
Thee I shall 156
Thee, in thy 20
Thee, Jesus 223
Thee let all 628
Thee let me 348
Thee let us 201
Thee may I set 309
Thee, mighty 612
Thee, only thee 159
Thee, Son of 313
Thee, sovereign227
Thee, the first- 214
Thee, the great 387
Thee, the Pa- 127
Thee, then, we 689
Thee, to laud 506
Thee to perfec- 683
Thee we expect 454
Thee, while the 205
Thee will I love 205
Thee will I 552
Thee, with 678
Their bones, as 421
Their daily de- 194
Their selfish 437
Their toils 648
Their tongues 648
Them, snatch'd 422
Themselves the435
Then all the 624
Then all th' 693
Then by faith 600
Then dig about 642
Then every 354
Then in a 562
Then infuse the291
Then let me on 286
Then let our 592
Then let the 66,649
Then let the 650
Then let us 327
447, 519
Then let us all 469
Then let us at- 463
Then let us ever477
Then let us 503
Then let us 501

Then let us see 245
Then let us sit 32
Then let us 509
Then let us sub- 12
Then let us 68,500
Then, my soul 393
Then, Saviour 62
Then shall I see 539
Then shall my 606
Then shall our 392
Then shall we 419
Then shall we 412
Then shouldst 705
Then the last 649
Then the whole 632
Then, then ac- 82
Then, then, my 390
Then timely 523
Then, when the 222
470
Then will I 601
Thence he arose 650
There all our 451
There all the 52
There at thy 676
There dwells 611
There everlast- 656
There generous 649
There happier 524
There in thee 272
There is stream 618
There is my 71
There let it for 311
There let our 648
There, like a 219
There saints 584
There shall I 571
There the rough 219
There the 330
There, there, at 460
There, there be- 604
There thou hast 219
There the pom- 577
There we shall 18
499, 578
There your ex- 398
Therefore shall 193
These are the 616
These clouds of 592
These eyes shall 500
These lively 651
These temples 540
These walls we 665
They die in Je- 647
They go from 506
They leave the 663
They mark'd 658
They saw him 573
They that be 377
Thine arm hath 263
Thine earthly 541
Thine eyes ob- 188
Thine, Lord, is 233
Thine, only 507
Thine the king- 628
Things that are 344
This blessed 399
This day let our 542
This day with 550
This delight I 164
This earth is af- 50
This eucharistic 677
This happiness 70
This heart shall 385
This holy calm 542
This instant 575
This is my 673
This is an 702
This is the bond 471
This is the dear 387
This is the faith 682
This is the 619
This is the 314
This is the time 9
This is thy will 103
This languish- 51
This moment I 390
This only thing 23
This only woe 157
This sacred 618
This slumber 295
This the univer- 25
This, this is our 273
Thither may we 56
Thither our 687
Those amaran- 69
Those feeble 569
Those mighty 252
Thou all our 403
Thou art dark- 366
Thou art merci- 235
Thou art my 189
Thou art our 575
Thou art the 599
Thou art the an- 621
Thou art thyself 46
Thou bidd'st us 118
Thou callest me 208
Thou canst o'er- 137
Thou canst, 395
Thou didst the 314
Thou didst un- 342
Thou dost with 120
Thou Earth, thy 564
Thou every- 613
Thou God of 187
Thou God that 679
Thou great and 552
Thou great tre- 102
Thou hast a 282
Thou hast in 147
Thou hast my 405
Thou hast ob- 158
Thou hast oft 588
Thou hast on us 240
Thou hast our 461
Thou hast pro- 130
Thou hear'st me 395
Thou holdest 196
Thou, in thy 55
Thou know'st 344
Thou know'st, in 655
Thou know'st the 99
181, 545
Thou, Lord our 24
Thou, Lord, the 320
Thou loving, all- 36
Thou lov'st 231
Thou my impe- 135
Thou, my Life 337
Thou my one 408
Thou neither 230
Thou, O Christ 141
Thou, O God 237
Thou, O Lord 310
Thou, O love 408
Thou, O my 166

Thou on my 188
Thou on the 613
Thou only 368
Thou only canst 472
Thou only didst 434
Thou,only, Lord 199
Thou rather 426
Thou Saviour of 212
Thou seest me 132
377
Thou seest my 295
692
Thou seest our 614
Thou seest their 428
Thou shin'st 41
Thou standest 512
Thou the good 189
Thou thy mes- 432
Thou waitest to 241
Thou who didst 393
Thou who hast 452
516
Thou wilt not 154
693
Though earth 382
Though I have 157
601
Though in afflic- 260
Though late, I 135
Though my sins 109
Though nature 621
Though eight- 379
Though the sons 627
Though trea- 702
Though waves 185
Three in person 671
Three Persons 249
Thrice blessed 317
Thrice comfort- 615
Thrice holy 234
Through all 548
Through all his 532
Through every 548
Through fire 410
Through grace 203
Through hidden 548
Through Jesus's 653
Through life 704
Through much 265
Through pride 449
Through thee 74,500
Through waves 614
Throughout the 209
242, 568, 683
Thus Abraham 187
Thus low the 575
Thus may I 349
Thus may I pass 301
Thus while we 463
Thy all-sur- 546
Thy arm, Lord 370
Thy body brok- 638
Thy bright ex- 308
Thy call I exult 80
Thy call if I ever 161
Thy condes- 134
Thy death hath 158
Thy death sup- 647
Thy everlasting 613
Thy every suf- 314
Thy faithful 277
Thy fatherly 426
Thy favour, and 243
Thy feet were 39
Thy gifts, alas 394
Thy glories 219
Thy glorious 124
240
Thy Godhead 593
Thy golden 150
Thy good and 550
Thy goodness 241
Thy grace I lan- 118
Thy gracious 150
Thy hand, how 218
Thy hand in 618
Thy hand in au- 644
Thy heart I 141
Thy killing and 390
Thy kingdom 242
418
Thy light, and 676
Thy love I soon 368
Thy love is all 149
Thy love the 265
Thy mercy nev- 545
Thy meritorious 569
Thy mighty 203
Thy mind 349
Thy mouth, O 382
Thy name, Jeh- 526
Thy name, O 411
Thy name to me 384
Thy nature be 322
Thy nature. gra- 325
Thy offering 508
Thy own pecu- 359
Thy parent hand 232
Thy people, Lord 83
Thy power 594
Thy power and 378
Thy power I 32
Thy power in 313
Thy power om- 67
Thy power un- 239
Thy powerful 137
246
Thy praise 697
Thy promise 534
Thy providence 533
548
Thy ransom'd 402
Thy sanctifying 374
Thy secret voice 325
Thy side an open 39
Thy single arm 199
Thy sinless 348
Thy soul. for 313
Thy sovereign 209
Thy Spirit hath 82
Thy Spirit let 563
Thy strength 196
Thy sun thou 234
Thy tender 324
Thy tokens we 65
Thy undistin- 42
Thy voice pro- 531
Thy will by me 340
Thy wisdom 683
Thy witness 332
Thy wondrous 555
Till added to 361
Till all the earth 582
Till at thy com- 121
Till I from 526
Till Jesus in the 645
Till that illustri- 647

Till then to sor- 151
Till then with 530
Till thou anew 302
Till thou into 323
Till thou the 673
Till thou thy 286
Till throughly 176
Time, like an 44
'Tis done! my 31
'Tis done! the 675
Tis done! the 27
'Tis done! thou 396
'Tis finish'd! all 565
'Tis here thine 683
'Tis his almighty 623
'Tis his the 106
'Tis love that 619
'Tis love! 'tis 138
'Tis mercy all 325
'Tis mystery all 197
'Tis strung 562
'Tis there, with 221
'Tis thine a 128
'Tis to thy 697
To' accomplish 615
To all my weak 548
To baffle the 206
To buy and 625
To damp our 59
To-day attend 535
To-day we hear 696
To destroy his 288
To each the cov- 495
To fit his soul 436
To God, most 667
To God your 255
To help our 283
To help their 106
To him continu- 398
To him mine 259
To him our re- 464
To him that 95
To Jesu's name 133
To keep your 255
To know thy 242
To love is all my 31
To magnify thy 200
To make them 106
To mourn and 51
To mourn for 655
To our Redeem- 624
To please thee 91
To praise a Tri- 254
To pray and wait 58
To purest joys 20
To real holiness 354
To rescue me 134
To save the race 421
To save us from 555
To save what 11
To steer our 436
To that Jerusa- 660
To the blest 602
To the cross 184
To the never- 288
To the sheep of 160
To thee, benign 152
To thee for re- 315
To thee I lift my 144
To thee insepa- 471
To thee let all 630
To thee may 668
To thee my last 177
To thee our hum- 95
To thee shall 263
To thee the 345
To this sure 675
To those, who 434
To thy benign 233
To thy blessed 318
To thy sure 544
To thy wise and 652
To time our 436
To us and to 43
To us, at thy 16
To us our own 29
To watch their 437
Together let us 469
Too much to 28
Touch me, and 179
Touch'd by the 471
Touch'd with a 591
Train up thy 444
Trembling, we 106
Triumph and 334
Triumphant 524
True and faith- 175
396, 473
True believers 456
True pleasures 201
True 'tis a 612
True to his 538
True yoke-fel- 488
True, you are 705
Truly blessed 560
Truly our fel- 679
Turn, he cries, 14
Turn the full 107
Turning to my 620
Twas thus in 698

Unchangeable 232
Under the sha- 44
Unfathomable 231
Unite the pair 443
Unless restrain 438
Unless the pow- 445
Unmoved by 689
Unumber'd 548
Unspotted from 444
Unto thee, my 343
Unwearied may 356
Up into thee 470
Uphold me in 205
Uphold me Sa- 302
Urge on your 265
Us from our- 438
Us, in the stead 17
Us into thy pro- 468

Vain his 652
Vain in them 569
Vain the stone 576
Vanish, then 63
Veil'd in flesh 555
Vessels instru- 493
Vilest of all the 350
Vilest of the 404
Visit, then this 153
Visit us, bright 421
Vouchsafe us 120
Vying with that 215

Wait we all in 58
Waiting to re- 654
Wake, and lift 680
Waken, O Lord 45

Wash me, and 328
Wash out its 321
We all, in per- 461
We all partake 368
We all shall 472
We are now his 381
We ask not 707
We ask for 707
We boast of our 684
We bow before 84
We bring them 670
We by his Spirit 96
We call the 425
We can, O 686
We cannot 409
We cannot 283
We feel a sym- 701
We for his sake 503
We have laid 459
We have no 73
We have no 681
We have not 172
We have now 287
We in thy word 424
We know it 423
We laugh to 468
We lift our joy- 574
We live in plea- 425
We march and 465
We mark the 438
We need not 513
We never will 495
We now divine 574
We now thy 445
We part in 500
We plunge our 438
We pray that 706
We remember 456
We shall gain 381
We shall our 498
We soon shall 438
We, the sons of 559
We too with 677
We tremble at 435
We weep for 415
We, while the 60
We who in 96
We will not 686
We would in 437
We would per- 437
We wrestle for 415
Wealth, honour 274
Weary and sick 173
Weary of life 223
Weep o'er your 514
Welcome as 380
Welcome from 679
Well may he- 514
Well-pleasing 678
We'll crowd thy 505
Were the whole 572
What a mercy 224
What a raptu- 466
What ail'd thee 116
What are our 30
What but thy 122
What could my 208
What did thy 607
What hast thou 149
What have I 125
What is a worth 604
What is it keeps 149
What is the 218
What is there 661
What mighty 452
What object 702
What our dim 232
What peaceful 605
What shall I do 143
168, 209
What shall I 129
148
What then is he 267
What though a 256
What though I 135
What though in 531
What though 138
What though 570
What though 614
What troubles 447
Whate'er I fond- 280
Whate'er I say 308
Whate'er in 232
Whate'er in me 210
Whate'er my 315
Whate'er ob- 97
Whate'er off- 469
Whate'er our 96
Whate'er the 307
Whate'er thou 231
488
Whatever ills 65
When all are 457
When all who 245
When anxious 646
When by the 685
When darkness 259
When death 646
When doomed 699
When from his 696
When from the 186
When God is 368
When he first 211
When heaven 244
When I feel it 338
When I have 414
When I tread 547
When I walk 618
When in the 548
When Jesus 387
When justice 642
When, O my 31
When pain o'er 220
When passing 259
When rising 321
When shall I 345
360
When shall I 650
When shall 371
When shall 523
When shall thy 549
When sorrow 544
When stronger 452
When the angel 706
When the chief 696
When they once 659
When thou 75, 529
614
When thou in 213
When thou the 341
382
When to the 470
When we would 449
When wilt thou 332
When wrestling 176
Whene'er in er- 89
Whene'er my 298

Where am I 91
Where he dis- 633
Where is the 29,130
277, 605
Where pure es- 370
Where shall I 21
Where the indu- 360
Where unity is 458
Where unity 457
Wherefore, in 271
Wherefore, let 231
Wherefore of 196
Wherefore to 227
239, 516
Wherefore we 529
While all my old 81
While full of 132
While I draw 572
While in thee 200
While in this 273
While in thy 88
While now thine 89
While on thee 695
While pity 708
While still to 271
While thee, all- 231
While thou art 220
While thou didst 492
While we walk 486
Whilst all the 531
Whither, O whi- 278
Whoe'er to thee 125
Whoe'er recei- 10
Who are the 523
Who are these 642
Who ask thine 543
Who can before 282
Who can behold 532
Who can his 542
Who can now 54
Who can resolve 46
Who can sound 238
Who can tell 61
Who did for us 244
Who dost from 689
Who, I ask in 224
Who in heart 332
Who in Jesus 466
Who, in thy 689
Who Jesu's suf- 327
Who now 416
Who of twain 455
Who on earth 466
Who passing 536
Who points the 613
Who sow in 119
Who suffer 316
Who then shall 66
Who thus our 677
Who trusting in 660
Who were the 523
Who, who, my 27
Who, who, shall 136
Whom have I 408
Whom man for- 159
Whom now we 454
Whose glory to 251
Why hast thou 476
Why seek ye 11
Why should the 83
Why should 524
Why then, thou 42
Wide as the 505
Wide as the un- 83
Will gifts de- 124
Will he forsake 126
Willing thou 235
Wilt make us 439
Wilt thou cast 164
Wilt thou not 138
600
Wilt thou suffer 336
Wisdom be- 705
Wisdom divine 20
Wisdom is due 627
With all-suffi- 442
With all who 120
216
With active 705
With calmly 201
With downcast 233
With earnest 456
With ease our 471
With fainting 552
With faith I 185
With favour 434
With fraudless 320
With grace 21
With him I on 73
With him 27, 683
With joy like 576
With joy the 551
With joy the 557
With joy we 498
With labour 154
With longing 546
With me, I 386, 672
With me if of 161
With me, your 8
With mercy's 584
With my sling 266
With pardon 704
With pitying 551
With power 582
With publicans 376
With readiness 694
With simple 128
With singing 459
With solemn 376
With steady 605
With thanks I 223
With thanks we 460
With thee con- 207
With us no me- 215
With us thou 454
With what dif- 657
With whom dost 544
Withhold what- 347
Witnesses of 488
Witnesses that 483
Woe to him 454
Wonderful in 557
Worldly good I 164
Worship, ho- 580
Worthy is He 581
Worthy, O Lord 626
Worthy the 586
Would aught on 280
Wouldst thou 379
Wounded by 482
Wrestling on in 494
Write upon me 75

Ye all may 87
Ye all shall find 363
Ye careless 706
Ye chosen seed 522

Ye different 21
Ye faithful souls 688
Ye fearful saints 520
Ye gentile sin 522
Ye seraphs 251
Ye slaves of sin 591
Ye that have 67
Ye that tremble 329
Ye that round 578
Ye vagrant souls 9
Ye who faint be- 57
Ye who have 591
Ye whose loins 57
Yea, amen! let 68
Yea, let men 267
Yea, let thy 427
Yes, Lord, I 195
Yes, Lord, we 363
Yes the Chris- 53
Yes the prize 658
Yet do not 172
Yet for thy own 169
Yet glorified by 660
Yet God is 260
Yet, if so thy 652
Yet in thy Son 683
Yet let me not 439
Yet, Lord, well 93
Yet not many 206
Yet, O! the 157, 176
Yet onward I 201
Yet still the 66
Yet still we wait 629
Yet these new 49
Yet thy wrath 209
Yet we know 628
Yet when the 472
Yet while, at 234
Yet would I not 175
You on whom 13
You who own 13
You whom he 13
Your claim, alas 21
Your faith by 398
Your lofty 635
Your real life 398
Your willing ear 11

WORKS OF REFERENCE,

Shewing where the Hymns are to be found in other Collections.

Mark.	Authors and Collectors.	TITLES, &c.	Printer or Publisher, Place, and Date.
1	J. & C. Wesley.	Hymns and Sacred Poems, 12mo., pp. 223, 1st edit.	W. Strahan, London, 1739.
2	S. Wesley, Jun.	Poems on Several Occasions, 12mo., pp. 332, 2nd edit.	Bentham, Cambridge, 1743.
	J. & C. Wesley.	Hymns for Our Lord's Resurrection, 12mo., pp. 20, 1st edit.	W. Strahan, London, 1746.
4	Do.	Hymns for Our Lord's Ascension, 12mo., pp. 12, 1st edit.	Felix Farley, Bristol, 1746.
5	Do.	Hymns for Times of Trouble, for the Year 1745, 12mo., pp. 19, 1st edit.	W. Strahan, London, 1745.
6	Do.	Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution, 12mo., pp. 28, 1st edit.	Do. do. do.
7	Do.	Hymns for the Nativity of Our Lord, 12mo., pp. 24, 4th edit.	Felix Farley, Bristol, 1750.
8	Do.	Collection of Psalms and Hymns, 12mo., pp. 144, 5th edit.	H. Cock, London, 1751.
9	Do.	Hymns and Sacred Poems, 4 parts, 12mo., pp. 317.	London, 1756.
10	John Wesley.	Collection of Moral Sacred Poems, from the most celebrated English Authors, 3 vols. 12mo., price 7s. 6d., 1st edit.	Felix Farley, Bristol, 1744.
11	Chas. Wesley.	Hymns and Sacred Poems, 2 vols. 12mo., 1st edit.	Felix Farley, Bristol, 1749.
12	J. & C. Wesley.	Hymns of Petition and Thanksgiving for the Promise of the Father, 12mo, pp. 36, 1st edit.	Cock, London, 1753.
13	Do.	Funeral Hymns, 12mo., pp. 24, 3rd edit.	Do. do.
14	Do.	Gloria Patri, &c., or Hymns to the Trinity, 12mo., pp. 12, 3rd edit.	Do. do.
15	Do.	Hymns for Those that Seek and Those that have Found Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ, 12mo., pp. 72, price 6d., 4th edit.	Do. 1755.
16	Do.	Hymns for New Year's Day, 12mo., pp. 11, 1st edit.	Foundry, London, 1750, 1753.
17	Do.	Hymns of Intercession for All Mankind, 12mo., pp. 34, 1st edit.	E. Farley, Bristol, 1758.
18	Chas. Wesley.	Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures, 2 vols. 12mo., 1st edit.	Do. do. 1762.
19	Do.	Hymns for the Use of Families, and on Various Occasions, 12mo., pp. 176, 1st edit.	W. Pine, Bristol, 1767.
20	J. & C. Wesley.	Hymns on the Trinity, 12mo., pp. 88, 1st edit.	Do. do. do.
21	Do.	Hymns and Prayers to the Trinity, 12mo., pp. 44, 1st edit.	Do. do. do.
23	Do.	Hymns for Children and Others of Riper Years, 12mo., 2nd edit.	Do. do. 1768.
23	Do.	Hymns for the Watch-Night, 12mo., pp. 12.	G. Paramore, London, 1791.
24	Do.	Hymns; Graces before and after Meat, 12mo., pp. 12.	R. Hawes, London, 1775.

Mark.	Authors and Collectors.	TITLES, &c.	Printer or Publisher, Place, and Date.
25	J. & C. Wesley.	Hymns on the Lord's Supper, 12mo., pp. 136, 7th edit.	R. Hawes, London, 1776.
26	Do.	Hymns on God's Everlasting Love, in 2 parts, 12mo., pp. 84, 3rd edit.	W. Pine, Bristol, 1770.
27	Do.	Select Hymns for the Use of Christians of All Denominations, 12mo., pp. 165, 8th edit.	J. Paramore, London, 1780.
28	Do.	A Collection of Hymns, extracted from the first vol. of Hymns and Sacred Poems, 12mo., pp. 36.	Felix Farley, Bristol.
29	Dr. Watts.	Psalms and Hymns, and Divine Songs.	Tegg, London.
30	W. Cowper.	Olney Hymns, 12mo.	Alexander, York, 1825.
31	Dr. Doddridge.	Spiritual Hymns.	Darton & Co., London, 1839.
32	J. Wesley.	Prose Works, 14 vols. 8vo.	London.
33	Do.	Arminian Magazine, 8vo.	Do.
34	J. & C. Wesley.	Hymns for the Year 1756, 19mo.	1755.
35	J. Montgomery.	The Christian Psalmist, The Songs of Zion, 12mo., &c.	Longman, London.
36	. . .	Sacred Harmony, 12mo.	London.
37	John Wesley.	Select Hymns, with Tunes Annext, designed for the Use of the People called Methodists, 12mo., pp. 139, Tunes pp. 104.	London, 1761.
38	Dr. Watts.	Horæ Lyricæ, Poems chiefly of the Lyric kind, 12mo.	Longman, London, 1752.
39	. . .	Short View of the Moravians.	
40	Addison.	Poems, Spectator, &c.	
41	Dr. H. Moore.	Theological Works, folio.	
42	Chas. Wesley.	Manuscript Hymns never before published, in the hand-writing of the Author, and in possession of the Wesleyan Reform Committee.	1784.
43	Soc. for Prom. Chr. Knldge.	Select Psalms and Hymns, Suitable both for Public Worship and Private Use, 32mo.	W. Jones, London, 1831.
44	Tate & Brady.	Psalms.	
45	Miss A. Steele.	Poems, or Sacred Poetry, 3rd edit.	
46	Jos. Stennett.	Hymns, Rippon's Collection.	
47	Jas. Merrick.	Hymns.	
48	Joseph Hart.	Hymns on Various Subjects, 32mo., pp. 251, new edit.	Hodgson, London.
49	Wes. Associatn.	A Collection of Hymns	Adams & Co., London, 1851.
50	A. M. Toplady.	Hymns	
51	Benj. Rhodes.	Hymns	
52	John Dryden.	Poems	
53	T. Olivers.	Hymns	

759

Mark.	Authors and Collectors.	TITLES, &c.	Printer or Publisher, Place, and Date.
54	Bishop Kenn.	Hymns, in Manual of Devotion	
55	Chas. Wesley.	Hymns supposed to be published for the *first time*, from the Author's Manuscripts, composed prior to 1779	
56	J. & C. Wesley.	Hymns for the Public Thanksgiving-Day, Oct. 9th, 1746, 12mo., pp. 12.	1746.
57	Do.	Hymns Occasioned by the Earthquake, Mar. 8th, 1750, 12mo., pp. 11, 3rd edition	London, 1755.
58	. . .	Collection of Psalms and Hymns, from Various Authors, for the Use of Devout Christians of every Denomination, 12mo., pp. 360, 2nd edit. [Used by the Rev. John Fletcher, Madely.]	J. & W. Oliver, London, 1774.
59	G. Whitfield.	Collection of Psalms and Hymns, 12mo., pp. 178. . . .	
60	. . .	Hymns Selected from Various Authors, chiefly intended for the Instruction of Young Persons, 12mo., pp. 248.	Darton & Harvey, London, 1818.
61	J. & C. Wesley.	Collection of Psalms and Hymns, 24mo., pp. 274 . . .	T. Cordeaux, London, 1823.
62	Dr. Collyer.	Hymns, partly Collected and partly Original, 24mo. . . .	Barnard, London, 1812.
63	T. Russell.	Collection of Hymns, designed as Appendix to Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns, 32mo., pp. 670, 18th edit.	R. Baynes, London.
64	T. Cotterill.	A Selection of Psalms and Hymns, for Public and Private Use, adapted to the Services of the Church of England, 12mo. . . .	Montgomery, Sheffield, 1819.
65	Dr. W. B. Collyer.	Hymns, partly Collected and partly Original, designed as a Supplement to Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns, 24mo., pp. 631. . . .	Longman, London, 1812.
66	E. Perronet.	Shoreham Collection.	
67	. . .	Hymns, Selected for the Use of Sunday Schools, particularly those in Manchester and Salford, 32mo., pp. 316, 2nd edit. . . .	Pratt, Manchester, 1828.
68	Madan.	Collection of Hymns, &c.	
69	J. & C. Wesley.	Collection of Psalms and Hymns, 24mo., pp. 284, 18th edit. . .	T. Cordeaux, London, 1818.
70	J. Curtis.	The Union Collection of Hymns and Sacred Odes, Additional to the Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts.	Fuller, Bristol, 1827.
71	J. Conder.	The Congregational Hymn-Book, a Supplement to Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns; 18mo., pp. 620.	Clowes & Son, London, 1844.
72	Rippon.	Collection of Hymns, 12mo., 26th edit.	Longman, London.
73	R. C. Brackenbury	Sacred Poetry; or Hymns, &c., 12mo., pp. 571. . . .	G. Storey, London, 1800.
74	R. Bernard.	The Leisure Hour, improved.	Sheffield.
75	. . .	Hymns for the Use of Sunday Schools.	Pratt, Manchester.
76	Jane Taylor.	Hymns for Infant Minds.	

THE BENSON LIBRARY OF HYMNOLOGY

Endowed by the Reverend

LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D.D.

LIBRARY OF THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY